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# GREAT MEN AND GREAT MOVEMENTS

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BY BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY



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# GREAT MEN AND " GREAT MOVEMENTS

*A Volume of Addresses*

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BY

THE LATE BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY

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Eloquence comes from the heart  
and speaks to the heart.—Crabb

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.

PUBLISHING HOUSE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS

1914

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE power of an oration is measured by what is uttered by it plus the personality of him who utters it. It was remarked of Lord Chatham that there was something in the man much finer than anything which he said. Such was the case, also, with the late Bishop Charles B. Galloway, some of whose many noble discourses are printed in this volume. There was in him a quality of greatness which was better than all he ever said or did, great as were his words and deeds.

Hence these addresses, eloquent as they are, will not meet the expectations of those who heard him speak. The wonderful charm of his personality cannot be conveyed by the printed page.

Nevertheless, these discourses will bring to multiplied thousands who heard him the memory of his princely form and persuasive voice; and they will find in the reading of these wonderfully rich orations great pleasure and profit.

Thousands who did not have the privilege of hearing him will find in this volume the ground of his national reputation as an orator and Christian leader. They will perceive how just is the high estimate placed upon him by those who knew him and how well he deserves the fame which he won by his words and works.

The title given to the book is an index to its contents. In it are treated the character of some of the greatest of men and the nature of some of the great movements in modern times.

The occasions on which he spoke are very interesting, and the range of subjects treated is very wide. He was called to speak upon many themes and at many places all around the world. Herein the thoughtful reader will note the extent of his great popularity and the breadth of his vision. The variety of subjects treated by him reveals how versatile were his gifts and how richly stored was his mind. He always spoke with wisdom and clearness and power. Men of all classes and all sections heard him gladly, being impressed by the soundness of his judgment, the fullness of his knowledge, the persuasiveness of his eloquence, and the elevation of his character.

In these discourses he yet speaks, and multitudes will be glad to have in permanent form the addresses by which this princely man wrought so mightily for truth and righteousness in his day and generation.

Bishop Galloway prepared with care for the great occasions on which he was called to speak, and his addresses are given in this volume almost in the exact form in which he wrote them. They have required very little editing; the exclusion of a few local ref-



erences, which the general reader might not easily understand, is about all that has been necessary in preparing the volume for publication.

He had intended to publish these addresses in book form, but ill health for several years before his death made it impossible for him to do so. His purpose was to devote to the fund for the relief of the superannuated preachers of the Mississippi Conference, of which he was a member for many years, whatever profits came from the publication, and this purpose Mrs. Galloway desires shall be carried out by the publication of the volume as it now appears. This generous purpose, as well as the excellence of the discourses contained in the volume, will commend it to an extensive circulation.

W. A. CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA., January 1, 1914.



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## Part I.

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### METHODISM AND THE METHODISTS.

Wesleyanism was, in many respects, by far the most important phenomenon of the eighteenth century.—*Leslie Stephen*, in "*The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*."



## METHODISM: A CHILD OF PROVIDENCE.\*

IN obedience to the official invitation I have come to-day to address you as best I may on the ever-fruitful and never-exhausted theme of Methodism. When solicited by the authorities of this Camp Meeting Association to occupy this hour with this subject, I accepted with the readiness of grateful pleasure. But when I began to consider what would be the most appropriate and profitable line of remark, so vast were its unfoldings and so numerous and pressing its equally thrilling, salient points, I could not resist a sense of oppression by the magnitude and majesty of my theme and the embarrassment of conscious incapacity for its satisfactory discussion. (To recount the wonderful phenomena of the origin of Methodism, trace in minute outline the progress of its heroic achievements, delineate the characters of its brave and strong apostolic leaders, and essay any approximate computation of its incalculable results have already commanded the learning and genius of hundreds of laborious and cultured writers and filled a thousand ponderous volumes; and yet, with the queen of Sheba, we must say: "The half has not been told.")

Methodism is the second great movement for the quickening of the Church and the revolutionizing of society since the world's deliverance from the su-

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\*An address delivered at the Crystal Springs Camp Ground on August 27, 1897.

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## WESLEY AND LUTHER

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perstition and thralldom of the Dark Ages. Nor would it do violence to truth to declare that it outranks in importance and far-reaching results the sublime agency and grand destiny of the former. The mission and labors of Luther were preparatory to the apostolate and history of Wesley. The first reformation was a deliverance from the mental and civil despotism. It achieved the emancipation of mind from the tyranny of superstition and priestly hierarchy. The second reformation, under Wesley, was purely spiritual—a revival of undefiled, evangelical religion. There was no proscription for opinion, no needless exactions of ecclesiasticism. His mission was to arouse the Church from its moral indifference and spiritual deadness and bring to it a renewal and active life in Christ Jesus. Such is the great movement which we are invited to consider, which, under God, has well-nigh spread over the whole world and fixed its lights along every shore.

What, then, can I hope to compress within the limits of a single address? To explore any appreciable extent of this goodly land and, like Israel's messengers, bring back specimens of its rich and abundant fruits would require time and learning which you have not the patience nor I the capacity to give. I shall, therefore, be content to present to your consideration only one phase of that great spiritual movement, which, in many respects, is the grandest fact in the history of the Church.

Let us study Methodism as a child of Providence. It shall be my purpose to demonstrate that, in all



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## AGENTS, NOT AUTHORS

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its essential characteristics, Methodism was born, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." No human mind conceived it nor human ingenuity wrought out its great principles and wise polity. It was the omniscient mind of God that planned it, his own all-powerful voice that spoke it into being, and his providential care that nursed it into vigorous life and guided the course of its marvelous history. The Wesleys, Whitefield, and their coadjutors were but the instruments of God for the accomplishment of his beneficent purpose. They were *agents*, not *authors*. John Wesley, the principal figure and courageous leader in that truly wonderful spiritual reformation, had no original conception of its lofty destiny and its great and blessed results. Its development and organization into a separate and consolidated ecclesiastical government was neither *plan nor ambition of his*. Its growth was accomplished under the guidance of the Divine Spirit. Throughout the vast and varied range of his spiritual history Mr. Wesley simply followed the leadings of Providence, which, as the accomplished historian of Methodism has aptly said, "was the crowning maxim of his philosophy and the crowning fact of his policy." As the great leader, director, and organizer of a successful revolution against gross wickedness in the world and spiritual deadness in the Church, he accepted his position as of divine appointment. Without stopping to consider the possible dangers and exigencies of the future, he labored with conscientious fidelity to discharge the du-

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## METHODISM A PROVIDENTIAL POWER

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ties of the clearly apprehended present. Of him the not too partial Southey has said: "Whither they were to lead he knew not, nor what form of consistence the societies he was collecting would assume, nor where he was to find laborers as he enlarged the field of his operations, nor how the scheme was to derive its temporal support. But these considerations neither troubled him nor made him for a moment foreslacken his course. God, he believed, had appointed it, and God would always provide means for his own ends." Wesley was only the Moses by whose hand God would bring from the barren rock a fountain of living waters for weary pilgrims in the great wilderness of sin.

And so all the remarkable facts which distinguish and differentiate Methodism reveal the arm of God stretched forth in extraordinary power and with special design. But these things so inspiring to our faith will stand out clearly and convincingly to view from a more critical and systematic investigation of the subject.

Any satisfactory study of Methodism, as a development and agency of Providence, must necessarily begin with a glance at the moral and religious condition of England immediately preceding its rise. Surely some reform like Methodism and reformers like the Methodists were sadly needed. Unless God had forsaken his throne and surrendered the watch-care of immortal souls, he would certainly interpose his omnipotent arm and arrest the sweeping tide of reckless, shameless ruin. Social morals, political

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## A NIGHT OF DEEPEST DARKNESS

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integrity, and religious profession had well-nigh reached the lowest depths of utter degradation. A night of deepest darkness, without sheen of moon or gleam of star, had thrown its melancholy shadows over the whole land. True, it was the Augustan age of English literature; but the master spirits of letters were men of bad character and exercised a baneful influence over the tastes and morals of society. Bolingbroke, though a man of genius and eloquence, was a sneering infidel. Chesterfield, a polished man of the world, "a wit among lords and a lord among wits," was a profane gambler. The popular novelists were the coarse and vulgar Smollet and Fielding. "There was no thinking," said Isaac Taylor, "which was not atheistical in its tone and tendency." Every sixth house in London was a licensed grog shop. The most obscene and profane books found eager sale and afforded ample remuneration to abandoned authors and avaricious booksellers. Of the whole nation we might use the sad words of the prophet's lament: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." All classes were infected with the grossest forms of vice, from the licentious court to the lowest peasant. Nor is the picture relieved of its gloomy shadows if we look into the Churches. Religion expended itself in hollow, hypocritical profession. The wildest excesses were indulged by most approved Churchmen without censure or remorse. Even those who occupied places of authority, from parish priest to archbishop, were strangers to the

Swear as men - not as Bishops  
when "Men" in Hell - where Bishops be

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## A DEAD CHURCH

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doctrines of grace and only tended the flocks for their fleece. Many of the clergy were openly and grossly immoral. "Livings" were bestowed through favoritism or social rank without regard to piety or morality. "The Church," said the evangelical Bishop Leighton, "had become a fair carcass without a spirit." So sad was the spiritual declension as to provoke from Isaac Taylor the bold declaration that "the Anglican Church was a system under which men had lapsed into heathenism." The most arrogant heterodoxy engrafted itself upon their theology and was preached from almost every pulpit. Every kind of sin found an advocate or apologist even among the appointed defenders of the faith. Nor was their scholarship any improvement upon their morals. Let good Bishop Burnet relate the sad story: "The much greater part of those who come to be ordained are ignorant to a degree not to be apprehended by those who are not obliged to know it. They can give no account, or at least a very imperfect one, of the contents of even the Gospels or of the catechism itself.") Nor was this the full measure of their iniquity. Another writer, in his faithful portrayal of that dark period, further says that "even the better educated were often too busy in the hunting, drinking, and card-playing to afford the time or too lazy to make the exertion to write their own sermons." Honorable and honored exceptions there were, but they were few in number and powerless to effect a reformation. Among the Churchmen of that sad period, Butler, Burnet, and Leighton, and, among the Dissenters, the



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## CHRIST UNKNOWN AND UNFELT

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poetic Watts and scholarly Doddridge, were of the heroic faithful who did not bow the knee to Baal. Cowper has given the true history of the pulpit of that age in this simple couplet:

Except *a few* with Eli's spirit blest.

Hophni and Phinehas may describe the rest.

Such is but a faint picture of England's condition when Wesley and his young Methodist friends were holding stated meetings at Oxford for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. A like state of affairs existed in America at the same period. One historian declares that "the doctrine of the 'new birth' as an ascertainable change was not generally prevalent in any communion when the revival commenced." Whitefield, on his first visit to our shores, said that the generality of the preachers "talked of an unknown and unfelt Christ," and that "the reason why the Churches were so dead was because they had dead men to preach to them."

*New Birth*

I have seen it somewhere stated that at least twenty ministers in and around Boston were converted by the preaching of Whitefield during his third visit to America.

Now, when we contemplate this dark and appalling picture and then consider what an efficient corrective and reformatory agency Methodism demonstrated itself to be, we are forced to the conclusion that in its inauguration God had a special design. It was born by the overshadowing of the Almighty. A mere human system could never have achieved its

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## THE GREAT LEADER

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triumphs. Few more signal displays of special interposals of Providence have ever been written down for the study of man. Methodism claims nothing on the score of age; but she can justly boast of that which is far nobler and richer—a heavenly birth, a providential mission, a holy ministry, and a Scriptural, well-adjusted ecclesiastical polity. “It bears all the marks and carries all the credentials of an institution of God.” (It was raised up of Heaven to re-vive and save the decaying Church and preach Christ’s gospel to the poor outcast thousands hungering and starving for the Bread of Life.)

There was a special providence, also, in the ap-pointment and training of the leader and principal agents of this great spiritual enterprise. Judged by any standard of measurement, John Wesley was an extraordinary man. He was a product not of one, but of several generations. The character, spirit, and principles that incarnated themselves in him were transmitted from both paternal and maternal ancestry. For several generations preceding the Wesleys were distinguished for that decision of character, inflexibility of purpose, sublime devotion to duty, and capacity for labor and endurance that immortalized the great founder of the Methodists. His grandfather, John Wesley, was in every sense a Methodist. The false spirit of worldly conformity roused all the energy of his evangelical heart. Expelled from his parish and bitterly persecuted, he endured frequent imprisonments and died a brave defender of the truth. Samuel Wesley, his father, was

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## WESLEY'S PARENTAGE AND POWERS

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a man of deep piety, sound judgment, remarkable energy, rare genius, and profound scholarship. Nor less richly endowed was his gifted mother, who impressed the noblest elements of her finely poised character upon the career of her Heaven-commissioned son. Inheriting all that was good and noble from each parentage, no wonder he was marked by Providence as the guiding spirit of a great spiritual movement. He possessed that peculiar constructive, organizing, legislative mind that fitted him for successful leadership. Had John Wesley never been born, or if his career had been cut short by untimely death, there might have been a great revival under the powerful eloquence of Whitefield, Charles Wesley, and other choice spirits; but in all probability there would not have been the Methodist Church. No other man of his time combined so harmoniously those aggressive, conservative, inventive, and executive faculties demanded for a position of such high responsibility. Moses from the land of Midian, Joshua from the ranks of Israel, Elijah from the mountains of Gilead, and Peter from the waters of Galilee were not more clearly called of Providence and ordained to heroic and successful leadership than John Wesley was summoned from Epworth and Oxford to be the father and founder of the people called Methodists. Of him a distinguished writer has said, with as much truth as eloquence: "A greater poet may rise than Homer or Milton, a greater theologian than Calvin, a greater philosopher than Bacon, a greater dramatist than any of ancient or modern fame, but a

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## WESLEY'S PRESERVATION AND TRAINING

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more distinguished revivalist of the Churches than John Wesley, never." Nor can I forego mentioning the calm, philosophical judgment of another outside his communion and by no means chargeable with too partial sympathy for him. Hear what is said of him by that remarkable man of letters and popular historian of England, the polished and discriminating Lord Macaulay: "He was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to Richelieu, and who devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he considered the highest good of his species."

The same Providence which endowed him so beneficently and called him to so high a trust as signally *preserved* and *trained* him for his work. At six years of age he was remarkably rescued from the burning rectory at Epworth. A moment after his narrow escape through a window the roof fell in with a dreadful crash. He often spoke of himself as "a brand plucked from the burning," and from that memorable hour he cherished the impression in his bosom that God had miraculously preserved him for some good work. His devout mother also shared this impression and ever thereafter devoted extraordinary attention to his moral and religious training. At eight years of age he was admitted to the communion. At nine he was stricken down with small-pox; but he bore his affliction with true Christian fortitude and was raised up by the tender watch-care of Heaven. At eleven he passed from under the eye

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## WESLEY'S SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

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and tutelage of his mother, the accomplished matriarch of Methodism, and became a pupil at the Charter House, London; and at sixteen he entered the university at Oxford, where by unwearied diligence he soon became distinguished for scholarship and laid the broad foundations for his subsequent successful career. So accurate and thorough was his scholarship that, during all the years of his ministry, when at a loss to repeat a text in the authorized translation, he was never at a loss to quote it in the original Greek. During this period he studied with patient, honest inquiry the writings of Thomas à Kempis, William Law, and Jeremy Taylor, which, with the frequent heaven-breathing letters of his pious mother, riveted conviction upon his soul and led him to seek a higher life than that of mere form and dogma. Coming as a missionary to Georgia, he met upon the vessel in which he sailed some Moravian brethren whose calmness and resignation amid a dreadful storm which filled all hearts with terror convinced him that there were heights and depths of faith to which he was an utter stranger. This led at length, on his return, to his acquaintance with Peter Böhler, that name dear to all who revere the memory of Wesley, because, as has been beautifully said, "God chose him to be the Ananias to his later Paul." Under Böhler's tuition Wesley grasped the great doctrine of salvation by faith only as a living principle, and it became his own conscious, joyful experience. Here now is the true starting point of Wesley's apostolic labors, the secret of all his mighty deeds and unparal-

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## UNWEARIED WORKER AND TRAVELER

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leled success. Now he began preaching Christ with an eloquence and irresistible earnestness that attracted eager thousands of every rank and age. Though his preaching had not the lofty enthusiasm and dazzling splendor of Whitefield's, yet everywhere his words were attended with the Spirit's power, and his travels were little less than spiritual triumphs. The Lord favored him richly and guarded him vigilantly. His long ministry of fifty-three years was singularly free from interruptions by disease and calamity. He preached daily, traveled much, and wrote voluminously, filling up the full measure of a marvelous history. Few men ever endured and accomplished what he did. He was the very incarnation of Christian work. Every moment was scrupulously economized. He was never unemployed nor triflingly employed. Having on one occasion to wait for his carriage, he remarked regretfully: "I have lost ten minutes forever." But a week before he died, at eighty-eight years of age, he arose at four o'clock and rode eighteen miles to preach his last sermon.

When we think of his long travels, we wonder how he found time to write. When we think of his writings, we wonder that he could travel so much. He preached forty-two thousand four hundred sermons (over fifteen per week), traveled two hundred and twenty thousand miles, wrote and edited two hundred volumes, gave to charitable institutions one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the proceeds of his publications, and died poor. So vast was his influence and so tenderly was he loved that when at last he died in

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## WESLEY'S COLABORERS

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triumph it was necessary to lay his body to rest by torchlight in the early morning to avoid the dense and anxious crowd.

Thus we see how jealously an all-wise Providence guided and guarded his every step and divinely trained him for that great life work which was destined to bless countless thousands of his own and coming generations, Wesley's colaborers.

But if John Wesley's call and discipline were of God, so were the honored and heroic men "and devout women not a few" who became his active colaborers. Providence marked and endowed each for a special work. With a less daring and determined band of holy men and women, the Methodist movement would never have had a history. With varied talents and different attainments, they had *one experience and one all-controlling purpose*—to spread Scriptural holiness over the land. Among them what an array of exalted names of whom the world was not worthy, but will never let die! Time would fail me to trace minutely their providential histories and follow their marvelous labors. There was George Whitefield, the "prince of pulpit orators," who engraved upon his seal the grand motto, "Astra petamus," and, unconfin'd by Church or bishop, went abroad preaching repentance like "a voice crying in the wilderness." No pen or tongue can ever give accurate description of his matchless power over the multitude. Proud men of rank, cultured literati, and poor, ragged peasants were alike charmed by his enthralling eloquence. The magic of his personal presence and persuasive



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## CHARLES WESLEY

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delivery often disarmed the most bitter enemies of his cause. On one occasion, within a vast throng that hung entranced upon his earnest words, a stalwart ruffian, dropping a brickbat from his trembling hand, exclaimed: "I came to break your head, and you have broken my heart." Wherever he went, like another apocalyptic angel preaching the everlasting gospel, the hardest sinners fell prostrate upon their faces under his powerful appeals and cried for mercy.

Charles Wesley was also fitted of God for a distinguished place in the great revival. Though not so profound in exposition, nor wise in counsel, nor statesmanlike in legislation as his brother John, yet in his Heaven-appointed sphere he rendered a service marvelous and enduring in its results. The difference between the brothers has been illustrated by the following story, whether apocryphal or not, I am unable to say: "Brother John," said Charles, "if the Lord were to give me wings, I'd fly." "Ah, Brother Charles," was John's reply, "if the Lord told me to fly, I'd do it and leave him to find the wings." Having a different order of mind from that of his brother John, he had a different work to perform and not less important to the ultimate success of the revival. Every successful work of grace has been accompanied by the power of song. This was peculiarly his holy mission. Under his distinguished leadership the Wesleyans were denominated in the early days "the hymn-singing Methodists." God ordained him to be the David of his later Israel. To-day he is the great hymnist of the world. He is the author of more than

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## THOMAS COKE

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six thousand hymns, and many of them the finest in the English language. They cover the wide range of Christian experience and have proved a divine comfort to many burdened and wearied hearts. The grand doctrines of Methodism were by him embodied in thrilling verse and echoed in the hearty chorus of every worshipping congregation. To Charles Wesley we are indebted for the inspiring liturgy of Methodism.

I cannot pass the name of Thomas Coke without special mention. The great leader of modern missions, he was called the "foreign minister" of Methodism. His burning zeal for the world's conquest was voiced in his own loud exclamation: "I want the wings of an eagle and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the gospel through the East and the West and the North and the South."

His life has all the fascination of a tale of chivalry. No knightlier soul ever obeyed the trumpet call of God or wielded with braver arm

A two-edged blade,  
A heavenly temper keen.

He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times at his own expense. He spent his large patrimonial estate in planting and supporting missions among the benighted heathen. When a veteran of over sixty years, he presented himself before the Wesleyan Conference as a missionary to the East Indies. The Conference objected on account of the expense. He overruled all objections, paid thirty thousand dollars

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## OTHER SPIRITUAL WORTHIES

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for the outfit, and embarked with a few followers, but died and, fitting place for a soul so great, was buried in the boundless sea.

Of the other spiritual worthies who wrought so nobly and battled so bravely, I cannot speak as befits their sainted lives and heroic deeds. There was the earnest and scholarly Fletcher, the Melancthon of Methodism; Asbury, the fearless and indefatigable bishop, the Joshua of our Methodist Israel; Clark and Benson, the great commentators; John Nelson, who learned the trade of a stonemason and became a master builder for God; Thomas Olivers, the untiring evangelist and powerful polemic; Howell Harris, the fervent Welshman; John Newton, the converted sailor; and others, brave and true, who were raised up of God with special endowments as colaborers with the great Wesley.

I now advance a step farther and make the statement that Methodism, in its measures and polity, was not contrived of men, but developed by Providence. They never formed a part of Mr. Wesley's theory. Ordained of God to supply the imperative exigencies of the rapidly spreading revival, they were employed against all his past prejudice to education.

The history of the world scarcely finds a parallel to the early, powerful ministry of Whitefield and the Wesleys. When no longer allowed to preach in the churches, they repaired to the open field and offered Christ crucified to eager thousands. As many as thirty thousand crowded Kensington Common at one

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## ABUNDANT LABORS AND FRUITS

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time to hear from their lips the gospel's glad sound.  
Like children crying at night,

And with no language but a cry,

the whole nation seemed with one voice to beg for the Bread of Life. The common people heard them gladly. Macedonian appeals came up from every quarter. With almost superhuman energy these grand apostles of the pure word of God labored day and night. In nine months John Wesley preached five hundred sermons; and everywhere was manifest the mighty power of the gospel. Men and women fell upon the ground and prayed for mercy with the agony of despair; and when many in London and Bristol and elsewhere found Christ, it seemed as though the New Jerusalem had come down from heaven and filled the earth with its glory.

Those who were thus converted sought spiritual association for comfort and edification. But where was it to be found? In the Established Church, pulpit and pew were alike strangers to this divine experience, this inner life, "hid with Christ in God." Even Mr. Wesley was denied the communion at Epworth, where his glorified father had labored zealously for forty years. Men and women were driven out of positions and refused daily employment for following his "*heresy*." They were, therefore, forced to worship together and look for religious counsel to the man under God who had taught them the way of life. Hence arose Methodist societies. These societies soon grew so large that private houses could not fur-

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## CHAPELS AND CONGREGATIONS

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nish room for worship. The churches and altars of the Establishment they were not allowed to profane by their presence. This necessity led to the purchase and erection of Methodist chapels.

The first was built in Bristol and the second, the historic "Old Foundry," in London, so called because it had once been a government foundry for the casting of cannon. In it Cæsar gave way for Christ, the sound of forge and hammer was succeeded by the eloquence of preaching, the voice of prayer, and the glad songs of praise.

But now a great difficulty met them face to face and threatened to lock the wheels of salvation's chariot. With congregations of new converts increasing around them and loud calls from the desolate and solitary places ringing in their ears, they were without laborers to meet the multiplied demands of the situation. With burdened souls they applied for help to the established clergy, but all in vain. They derided them as fanatics and incited drunken mobs to desperate blasphemies and persecutions of the Methodists. What now could Wesley and his colaborers do? Must these lambs remain out in the cold night and become the prey of howling wolves? Thirsting for the water of life, though offered freely of heaven, must it be denied them?

Raised within the narrow inclosure of ecclesiasticism, Mr. Wesley was a firm advocate of Church order. His prejudices were all against any infringement of the sacred and peculiar authority of an ordained ministry. Happily, however, for the suc-

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## THOMAS MAXFIELD AND LAY PREACHERS

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cess of Methodism, he was not an *idolizer* of ancient usage and priestly prerogative. His broad mind was ever open to receive the truth. No narrowness of opinion made him fear the results of investigation. If, when the truth was apprehended, it opposed or overturned previous opinions, it cost him little to surrender them. While Wesley was thus burdened with the unexpected progress and pressing demands of his work, Thomas Maxfield, an humble laborer whom he had left at the Old Foundry in London, without authority save a burning zeal for souls, began preaching, and the Lord wonderfully blessed his words. When the news reached Mr. Wesley, he hastened to London and, on meeting his mother, said with the abruptness of dissatisfaction: "Maxfield has turned preacher, I find." She looked attentively at him and replied (all honor to her sound judgment and brave heart!): "John, you know what my sentiments are and have been. You cannot suspect me of readily favoring anything of this kind; but take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." The Countess of Huntington heard him and said: "Maxfield is one of the greatest instances of God's peculiar favor that I know." Mr. Wesley also heard him, was convinced of the validity of his call, bowed to the will of Providence, and thereafter strenuously and eloquently held that the credentials of the gospel ministry were not authoritatively dependent upon episcopal ordination. Maxfield was, therefore, the first of that honored line of evangelical lay preach-

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## THE ORIGIN OF METHODIST ITINERANCY

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ers which has belted the world with their holy and fervent zeal. This was the first startling innovation upon the Establishment and the first distinctive feature of Methodism; and who will say that it was not ordained of God?

So many and so urgent were the calls upon the early Methodist preachers that to confine their labors to a single charge would have arrested the gospel's conquering march. Yielding to these demands, they were compelled, like Paul and Barnabas, to hasten from place to place, scattering the precious seed. This was the origin of our itinerancy, a measure which, for the rapid dissemination of the truth and the grandeur of its results, has been the perpetual miracle of Methodism.

So few in number were those early Methodist itinerants, without sympathy from the regular clergy and some without training and experience, they felt a great necessity for consultation and communion. They met, planned their work, discussed the most efficient means of advocating the divine kingdom, and, receiving each a fresh baptism of the Spirit, returned with intrepid faith and heroic purpose to their loved employ. Thus arose Annual Conferences, those blessed occasions dear to the heart and inspiring to the zeal of every faithful Methodist preacher.

At Bristol, almost the birthplace of Methodism, where the ministry of Mr. Wesley was attended with such marvelous power, the society divided into companies for the purpose of raising money to pay off a chapel debt. When together, the members spoke of



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## METHODISM ENTERING AMERICA

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their experience and engaged in singing and prayer. That was the origin of Methodist class meetings, the greatest agency for the care and development of young Christians that has distinguished the history of the modern Church. Thus we see how, without plan or purpose of either Wesley or his colaborers, these distinctive features of Methodism were developed and employed by the Divine Spirit.

Equally clear was the hand of God manifested in the planting and organizing of American Methodism. Philip Embury, a local preacher from Ireland, Captain Webb, an officer of the English army, the "fervent priest in the red coat," and Robert Strawbridge, another local preacher from the land of shamrock, were the first to preach the doctrines of Wesley in this new land. Their thunder tones of warning and exhortation fell upon the startled ears of the reckless and profligate masses of the new world like the alarm peal of a fire bell at midnight upon a slumbering city. The glad news of their success traveled back over the sea; and in 1769 Mr. Wesley sent to their aid America's first regular itinerant missionaries, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor. Others came as the work demanded, and in 1773 the first Conference was held, composed of ten preachers. Soon the long and bloody war for American independence commenced; but our Methodist itinerants labored on with unabated zeal, only fighting with weapons of spiritual warfare. In 1784, after all the suffering, poverty, passion, and carnage of revolution, Methodism numbered fifteen thousand

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## WESLEY'S ORDINATIONS

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members, eighty-four itinerant preachers, and several hundred local preachers. But most of these were without the sacraments. Thousands had been received without baptism. The war had driven many of the English clergy from the country, and the rest had forsaken their parishes. Mr. Wesley applied to the Bishop of London to ordain a man for America, but was refused. At last, yielding to the calls of duty and following the leadings of Providence, he exercised the *right of ordination*, concerning which he had long entertained no shadow of a doubt, and ordained Dr. Coke superintendent, or bishop, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey elders to supply the imperative demand of the American Methodists for the ordinances of Christianity. As to his right to ordain, Mr. Wesley, in a letter to Dr. Coke, uses this explicit language: "Lord King's account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters are the same order and consequently have the same right to ordain." On another occasion he was even more emphatic: "That it [prelatical succession] is prescribed in the Scriptures I do not believe. This opinion, which I once zealously espoused, I have been heartily ashamed of ever since I read Bishop Stillingfleet's 'Irenicum.'" In the episcopal parchment given to Thomas Coke he began: "I, John Wesley, think myself providentially called at this time to set apart," etc. At the Christmas Conference in 1784, in the city of Baltimore, under the presidency of Dr. Coke, Episcopal Methodism was organized and began its Heaven-ap-

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## RAPID GROWTH AND GREAT RESULTS

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pointed career of unparalleled toil and triumph. Thus, without original purpose of the great leaders of the revival, American Methodism was developed into an independent ecclesiastical organization. Mr. Wesley acknowledged in it all the hand of God and gave to our fathers his cordial support and wise counsel. From these facts, almost miracles as they appear now, we must conclude that Methodism was neither the plan nor work of man, but was born of the will and wisdom of God.

This fact also finds ample and forcible illustration in *the rapidity of its growth and the greatness of its results*. From the few choice young men of the Oxford Club, stigmatized as "Bible Moths," "Bible Bigots," "Enthusiasts," "Methodists," etc., it has multiplied into active millions and pushed its conquests to the very outposts of human habitation. The little mustard seed has developed into the large and ever-growing tree, which waves like Lebanon for beauty. The cloud no larger than a man's hand has overcast the heavens and shed its life-giving waters upon well-nigh every land and clime. No system has equaled the swift speed of its march. Through scorn and derision, danger and flood, poverty and weakness, its history has been a succession of thrilling adventures and brilliant triumphs. Every decade has marked a steady, rapid advance. Scarcely more than a hundred years have passed since God baptized and commissioned it for his aggressive work, and yet by its agency more souls have been converted than were won to Christ during the first three cen-

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## METHODISM'S PENTECOST

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turies of the Christian era. Surely we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" On the evening of the first of January, 1739, the two Wesleys, Whitefield, and about sixty others met to hold a love feast at the Fetter Lane Society. This meeting continued all night. About three o'clock in the morning the power of God came down upon them so mightily that many cried out for exceeding joy, others fell prostrate on the ground, and then all joined in singing the Te Deum, "We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." That night was Methodism's pentecost. They only tarried at Jerusalem for the promised blessing. Thus endowed with power from on high, these brave men went forth and made full proof of their ministry. Instead of that little company, after the lapse of only one hundred and thirty-six years, Methodism to-day numbers 27,812 itinerant preachers, 69,180 local preachers, and 4,172,579 lay members. Those who attended statedly upon Methodist worship have been estimated at 12,000,000.\* Nor less remarkable have been her missionary triumphs. The Wesleyan Missionary Society has more missionaries in the foreign field and greater increase than any other missionary organization in the world.

One hundred and eleven years ago the first Meth-

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\*According to the reports made to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference held in Toronto, Canada, in October, 1911, the figures for world-wide Methodism were as follows: Churches, 99,497; itinerant preachers, 55,808; local preachers, 98,121; members, 8,768,616.

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## METHODISM IN AMERICA

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odist meeting in America was held in the city of New York by Philip Embury, a local preacher from Ireland, and Barbara Heck, a devout "mother in Israel," whose name will ever be held in precious memory. From that good hour Methodism found a congenial home in America, and here it has achieved its most signal victories.

Though last of the leading denominations in the field, it outranks them all in numerical strength, church accommodations, and value of property. Universities, colleges, and academies for the higher education of both sexes, under the fostering care of Methodism, are liberally patronized, and many of them are richly endowed. In all the departments of Church work her activity and zeal are being crowned with gratifying results. In America, including the several bodies of Methodists, all preaching the same doctrines and having essentially the same system of agencies, they are building churches at the rate of three every day. During the ministry of a single man, the untiring apostolic Bishop Asbury, her members increased from 700 to 200,000, and her preachers from seven to 700. Following the trail of the savage, enduring the hardships of the wilderness, scaling mountains and threading plains and swimming swollen streams, her itinerants have compassed the whole land, and are to-day preaching free salvation from the icy hills of the Canadas to the far-famed capital of the Montezumas, and from the rock-ribbed coast of New England to the Golden Gate of California. Nor are our more cultured preachers

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## METHODISM'S POWER AND TRIUMPH

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of to-day less daring and heroic than our fathers. Nor are they less loyal to our grand system of Church government. Some one has petulantly denominated it "a naked ecclesiastical despotism"; yet we honor its histories, rejoice in its triumphs, and love its very sacrifices. Bishop Janes said not long before his death: "Of the ten thousand preachers stationed last year, but *one* has refused to accept his appointment." This obedience to authority and sublime devotion to duty have been the source of power and triumph in our Church.

But figures, however accurate and amazing, can never measure the full results of the Methodist movement. It infused a new life into all other denominations, and by its revival methods it is still adding thousands to other communions.

Said Dr. Morrison: "The Church of England received a mighty and hallowed impulse from the organization of Methodism." It was also said by the devout Richard Cecil: "Multitudes of genuine Christians could attest that, under whatever denomination they may now proceed, they owe their first religious impression to the labors of the Methodists." It is notable that the first Sunday school of the world was conducted by Hannah Ball, a young Methodist at High Wycombe, fourteen years before Robert Raikes began his school at Gloucester. The first Sunday school in America was established by Bishop Asbury in 1786. The first British Bible Society that existed was projected by George Cassons and a few Methodist companions. The first Tract So-

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## PERSECUTED BUT POTENT

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ciety was formed by John Wesley and Thomas Coke in 1782.

Such are some of the noble works wrought by these humble men under the blessing and power of God. And this they accomplished though persecuted and ridiculed at every step of their progress. Coarse and wicked abuse was heaped upon them. Clergymen from their pulpits declaimed against them as "fire-brands," "deceivers," "babblers," and "disturbers of the public peace." One unrighteous soul, with the earnestness of despair, appealed to his flock: "Go not after these impostors and seducers, but shun them as you would a plague." Even Samuel Wesley, the brother of John Wesley, in a letter to his mother, said: "I pray God to stop this lunacy." Yet, nothing daunted, they moved on, like the sun among the clouds, reflecting the gospel's mellow light into every open heart and home. Unlike Goldsmith's village parson, who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year," many of these brave sons of thunder were rich only with grace and often had no bed but the cold, damp ground and no covering but the star-lit canopy of heaven. Though derided by the sneering Sydney Smith as "dogmatic artisans" and "delirious mechanics," their labors and prayers and tears will be an ever-fruitful heritage for a thousand grateful generations. Though battling with many difficulties, God has given them seals to their ministry and stars for their crowns. An archbishop expressed amazement to Charles Wesley at their employment of laymen. "My lord," said Charles, "the



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## “CHRISTIANITY IN EARNEST”

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fault is yours and your brethren's." "How so?" asked the prelate. "Because," Wesley replied, "you hold your peace, and the stones cry out." "But I am told," continued the bishop, "that they are unlearned men." "Some are," replied the ready poet of Methodism, "and so the dumb ass rebukes the prophet."

But those days of narrow prejudice and fierce hostility have gone forever. Methodism is now loved and praised not alone by the sons and daughters of her own fold; from other communions eloquent and grateful words are spoken of her providential mission.

Dr. Chalmers, the greatest of Scotch divines, paid his heart tribute to its grand success in that golden sentence which has passed into a proverb: "Methodism is Christianity in earnest." The elder Dr. Tyng, of New York, more than thirty years ago in an address before the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, used the following language: "I come from a land where we might as well forget the proud oaks that tower in our forests, the glorious capitol we have erected in the center of our hills, or the principles of truth and liberty we are endeavoring to disseminate as to forget the influence of Wesleyan Methodism and the benefits we have received thereby." Dr. Schaff, the distinguished Presbyterian scholar and author, says that Mr. Wesley was "the most apostolic man that England ever produced. As a revivalist of practical religion, he may be called

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## THE WESLEYS AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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the English Spener; as an organizer, the Protestant Ignatius Loyola."

But a year or two since marble profiles of John and Charles Wesley, with suitable inscriptions, were elevated to a suitable niche in Westminster Abbey, the imposing ceremonies being conducted by the scholarly and large-hearted Dean Stanley. Thus time rectifies human errors. Passion and prejudice pass away. Worth and virtue have at last their true meed of praise. The despised Methodists, stigmatized by ungodly clergy, abused by reckless mobs, assailed by scurrilous pamphleteers, expelled from the pulpits of their Church, and everywhere held up to the public scorn, are now honored with a fitting place in England's greatest cathedral. With kings and queens who have worn crowns and wielded scepters, with philosophers of great reputation and profound erudition, with statesmen whose wisdom and eloquence have thrilled listening senates, with poets who have immortalized in rapturous verse their country's fair name, with divines who have graced the robes of archbishops and expounded with power the mysteries of godliness, John Wesley and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, have a costly memorial. A century ago defamed as social pests and public enemies, they are now honored as true patriots and wise benefactors. The despised and seditious heretics are now exalted among the holiest of the sainted dead. By every rank and profession their names are spoken with the reverence of love, and their virtues are extolled with the earnestness of

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## DOCTRINES AND DUTIES

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open-hearted appreciation. And so the great system over which God appointed the Wesleys the distinguished leaders is honored for its divine commission and marvelous spiritual triumphs.

Deeming it unnecessary to the plan of my argument, I waive any discussion of the *doctrines* peculiar to Methodism with this simple remark: that her polity and agencies, however unique and aggressive, could never have achieved such remarkable results nor wielded so mighty a power but for her Arminian system of theology. Restrained by no decree which limits to an elect number the mercy of God to save, from their own hearts of love our ministers offer salvation to all, rich and poor, bond and free.

But I have already too long trespassed upon your patience. Suffer a few concluding words upon the duties of the present and the outlook for the future. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but out of a full heart I will speak words of truth and soberness. The rigid, self-denying life demanded of the early Methodists which made them singular also made them powerful. Free from pampered ease and self-indulgence, they were inured to service, and bore the brunt of battle without fear. Mr. Wesley, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, in a letter to Alexander Mather, uses this thrilling language: "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon the earth." Grand words these from the old

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## THE MISSION OF METHODISM

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battle-scarred veteran whose sword, which had flashed in the foreground of conflict, now hung feebly at his side. They remind one of the brave Swiss patriot who fell at Preston Pans. Though mortally wounded, fearing that his fall might discourage his comrades, he raised himself on his elbow and said: "I am looking, my children, to see you do your duty." Happy for Methodism if she will heed the parting counsel of her aged leader and cling to the purity of faith and simplicity of life that made her early days heroic. As we grow in numbers, wealth, and influence, our dangers are increased, and we have the greater need of entire consecration. We cannot afford either to compromise or parley with sin. Ours must be a spiritual Church. We have no splendid and imposing ritual to fascinate the taste, no prescriptive dogma around which to rally our prejudices, and no hoary traditions to command our tender veneration. It is ours to preach and practice spiritual religion. Should the day come when Methodism shall forget this, her only mission, her downfall is certain. She will have finished her course. But such, I trust, may never be.

I believe that we have yet a mission in the world. Methodism has not fulfilled the divine purpose of her creation. God has still work for us to do.

Our flag on every height unfurled,  
And morning drumbeat round the world,

is prophecy for yet richer blessings and grander conquests. The past has been glorious; but thrice glo-

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## FIDELITY AND THE FUTURE

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rious will be our future if we prove true to the heritage of our fathers. Let us emulate their virtues and imitate their zeal. Brethren of the ministry, let not the apostolic fervor of the Wesleys, Coke, and Asbury grow cold in your hearts. May the grand motto of our founder, "The world is my parish," be emblazoned upon our shields and stimulate our activities! And you, mothers and sisters of modern Methodism, remember the sublime endurance and lofty courage and unwearied labors of Susanna Wesley, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, and other pure spirits who added their share of glory to our early history. May your lives be equally consecrated to God and your prayers cheer on the brave columns of Methodism! Upon all, of every class and station, may there abide a perpetual Pentecost and "the Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are and bless you as he has promised you"!

## THE METHODISM OF TO-MORROW.\*

I AM profoundly grateful for the honor of a cordial invitation to be present on this festal occasion of the Methodist Club of St. Louis. Such opportunities for helpful counsel and high fellowship I gladly embrace, and am sure they will strengthen the ties that bind together the several members of our great ecclesiastical family. And if they shall also contribute to cementing the bonds of our glorious national fellowship, every American patriot will rejoice the more. Mississippi accepts the hospitality of Missouri. The State of Robert Paine grasps the hand of the State of Enoch M. Marvin, and our prayer is that they may ever be clasped in immortal wedlock for the triumph of Methodism and the glory of our reunited republic. If, as has been suggested, "the greatest credential of any society is the possession of saints," what a magnificent title has American Methodism to be known and honored as an institution of God!

In making some response to your generous welcome I shall not adopt the common phrase of extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy, but will try to remember the wise old proverb which says: "He teaches well who distinguishes well." So, then, at the expense of appearing dull, I will endeavor to be practical and shall offer a few suggestions on the Methodism of to-morrow.

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\*An address delivered before the Methodist Club at St. Louis on January 11, 1904.



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## COURAGEOUS, CAUTIOUS LEGISLATION

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We have had a wonderful past. No Church has ever equaled the majestic speed of Methodism's march through the century. Over our moving columns a cloud of glory has hovered by day and night, and this evening we look back over a history that is little less than a continued miracle. We cherish every fact of that heroic history and would emulate every apostolic achievement of our fathers. But Methodism is not a reminiscence. It is to be measured by the force of its inspirations. It had a brilliant yesterday, but ought to have a more wonderful to-morrow.

The Methodism of to-morrow will be distinguished for courageous but cautious statesmanship in legislation. This is demanded in adjusting our ecclesiastical polity to the pressing needs and inevitable changes of the growing years. We will not hold to a theory because it is old nor continue a statute simply as a tribute of respect to the fathers. Methodism is not a museum for mummies, but is at once an arsenal for weapons and an army to use them. Efficiency is the test of value and the tenure of service.

On the other hand, we will not too readily surrender or radically modify the features of our great system that have been so marvelously vindicated by unexampled success. We will seek to know surely that every suggested change will be an improvement. The distinguishing elements of our polity—episcopacy, itinerancy, and a sent rather than a called ministry—ought to be jealously guarded. The great constitutional safeguards of our system should be securely

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## A REVIVED AND REVIVAL MINISTRY

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preserved. Not every change is a reform; and, on the other hand, "reforms cannot be stampeded." So in modifying our wonderful system of government—said by an old friend of mine to be excelled only by the post office department of the United States—there is demand for wise and prudent reserve.

The Methodism of to-morrow will demand a revived and revival ministry. The fervor and fire of the fathers must ever inflame our zeal and inspire our endeavors. And for the great essential verities of the gospel we should contend with the earnestness of apostles. Let us keep the faith in its integrity and entirety, never lowering its sanctions nor compromising its divine imperatives. Our pulpit has never been disposed to

Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,  
And snugly keep damnation out of sight.

In every sermon the fathers were accustomed to give the powers of darkness "a broadside of Sinaitic thunder." Ours has been divine antagonism to sin and not simply an "amiable opposition." I may be in error, my brethren, but the conviction is forced upon me that we need to restate with old-time emphasis the awful doctrine of sin. When sin ceases to be "the sting of death" and is regarded as a "pardonable flaw" in human nature, our ministry has lost its mission and the glorious gospel has been bereaved of its redemptive power.

The Methodism of to-morrow, while abating nothing of evangelistic zeal and effort, will put more em-

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## THE STAYING POWER OF METHODISM

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phasis upon the conservative forces of the gospel. Ours has been a swift movement—a sort of spiritual cavalry dash—winning one field after another in rapid succession and sending down the lines the shout of victory. What we were in the beginning and have been through the years of a history scarcely less than a perpetual miracle we should be now and for all time. But other agencies now demand consideration. During the session of the Ecumenical Conference twenty years ago at City Road Chapel the *London Times*, while paying generous tribute to the wonderful zeal and majestic progress of Methodism, raised the question as to whether it had “staying power.” In my judgment, that question, raised by a friendly critic, is to be answered alone by the pastoral and educational work of Methodism. If this mighty movement is not sooner or later to become a spent force, if we are to hold our position as one of the dominant evangelical powers of the world, our conquered fields must be garrisoned by strongly built and amply endowed institutions of Christian learning. No Church can long remain stronger than its educational institutions.

The Methodism of to-morrow will address itself with larger faith and wiser plans to the pressing and perplexing problems of the city. The ominously rapid growth of cities is the most menacing fact in the life of our nation to-day. And when we consider the multiplied thousands of European immigrants landing upon our shores every year, many of them illiterates and paupers, and take also into account

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## CO-OPERATION AND FELLOWSHIP

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the increasing migration of our native population from country to city, the Church is called upon to exercise the broadest statesmanship and show forth the most apostolic spirit. Said the late Joseph Cook: "The frontiers of modern civilization are in the great cities, and America expects Methodism to man the frontiers."

The Methodism of to-morrow will get into closer coöperation and fellowship. Though the organic union of American Methodism may not be feasible in our generation, certainly there ought to be perfect unity of spirit and the closest possible federation of our forces. We have heard and read much of the "plan of separation." In my judgment, it is now time to talk of the "plan of federation." The demand of modern Methodism is not an austere isolation, but a hearty, practical coöperation. Though we may continue in distinct ecclesiastical connections, let us be one Methodist family, sharing the same priceless inheritance, animated by the same Holy Spirit, marching under the same glorious flag, and moving to the same spiritual destiny.

There is no occasion to review ancient history, to reopen the controversies of 1844 and after. In some things I believe in the "policy of the sponge." The highest spirituality has a genius for forgetting as well as for forgiving. We may cherish the love of principles, but the memories of passion and conflict ought to die forever. If the late honored President [President McKinley] of this great nation, himself a gallant Federal soldier, who had braved the storm of

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## A DANGLE OR A WRANGLE

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war and felt the wild shock of battle, could so magnanimously suggest that the government should tenderly care for the graves of the Confederate dead, surely we as Christian brethren ought to be ashamed to stir afresh the dying embers of strife. If the men who met on the deadly field of battle have ceased to fight, the sons of the gospel of peace ought not to be drawing swords and wielding bludgeons. And really this is done only by a few military anachronisms, post-bellum heroes, whose courage is to seem bellicose after all danger has passed and the smoke of battle clears away.

The Methodism of to-morrow will forever exile the assertive, contentious little brother

Who'd rather on a gibbet dangle  
Than miss his dear delight to wrangle.

I approve most heartily the unanimous action of our General Conference in adopting the report of the Joint Commission on Methodist Federation. And I am glad to state to-night that by the same unanimous vote the Commission was continued, with ample authority and the affluent blessing of the entire connection.

I would like to have us make provision in this plan for the easy transfer of ministers from one Church to the other without the surrender of credentials on the one hand or of their formal recognition on the other. That there should be a painful withdrawal from one Methodist Church and a formal admission into the another, when both teach exactly the same doctrines

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## PREVENTING WASTE

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and have substantially the same policy, is an ecclesiastical incongruity, if not a spiritual anomaly.

I cordially favor the action providing for a common catechism in which the essential features of our theology may be presented in a form adapted to the needs of the present generation and suitable to the families and Sunday schools of all American Methodism. That catechism will soon be ready. Another fact I am happy to state: the Methodism of to-morrow will not only sing the same glorious hymns, but sing out of the same book. A common hymnal for world-wide Methodism ought to distinguish the early years of the twentieth century. This, with a common order of worship, will soon make us forget, Methodistically, all points of the compass and all ecclesiastical parallels of latitude and longitude.

And this plan will prevent the haste and waste of rival Methodist altars. Where one Church is doing the work expected of Methodism, the other will not fly its flag and organize a society. The Methodism of to-morrow will not tolerate the doctrine of ecclesiastical "squatter sovereignty."

A few years ago I had a letter from an honored minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a brave and efficient chaplain to our armies in the Philippines. His soul was stirred on account of the spiritual needs of the natives, and he indicated how he might be of service in establishing and aiding a mission in our far-away Pacific possessions. I promptly forwarded the letter to Dr. Leonard at New York and assured him that we had no purpose to invade a

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## METHODISM AND THE NEGRO

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field he had already entered, and gave him full authority to use that noble brother in planting and pushing forward the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To the intrepid Bishop Thoburn, the Thomas Coke of modern Methodism, and his apostolic colaborers we wish a hearty Godspeed in winning those fair lands to our Lord.

The Methodism of to-morrow will display a broader statesmanship in providing for the spiritual and educational needs of the Negro in the United States. I do not undervalue the apostolic labors of the fathers. To my thought, no nobler inscription could be graven on an American monument than that carved on the modest shaft which marks the resting place of Bishop William Capers:

THE FOUNDER OF MISSIONS  
TO THE SLAVES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

But for the self-denying, apostolic toil of James O. Andrew, William Capers, and other choice spirits in the humble cabins and little chapels of the Negroes on the Southern plantations, emancipation would have been an impossibility or a world-wide calamity. Unconsciously, but providentially, the labors of those missionaries were preparatory to the proclamation of emancipation. They made the savage a Christian and fitted the serf to become a citizen.

Nor would I fail to commend the large-hearted philanthropy and open-handed charity so generously bestowed upon the Negroes in the South by some noble brethren of the North. Many have given their



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## WHITES AND BLACKS IN THE SOUTH

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sanctified thousands, while others have freely consecrated themselves to the cause of our black brothers' uplifting and enlightenment. Their high motives and beneficent offerings are worthy of all commendation and emulation. That plans have not always been wise and that much honest effort and hard-earned money have gone into a bag with holes could not well have been avoided. The passions of war were yet too fierce and the bitter memories of the red-dened field and open graves were yet too fresh for calm judgment and brotherly conference and wise counsel. But the times of such passion and prejudice ought no longer to be winked at.

My brothers, you will allow me to repeat here what I have said at home. I give you it as my deliberate judgment that there can never be any just and permanent settlement of this stupendous problem that does not enlist the cordial coöperation of the white people with whom the Negroes must forever dwell. And any policy that tends to excite prejudice and widen the racial chasm postpones indefinitely, in that great section, the final triumph of the Son of Man among the sons of men. If the poor black man is never to have a brother and friend in his Southern white neighbor, one or the other must move out. Enemies cannot live on adjoining lots without perpetual conflict. We must have unity if we are to dwell together.

All true friends of the Negro, North and South, will encourage a spirit of kindness and confidence between the races. We ought to seek to cement and

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## AN UNWISE CHAMPION

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not separate, to make brothers and not enemies. And I tell you frankly that any preacher going South who makes denunciation of former slave owners a part of the Negro's education, and apologizes for his presence by anathematizing others for their neglect, had better stay at home. That man was an unwise champion and misguided friend of the Negro who allowed his indignation at their wrongs to permit the utterance that in a conflict of races the black man will be no unequal antagonist, because "a box of matches will be equal to a hundred Winchester rifles."

My brothers, let us not be too critical of each other nor too impatient with the Negro. The question requires long patience. The Church and the school, the Bible and the spelling book will solve this and every social and political question. I part company with any man, however high in the councils of his country, who discounts the Church and the school as prime factors in every equation.

My brothers, a few years ago, while on a missionary journey from New York to South America, I had a glorious vision and a never-to-be-forgotten experience. One evening, when within a few degrees of the equator, I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing at the same time, without moving from my place on deck, the North Star and the Southern Cross. Just above the horizon in the northern heavens "the sailor's delight" still held his silvery throne, while far away to the south the arms of the cross were extended in benediction over the shimmering sea. My soul thrilled with delight at the glorious sight. But

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## THE SOUTHERN CROSS

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it was not so much the beautiful astronomical phenomenon that impressed me as its inspiring suggestion. I remembered that those stars of both the northern and southern skies were fed by the fires of the same sun, and all the silver beams they so profusely scattered were the reflections of the same shining face. And so I thought that wherever a child of God may dwell—in whatever orbit he may move as a light of the world, whether he be a North Star or a Southern Cross—his only power to shine comes from the Sun of Righteousness. And then my heart turned to our two great Methodisms in the United States, twin stars of the first magnitude, and the fervent prayer went up to heaven that their minds might be filled daily from the same exhaustless fountain of light and they might walk together to the same inspired music,

Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

If, as Emerson has said, "this is but the dawning and cock-crowing of modern civilization," we are called to high responsibilities, to the discharge of imperial duties. We have much to do in determining the destiny of the nation's to-morrow. Mighty power has been lodged in our hands, and we must wisely and mightily use it or vacate our claims to be an institution of God. Let us, then, show ourselves worthy of our high commission and, constrained by faith that feels no flagging, and a purpose that knows no wavering, and a patriotism that is far above sectional

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## FEDERATION AND FELLOWSHIP

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lines, and a piety sacredly enthroned in the home and the school, rise to the height of our God-given opportunity.

There is every potent reason why as American Methodists we should get into closer federation and fellowship. Let minor differences be forgotten in a diviner sense of our great spiritual and national mission. In his immortal epic, the "Paradise Lost," Milton describes the exiled pair from Eden as spending many hours in bitter mutual reproaches and accusations because of their dreadful fall. But at length Adam rose and in generous phrase thus addressed his companion:

Rise! let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burdens in our share of woe.

A like generous and loyal spirit I would enthrone as the lofty ideal of our true Methodist brotherhood. Eschewing puerile personalities, forgetting the passions of conflict, and aspiring after larger achievements in the name of the Lord, I would lock shields with every brave son of Wesley and, with the chivalric spirit of our noble past, keep perpetual vigils over the sacred inheritance of our fathers. So weighty are our responsibilities, so high our true mission, so great the possible achievements before us, that we need to get into closer, tenderer personal and ecclesiastical sympathy. The same flag floats over us, and under its silken folds we should gather for battle against a common enemy.

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## BROTHERS AND COMRADES

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And now, in conclusion, pursuing this military figure, let me repeat the words of a poet-soldier to his battle-scarred comrades of many a reddened field and commend them as the sentiment of this joyous meeting of the Methodist Club of St. Louis:

Comrades known to marches many,  
Comrades tried in dangers many,  
Comrades bound by memories many,  
Brothers let us ever be!

. . . . .  
And if spared and growing older,  
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
And with hearts no throb the colder,  
Brothers we will ever be.

## A MESSAGE TO THE MOTHER CONFERENCE OF METHODISM.\*

I AM commissioned by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to convey to you the cordial Christian salutations of 1,266,000 followers of Christ and fellow laborers in the gospel. To me this is a personal pleasure and a very great, though unmerited, honor. From early boyhood I have most earnestly desired to visit the land of Wesley and the earliest home of our common Methodism.

I come from that section of America which is most intimately connected with the present history of our great founder. It was to the Indians and English settlers in our Southland that Mr. Wesley went as a missionary, and there, as he in later years admitted, unconsciously he instituted "the first rudiments of the Methodist Societies." It was in Charleston, S. C., our fair "city by the sea," in 1737, that the first Wesleyan hymn book was printed, the beginning of that wealth of spiritual song which has enriched the psalmody and inspired the sacred minstrelsy of the world. It was in Georgia that Mr. Whitefield built his orphanage and there spent most of his American ministry. In our Southern land the first Methodist school was established, an American Kingswood, and was named in honor of our first superintendents, Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury. And that land

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\*Fraternal address to the British Wesleyan Conference. (Delivered at Bradford, England, July 25, 1892.)

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## “THE BLESSING OF OUR MOTHER”

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of Wesley's earliest missionary labor has the largest Methodist membership, in proportion to population, of any section of the world.

I do not conceal the fact that your appointment of a messenger to bear fraternal greetings and respect to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, gave me special, even distinguished, pleasure. The salutations of our sister Methodists have made us glad; the blessing of our mother gave us honor. We were delighted with your message and charmed with your messenger. We welcomed him cordially, threw open the doors of our proverbial Southern hospitality, and listened with eager appreciation to his glowing words, thrilling with the eloquence of love. It greatly delighted us that Dr. Waller brought back so pleasant a memory of his mission and to read his very able, discriminating, generous statement of the true status of Methodism in the South. It gave us joy to hear of your continued prosperity, of your great and enlarging educational enterprises, of the gratifying growth of your foreign missions, of your successful system of village evangelization, of your strategic movements upon the great cities, of your gigantic plans for chapel-building, of the development and efficiency of your Sunday school department, of your increasing numbers, your unabated apostolic spirit, your marvelous earnestness, your pure and undefiled religion in caring for the orphans, led by the distinguished ex-president, Dr. Stephenson, and the morning drumbeat of your grand forward movement in response to “the bitter cry of



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## OUR METHODIST INHERITANCE

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outcast London." We felt that there is "life in the old land yet" [applause], that the zeal of the fathers has not yet chilled in your veins, that the spirit of early Methodism yet abides among the sons of Wesley. [Hear! hear!] We were assured that you were not idly dreaming over a glorious past, serenely sustaining a well-earned and becoming dignity, but, catching stimulus from a noble history, were moving with quickened step to other fields of conquest, claiming the Master's promise, "And greater things than these shall you do." [Hear! hear!] To this historic land and to your great Methodism we acknowledge large indebtedness, and here we claim a princely inheritance. We are indebted to you for the sturdiest elements of our civilization, our reverence for constitutional government; our love for personal liberty, our respect for the majesty of law, our Anglo-Saxon energy and courage, our varied and invaluable literature, and the purity of our Protestant faith. But we have here also large possessions. With unaffected meekness we "inherit the earth" [laughter]—this English earth. Our Quaker poet has said:

We too are heirs of Runnymede.

Yea, and more. As Methodists we are heirs of Epworth and Oxford, of Fetter Lane and Aldersgate Street, of Kingswood and Newcastle, of Bristol and City Road, of Westminster and Bunhill fields. Your fathers were our fathers, their teachings are our doctrines, their achievements are our glory, and their honored graves hold our precious dead. And I feel

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## STRONG AND SACRED TIES

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assured that the ties which bind our two countries and their Methodisms together were never so strong and sacred as to-day. On every appropriate occasion that attachment finds striking and beautiful illustration. There was genuine sorrow throughout our land a few months ago when death visited the royal family of England and tenderest sympathy felt for the bereaved throne and kingdom. We gratefully recall that sweet, womanly Christian message your queen sent to the desolate widow and our distressed nation when our President Garfield lay dead and the wreath of beautiful flowers she placed upon his coffin while sorrowing millions wept over his grave. When the eloquent voice of your peerless Charles H. Spurgeon was hushed in death, we walked with you beside his bier, mingled our tears with yours at his tomb, and felt that a star had fallen from our sky, that a chief place in our family circle was sadly vacant. Let us see to it, honored brethren, that such national kinship and spiritual unity, by our God joined together, shall never by man be put asunder. [Applause.] I devoutly pray that our two flags may ever float peacefully under the same skies, flash over the same seas, and be loved by the same loyal hearts, emblems of the same principles of intellectual, civil, and religious freedom and representations of the same spiritual inheritance and destiny. And so long as the evangelical Churches of the two countries are true to God and each other—one in sympathy, one in purpose, and ardent in Christian love—we will never go to war about catch-

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## MAJESTIC MEN

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ing a few seals in Behring Sea or any other international strife. [Applause.]

It has been a matter of regret to us that so few of your honored ministers have found time and opportunity to extend their visits to the Sunny South. We have desired to know you better that we might love you more. It gave us rare delight to hear the seraphic eloquence of your great Dr. William Morley Punshon [Hear! hear!] in several of our chief cities, and the echo of his glowing periods still keep fresh in our memories the traditions of his marvelous power as a pulpit orator. It is my pleasure to extend to you all a hearty welcome. You will find a land "fair to the eye of beauty" and a people as sunny-hearted as their cloudless skies and as profuse in hospitality as the fragrance of their glorious magnolias. But, Mr. President, we have not been unacquainted with the great men and mighty movements of British Methodism. We have given you our prayers in your struggles and our sympathies in your sorrows. Of your leading spirits, who in recent years have joined the innumerable company of the skies, we knew most of Dr. Osborn as an ecclesiastical statesman of pronounced conservatism, a theologian of aggressive orthodoxy, and a vast treasury of Methodist tradition, history, and hymnology. [Hear! hear!] Of those within our ranks whose loss we have deplored, known best to you, stands conspicuously the name of Bishop McTyeire. [Hear! hear!]. The most majestic figure among us, statesman, jurist, journalist, author, educator, preacher,

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## OUR APOSTOLIC TRUST

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he seemed equally great in each position, the leader in every connectional cause, the wise counselor in every critical hour. And there was Dr. John B. McFerrin, a prince in any realm, a peer on any platform, a power in every pulpit, a hero of every field where his colors were borne, whose name will be honored in the annals of our Methodist chivalry and ecclesiastical legislation.

You will be gratified to hear that we, like yourselves, are successfully maintaining the apostolic trust committed to us by the blessed Lord. Over our moving columns a cloud of glory has hung by day and night, and the God of Israel has been our all-sufficient strength. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that the growth of Southern Methodism is almost without a parallel in the history of evangelical Christianity. A few years ago our altars were in ashes, our temples in ruins, our fields desolate, our flocks scattered, our skies dark; but to-day our churches are many, our colleges reëdowed, our flocks folded, our forces reorganized and moving to conquest, and in the future is the undimmed star of an eternal hope. The population of the United States, including immigrants, doubles every twenty-five years and six months. The membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, nearly trebled in that time. [Cheers.] In 1866 we had a total white membership of 425,658; now we have 1,266,000, an increase in twenty-five years of over 195 per cent. Our net increase last year was 48,001. Had the nation kept pace with Southern Methodism, we would

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## A PROSPEROUS METHODISM

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now have, instead of 65,000,000, a population of 106,000,000. And our brethren of the North (God speed them in their noble work!) have enjoyed prosperity. Our property value in churches and parsonages now amounts to \$23,000,000; and, under the direction of an efficient Board of Church Extension, we are building at the rate of one new church for every fourteen hours in the year. Our contributions to missions last year were over \$400,000, not including \$113,000 raised and expended by the Woman's Board, and our prospering work in Mexico, Brazil, China, Japan, and the Indian Territory sends a Macedonian appeal for more men and increased supplies. We have 13,000 Sunday schools, 100,000 teachers, and over three-quarters of a million of pupils. For the higher education of the youth of the Church we have 179 schools and colleges, attended by nearly 17,000 students, with property valued at \$4,500,000 and endowments to the amount of \$1,600,000. We have a large publishing house, located at Nashville, Tenn., which has assets of over \$600,000 and out of the net proceeds of its immense business is able to distribute to the Conference annually \$17,500 for the benefit of the worn-out preachers. [Cheers.] For the care of the homeless and destitute we have several large orphanages, under efficient management, and, by means of recent munificent gifts of \$900,000, a hospital will soon be established at St. Louis, Mo., to be conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At Kansas City, thanks to the beneficent forethought of an

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## VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT

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honored brother who has since passed to the Church triumphant, we have a Bible-Training School to prepare young women for missionary work both in the foreign and home fields. For the support of our worn-out preachers and the widows and orphans of preachers there was raised last year \$145,886—a very inadequate, almost insignificant, amount; but it is some recognition of apostolic service and heroic self-sacrifice for the Church. [Hear! hear!] And that part of America where the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is appointed under Providence chiefly to labor, and which suffered most by the desolations of the late destructive war, has also been wonderfully favored—indeed, it has witnessed an industrial resurrection. The recuperative energy and material prosperity of the South are the wonder of the Western world. Out of fire and tempest and baptism of blood our people have come undaunted in spirit and with unfaltering faith in the future, with noble pride and generous ambition. Clinging not to depressing memories, but inspired by a wisdom born of adversity, the South has organized victory out of defeat and illustrated the sentiment that “human virtue should be equal to human calamity.” [Cheers.] The gates of the morning stream with light, and we are hailing the glory of the approaching day. New life is stirring in our veins, new activities are engaging our energies, new aims are inspiring our ambitions. And this has not been an imported, but a produced, prosperity. [Hear! hear!] We have grown from within and not enlarged from without. There has been

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## A MAGNIFICENT DOMAIN

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little appreciable immigration to the Southern parallels. Out of our own mines and mints, our own fields and forests, our own brain and brawn, our own soil and sky have come the mighty forces and resources of the South's commercial empire. The figures are almost startling. The assessed value of property in those States has increased two thousand millions of dollars in ten years. Cotton production has advanced from 4,000,000 bales at the beginning of the War between the States under slave labor to 7,452,281 bales with free and largely white labor. [Cheers.] It is claimed that the South has capacity to supply the world with this staple if there were not another cotton field on the globe. It is estimated that our coal and iron mines contain material amply sufficient for the increasing demands of the civilized world. In 1860 we had only 10,865 miles of railroad; in 1890 there were 44,466 miles under successful operation, making a perfect network of our own fair land of magnificent distances. And so every line of enterprise and industry indicates that the star of empire has changed its orbit and is now moving with majestic grace toward the Southern Cross. We have a magnificent domain of nine hundred thousand square miles, with every variety of soil, climate, product, and mineral. Our great State of Texas, alone capable of providing comfortable homes for 50,000,000 inhabitants, is larger than Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland, and would make two hundred and ten States the size of Rhode Island. To possess such a land for Christ is



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## NOT BY BREAD ALONE NATIONS LIVE

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the immediate and mighty mission of Southern Methodism. [Hear! hear!] And here I am reminded of a noble sentiment of Mr. Gladstone's. In summing up an able and discriminating review of the probable future of England and America, the great statesman uttered these wise words: "All this pompous detail of material triumphs is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain, or shall become, greater than the things they produce and shall know how to regard these things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being." That sentiment needs special emphasis on our side of the sea. The life of a country is not in things material. A nation cannot live by bread alone. The citizen must be enthroned above the work of his hands. And it is the sublime mission of Methodism to invest him with that royalty, to crown him with that divine sovereignty. [Applause.]

I am glad to report to you the ample and amicable restoration of our national brotherhood. [Hear! hear!] The great issues settled by the arbitrament of arms have been as cordially accepted by the one side as they were victoriously proclaimed by the other. The passions of war have well-nigh passed away, the old loves have been revived, and there is as genuine loyalty to the Union in the South as in the North. [Hear! hear!] This was strikingly illustrated in the national, unsectional, patriotic tributes paid to the memory of the commander in chief of the Union armies. General Grant died upon the summit

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## THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT

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of Mount McGregor. To me, a son of the Far South, there was poetic significance in the fact that the magnanimous old soldier closed his career upon a mountain. Up into that purer air, above the pestilential touch of malaria, safe from the depressing heat of the plains, and secure from the rush and roar of the busy marts of trade, the venerable warrior sought a quiet place to die. Above were the calm, unclouded heavens, and around him was not a voice to disturb his reverent, loving meditations. Looking out from that serene summit over the land he had honored and which had so highly honored him, over the brave battalions he had once led in the wild shock of battle and the no less heroic legions that had withstood like a wall of fire his thundering onsets, over the sections too long at war and the parties too long desperately struggling for mastery, he thanked God that he had lived to see harmony and good feeling between the two great sections of his country. And then, lifting his thin, trembling hands in patriarchal blessing upon the nation he loved so well, he prayed that the brothers in the blue and gray should never again go to war. [Hear! hear!] And on the day of his burial the strong hands of both Federal and Confederate generals, once at war, flashing in each other's faces the sword of death, were lovingly clasped around the body of the old soldier, while a sorrowing nation followed him to the tomb. That scene fitly represents the reunited hearts of a restored Union, dwelling again under the same parental rooftree and sitting at the same bountiful

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## THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY

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board. Living in that section of the country which was last and longest cursed by the institution of slavery and myself the son of a slaveholder, I rejoice beyond expression in the fact and providence of emancipation. [Applause.] The hateful thing is dead and buried beyond power or possibility of resurrection, for which all our people are devoutly thankful. With an extensive acquaintance over the entire Southland, I do not know a single person, old or young, who would consent to its restoration. [Hear!] It is quite profitless at this late day to contend as to who was most or least responsible for American slavery, for, as our lamented Bishop Marvin once said: "There is a perverse psychological law by virtue of which men feel the sins of other people more acutely than their own." [Laughter.] In very truth, my brethren, the history of this grave question gives ground for none to boast, shields each from the stones of others, and calls all alike to repentance. [Hear! hear!] We have all at some time been unorthodox in doctrine and very heterodox in temper. [Laughter.] Slavery was established in America when the States were English colonies [laughter], when its evil had not yet touched the conscience of the Christian world, when every leading nation of Western Europe was more or less engaged in the vile traffic and derived a large revenue therefrom. As late as 1776 every one of the thirteen colonies held slaves. The great Dr. Channing stated the case tersely and truly when he said slavery was the calamity rather than the crime of the South.

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## CLIMATE AND THE COTTON GIN

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[Hear! hear!] It was the climate at the North and the cotton gin at the South that determined for too many years the slavery territory of the United States. In one of his great speeches Daniel Webster, by way of illustration, made felicitous reference to a scene in Parliament during an exciting debate on a momentous question. The issue involved an accession to the throne and the integrity of your Protestant faith. The proposition of resistance was vigorously opposed as a rash measure brought forward by rash men. It was urged that they ought to admit the aspirant and then throw rigid restrictions around him. During the debate a member arose and made this grotesque comparison:

I hear a lion in the lobby roar!  
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
And keep him out, or shall we let him in  
And see if we can get him out again?

[Laughter.] From the depths of my soul do I wish that the door of the colonies had been forever closed against that wild beast in the form of the accursed slave trader. [Hear! hear!] But he was let in, and with him came all our woes—the ceaseless disturbance of our peace and the lamented severance of our national brotherhood. How I wish that some genius of the early day had written an “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” that would have stirred the Old World and the New to sweep every slaver from the high seas and break every fetter before it was forged! [Laughter.]

Coming, as I do, the first representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the mother

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## YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

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Conference, though we have had a distinct ecclesiastical existence for well-nigh a jubilee of years, it is needful that reference be made to some things which, in future addresses, would seem an obtrusion. This I do, not for justification, but explanation; not to defend a cause, but to state the truth of history; not to disturb the sleep of the ill-fated dead, but to translate the inscription on its tomb. I came not to this side of the sea to recite the sad story of our domestic troubles, to reopen afresh the wounds of war, or to wave a flag that has been forever furled; and certainly I shall speak no word of disesteem for my brethren in any section of our great country over whom floats the same star-spangled banner and appointed by Providence to the same national destiny. I speak of yesterday so you may understand our to-day and know our hopes for the morrow. [Hear! hear!] I shall only refer to those facts that bear upon the history and present status of the great Church you recently honored with a distinguished fraternal representative and whose cordial salutations it is my grateful privilege to voice to-day. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, dates its separate ecclesiastical existence, as you know, to the General Conference of 1844. It was not a schism, but a constitutional separation for mutual convenience and prosperity. The division was not desired by either the South or the North and was sorely regretted by both. The North wept and the South wept; but, after long delay and much prayer, it was decided best to part. So the Church, South, became

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## SOUTHERN METHODISM AND THE SLAVES

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a separate ecclesiastical connection, adopting the old Discipline without change, except only so far as verbal alterations were necessary to a distinct organization. Slavery was the occasion but not the cause of the separation. Beneath that issue were profound constitutional and administrative questions that seemed to make division, however much regretted, necessary to the peace and prosperity of the one great Methodism in America. Had not Mr. Wesley acted promptly after the American War of Independence, recognizing the changed attitude of the colonies, then separate States, to the mother country, and providing for a distinct ecclesiastical government, American Methodism, with her mighty agencies, world-wide activities, and multiplied thousands of communicants, would never have achieved its splendid history. The few sheep would have been scattered; the little company, now a great army, would have been disbanded; the cloud no larger than a man's hand would have been brushed from the heavens. So the attitude of Methodism in the South, recognizing the political and constitutional status, preserved our cause in those parallels and made it possible for the missionaries to have access to the cabins of the Negroes on the plantations and win thousands of them to a knowledge of salvation. [Hear! hear!] I hesitate not to say, with some knowledge of the land of my birth, that Southern Methodism was the most potential influence in ameliorating the condition of the slave and in his moral elevation and spiritual redemption. And I here ven-

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## A MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT

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ture the opinion that if the small politicians, on both sides of the line, could have been silenced and the American Colonization Society and other forces allowed to continue their mission, emancipation would have been a moral achievement and not, as Mr. Lincoln admitted, a "military necessity." With slavery enthroned in the organic law of those States, the attitude of our fathers was almost identical with that of your Wesleyan missionaries in the West Indies. In 1833 the great Richard Watson, in an address to the missionaries in those islands, used these words: "Your only business is to promote the moral and religious improvement of the slaves to whom you may have access, without in the least degree, in public or private, interfering with their civil condition." A like extra-conservative position, as it may seem to us to-day, the Southern leaders assumed, fearing and contending that disloyalty to civil authority would limit the sphere of the Church's activities, if not effect its speedy destruction. One of them, in the historic General Conference of 1844, pleading for the postponement of any radical legislation, thrilled the body with this solemn warning and lamentation: If the proposed action is taken and separation not provided for, "a million of slaves, now hearing the gospel from our ministers, will be withdrawn from our care." It was not for slavery, but the privilege of saving the slaves, that our fathers chiefly contended. [Hear! hear!] And theirs was the most magnificent missionary achievement in the history of the Christian Church. Never were the apostolic



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## AFRICAN CHRISTIANS IN AMERICA

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labors of Asbury and McKendree, of Andrew and Capers, of Honour and Massey, and thousands of others more signally blessed of God than in leading the humble Negro to his Saviour. When the emancipation proclamation was issued, there were more African Christians in America than in all Africa. The most accurate statistician among us has stated it as a fact that the number of Southern slaves professing religion and belonging to the Church was greater, in proportion to population, than the number of white people in all Churches, Protestant and Catholic, in the most populous States of the Union. They became a race of simple, absolute, unquestioning believers. They sometimes believe too much, but they believe intensely. They hold fast to the faith once delivered to the saints. I never knew or heard of a Negro skeptic. To adopt and accommodate somewhat the language of an American statesman, our missionaries found the black man a wanderer in the wilderness and gave him a home; they found him naked and clothed him; they found him a savage and a heathen and made him a Christian; they found him muttering a gibberish and gave him a language; they found him empty-minded and filled him with instruction, and so elevated him that he was declared fit to assume the great prerogative and responsibilities of an American citizen. In 1861 the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, alone had 207,766 Negro members. Those remaining with us at their own urgent request in 1869 were organized into the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in

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## "CROWNING GLORY OF THE CHURCH"

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America, which has about 140,000 members. To-day in the several branches of our one great family in the United States there are more than 1,500,000 African Methodists.

Never in all the history of missionary enterprise have such wonderful results followed the imperial sweep of the apocalyptic angel. No wonder the Southern bishops in exultant speech pronounced those missions to the Negroes "the crowning glory of the Church." And such they will continue to be till the end of time. But with achievement comes increased responsibility. With the thousands of Christianized Negroes in America, we are in an eminent degree debtors to the Dark Continent. Our brothers in black can and should be efficient agents in the redemption of the land of their fathers. One of the ablest and most eloquent bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, an ardent friend of African missions, thus spoke in a recent notable address: "God intends that this degraded race, which has been dwarfed through ages of heathenism, shall imbibe your civilization with your religion and, when sufficiently sobered through generations of self-possession, return to Africa and bring its millions to Christ and heaven." I confess, Mr. President, when that blessed prospect opens before me, a vision of spiritual conquest stirs my soul into rapture. May we not hope that it is a heavenly vision unto which we should be joyfully obedient?

There are many grave issues in the different sections of our growing nation; but, as you may well

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## A PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

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imagine, ours is what is popularly known as the "race problem." The problem is the whole country's, but its greatest strain has necessarily fallen upon the South. We have felt the fierce afterglow of the terrible conflagration; others have moralized about it as onlookers, and some are liberally, earnestly aiding in averting its calamities; but we have been at its storm center and felt the sweep of its wildly contending currents. As early as 1782 Thomas Jefferson thus prophesied: "Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government." In the one instance the great statesman proved a prophet; in the other, by education and the open Bible, we are endeavoring to disappoint his somber prediction. This problem we must solve, if ever, not as partisans, but as patriots; not as critics of the past or sentimental theorists, but as true, broad-minded, liberty-loving citizens invoking the guidance of Heaven and constrained by the loftiest conception of the brotherhood of man. This will require long patience and honest Christian patriotism. But I believe that the Church and the school, the Bible and the spelling book will solve this and every other social and political problem. [Hear! hear!] I part company with any man, however high in the councils of his country, who discounts the Church and the school as prime factors in every equation. The strain of readjustment has been very great. There have been lamentable disturbances,

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## THE COMPLICATION OF SUFFRAGE

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precipitated by well-meant efforts at our governmental and industrial reconstruction. These were to be expected and could not well be avoided. That they have not been more frequent and fatal is due to the restraining influence of our Christian religion. These have in too many cases caused racial instinct to degenerate into antipathy, difference of skin into prejudice of color, and pride of blood into political and personal hostility; but amid all I can gladly say that the masses of the Southern people are generous, helpful friends of the Negro, as they should be; for we have known him longest, we justly owe him most, and ought to love him best. [Hear! hear!] One serious complication has been an unqualified suffrage. Our wisest men of all political faiths, I think, are now generally agreed that the sudden investment with the elective franchise of several millions of illiterate people—lawless, with a strange sense of liberty, and totally ignorant of public affairs—was an experiment of infinite hazard. To the colored man the franchise became a frenzy, politics a passion, holding office a fetish, and loyalty “to party” the cardinal doctrine of religion. [Laughter.] On the other hand, these innocent suffragists have been the victims of shameless partisans. But I believe the storm has spent its fury; the clouds are lifting, and patches of blue sky are appearing. In the first place, the whole country admitted the intellectual training and elevation of the colored people. [Cheers.] It is the settled policy of all the Southern States to provide the Negroes

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## THE NEGRO AND EDUCATION

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with equal facilities to acquire an education at public expense. We have now 1,213,092 colored children in the State schools. In this beneficent work our brethren of the North have liberally provided for institutions of higher grade, while the elementary schools are maintained by State taxation. Multiplied millions of dollars are thus freely given. But in all this we have not whereof to glory. Duty demanded more. In the second place, the Negro is improving; and his progress has been great, though not uniform nor universal. He is acquiring property, developing character, and improving the ethics of his religion. In the State of Georgia alone the Negroes own nearly 800,000 acres of land and much other property, all valued at \$12,000,000. Is not that progress? [Hear! hear!] I do not deny that some among us doubt the fact of any real improvement and are skeptical as to the final outcome. Others, who take little account of time as a factor in developing a civilization or a race, become very impatient. And there are discouragements that sometimes dishearten. But I believe the tendency is upward and the future bright with hope.

I have studied with great interest your enlarged and enlarging educational policy, placing you well abreast with the highest modern culture, and I am happy to report a like movement in our own land and in all branches of American Methodism. If you need a positive, essential faith as the basis of your national education, we the more. In a government like ours, defined by the immortal Lincoln as

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## SAFEGUARDING CIVILIZATION

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“a government of the people, for the people, and by the people,” the very freedom of our political institutions and traditions is a peril. It may beget a dangerous latitudinarianism in doctrine, a spirit of unrestraint, a lack of reverence for the forms and majesty of law, and a socialism that tends to anarchy. A safeguard we have found in our type of Christianity. I would not be chargeable with extravagance in saying that but for the simplicity and purity of our Protestant faith—to which Methodism has so generously, magnificently contributed—our governmental experiment would have been a mournful failure. James Madison, one of our Presidents, stated only a half-truth when he said: “A popular government, without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both.” Our need is not education, but right education—and education that is positively, potentially Christian, that develops character while imparting information and magnifies the imperatives of its ethics above the dicta of philosophy or the discoveries of science. We want the education “that fits men not only for life, but for eternal life” [Hear! hear!], believing, as we do, that without faith in the next world we shall soon lose interest in this. When Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury determined to form an institution for the education of American youth, they issued a prospectus, which has this title: “A Plan for Erecting a College, Intended to Advance Religion in America.” And on that principle our educational

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## “THE PROTESTANT PROPAGANDA”

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system has been built, with our great Vanderbilt University as the center, of which I regret that time will not allow me to speak.

I readily admit, as one of your own eloquent ministers has happily phrased it, that “God has not staked his all on Methodism.” But though the Methodist spirit and movement have not exhausted the resources of Omnipotence, it has been in the Western world his mightiest expression of spiritual and saving power. It has not, possibly, produced the deep and wide “ethical revolution” it should, but its influence has been wonderful and abiding. It is not a spent force as a revival. [Hear! hear!] With us, as in the days of Asbury, Methodism is a divine antagonism to sin, an eternal protest against the reign of evil, a sanctified impatience for the conquest of the nations, an organizer. It is the Church of all classes, of the highways and hedges; “the Protestant propaganda, a perpetual reconnaissance in force.” In theology, while adhering strongly to the doctrines so clearly stated by Wesley, so valiantly defended by Fletcher, and so ably elaborated into a logical, consistent system by Richard Watson, we yet give hospitality to the accepted results of critical and philosophical investigation. But while, as to its spirit and doctrines, the Church is reverent and orthodox, I pray we may be delivered from a mere hereditary Methodism, living on traditions, sitting among the tombs and out of sympathy with the great movements of thought and life so characteristic of this electric age. [Applause.] Ecclesi-



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## CONSERVATIVELY PROGRESSIVE

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astically, Methodism in the South is conservatively progressive. We honor the methods of our fathers, but make no fetish of ecclesiastical polity. While cautious of change, what is needful to adapt our great machinery to the imperial demand of the times we adopt, recognizing the fact that

The world advances and in time outgrows  
The laws that in our fathers' days were best.

We have introduced lay delegation, giving laymen equal representation in the General Conference; the pastoral term has been extended to four years; and in many other respects there has been response to the exigencies of the age, but without in the least disturbing the constitutional principles of itinerancy and general superintendency.

On the temperance question Southern Methodism occupies a foremost position, insisting upon total abstinence for the individual and absolute legal prohibition by the State. Our own five thousand preachers, with scarcely an exception, are total abstainers, and our General Conference has spoken with tremendous emphasis in favor of the legal suppression of the infamous traffic. [Applause.] For the integrity and purity of our national Sabbath, which is becoming an ominous question, we earnestly contend, believing that on the authority of the Word of God and the sanctity of the day of God the perpetuity of the Church and the prosperity of the nation mainly depend.

There is a general movement among all Christian

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## ECCLESIASTICAL WARRIORS DISMISSED

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denominations in America to get into closer fraternal fellowship and coöperation. Divisions are deprecated and a more perfect unification of the followers of Christ everywhere desired and demanded. I believe we have a wider vision and a loftier conception of the divine mission of the Church universal. The days of interdenominational strife have well-nigh passed away. Ephraim and Judah have ceased their vexing. The ecclesiastical warrior has been disarmed and dismissed from service. [Laughter.] The polemic has become a pastor, and the proselyter either a pitiful anachronism or a mournful memory. [Laughter.] Weightier matters now press upon the conscience of the Church, and a warmer love constrains her energies and accelerates her conquests. Differences are recognized and respected, but not, as in other years, allowed to obstruct the larger movements of the Holy Spirit. As respects the members of the great Methodist family, one in doctrine and only slightly variant in polity, there is a growing spirit of brotherly love, a sincere desire for a more positive Christian unity. Negotiations are now pending between the several branches of African Episcopal Methodism that promise at an early date not only unity, but union. And the two largest members of our household, I am persuaded, have entered into a better understanding, a higher appreciation, and a heartier sympathy. Leaving the question of organic union to the leadings of Providence and the logic of events—not to be hastened or retarded, not to be courted or rejected—there is

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## AVOIDING HASTE AND WASTE

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sincere response in the South to the unanimously adopted resolution in the Ecumenical Conference at Washington in favor of Methodist federation. [Hear! hear!] We ought to avoid the haste and waste of rival Methodist altars, a race to reach a village and preëempt the ground, a sort of ecclesiastical "squatter sovereignty" [laughter], or, which is worse, to undermine and disintegrate the Methodism already planted. And this spirit of federation grows. Despite some adverse surface indications, I believe the masses of our people, under the blessing of the Lord and life of this Church, will bury "the hatchet of ecclesiastical strife" and by the royal law of love prohibit in future its manufacture or sale.

And now, Mr. President, I have too long trespassed upon your great kindness; but my reception has been so cordial and your courtesies so hearty and brotherly that I have been encouraged thus to affectionately offend. [Laughter.] Our hope is that these fraternal deputations shall be continued, not as mere formalities, but as expressive of the kinship and Methodistic unity which shall bind us closer together with the growing years. Be assured that our doors will open at your coming and that you will find homes in our hearts and honors at our hands. And thus we may help each other to keep in line with "the eternal step of progress" until this world shall be redeemed by the Son of Man. I pray the divinest blessings upon your deliberations and that the work here done will forever be "not unapplauded in the book of heaven."

## A MESSAGE TO THE METHODISTS OF CANADA.\*

I AM here to discharge a duty at once agreeable and unpleasant—agreeable in that I bear the warm fraternal greetings of a million of Methodists to another large and honored branch of the Methodist family and unpleasant in the consciousness of the messenger's inability to adequately meet the responsibilities of the occasion. I come to bring the Christian salutations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, a Church whose simple ecclesiastical designation, as your distinguished messenger to us at Richmond facetiously phrased it, is "without prefix or suffix." Be assured that I am not here as a refugee from the regions of recent earthquakes, though in all candor I feel a little more comfortable in Toronto than in Charleston. Nor have I come as the special or general agent of our government to settle the vexed and vexing "fisheries question," though I hope to drop a line into your friendly waters and "have some fruit among you also, even as among other Gentiles." But as the representative of the Methodist family that occupies the other end of North America from you I return the cordial, brotherly handclasp extended us at Richmond by your excellent

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\*Fraternal address delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada, in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Ont., September 10, 1886.

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## BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS IN THE SOUTH

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Rev. Dr. Briggs and wish you Godspeed in all your work of faith and labor of love. We heard with much pleasure of your great and growing country, so "fair to the eye of beauty," and of your prosperous, united, harmonious Methodism whose "faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." Indeed, we are delighted with your message and charmed with your messenger.

I am glad to report brightening prospects for our country also. Though for the past two decades we have struggled against the devastations and demoralizations of a dreadful war and are yet surrounded by the charred and scarred remains of former greatness, we have cheering evidences of returning prosperity. Everything betokens an upward and onward movement. There is the stir and elasticity of a new life in our Southern land. Our star of hope is rising higher and higher and shining with a steadier ray. We have now no unstrung harps hanging on the willows; all are making music to the step of an imperial progress. Factories are multiplying everywhere, capital is hurrying to our section seeking profitable investment, industries are being diversified, railroad lines are pushing their networks into every State, and all classes and interests are feeling the thrill and glow of a new life. Within the past seven years the Southern States have advanced in wealth over \$900,000,000, or forty-two per cent, against an increase in population of seventeen per cent. Our farm lands are rich and exhaustless and, without the aid of factories, mines, and other industries,

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## SOUTHERN PRODUCTS AND PROSPERITY

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could amply sustain a population five times as large as we have now. With the possible exception of Canada and Norway, the South is the best-wooded country of the world. We have nearly 250,000,000 acres of woodland, enough to supply the country for years to come. Our coal fields cover an area of 50,000,000 acres and are estimated to contain 250,000,000 tons, amply sufficient for the growing demands of the United States for centuries. It is calculated that our iron mines can afford material for the civilized world for all time. And we have other mineral resources which are contributing to the growth and wealth of our section.

Manufactories also are multiplying. The products of our iron furnaces in seven years have improved one hundred and ninety per cent and are beginning to compete with the best markets in the world. Cotton factories in the South have increased in six years from one hundred and sixty-one to three hundred and ten, and in production from 16,000,000 to 30,000,000, or about eighty-eight per cent. And in other respects there is marked and gratifying advance. We need only to trust God, work righteousness, and be diligent in business to become wealthy and prosperous. Our people are hospitable and generous. Too chivalrous for petty jealousies, they are too magnanimous to harbor resentments. So, after a fearful and fateful war with the States of the North, they bravely accepted the decisions of the sword and have sincerely renewed their allegiance to our common country. I do believe that in my own native

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## A SHADOW ON THE PICTURE

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Mississippi, whose most distinguished and honored citizen is the "Chief of the Lost Cause," there is as true loyalty to our national flag as in the State of New York, whose beautiful Riverside Park contains the dust of the most illustrious hero of that struggle. This I mention to show that we are not brooding over unpleasant memories. Clinging to the shrouds of dead issues and parading the ghosts of exploded theories have ceased to be the pastime of patriots. Practical aims and methods inspire statesmen and Christians alike.

But from this glowing statement there must be some subtraction. Over this picture falls a shadow. The presence among us of over six millions of Negroes, lately emancipated and immediately enfranchised, presents a political problem the magnitude of which is without parallel in history. Its solution demands large wisdom and long patience. And to this end we need the prayers and counsel of all Christians and humanitarians. Progress, however, is being made. The Negro is improving as a man and as a citizen, and the ultimate result cannot be doubted, though long delayed.

Just here allow me to recall some history which the Church, South, has written and which ought not to be forgotten. Recognizing the sad spiritual condition of the enslaved Negroes, Southern Methodism gave to them her best energies and warmest sympathies. The great leaders of the Church consecrated to the work their splendid abilities. In this connection the name of Bishop Capers can never be men-



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## BISHOP CAPERS AND THE NEGROES

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tioned without a thrill of joy. By his seraphic eloquence the Southern States were aroused to the necessity and the magnitude of the enterprise. He preached in their humble cabins and mission chapels with a power peculiarly his own. He prepared and published catechisms for the instruction of colored children. For them he "was in perils oft and labors abundant." The bishops in 1858 paid this just and beautiful tribute to their sainted colleague: "He requires no eulogy from us, nor will he ever need a monument to perpetuate his name while the missions to the slaves of Carolina shall continue to exist or while they shall be remembered by succeeding generations." Over his peaceful grave there stands a marble shaft on which is this inscription:

THE FOUNDER OF MISSIONS  
TO THE SLAVES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the Bishops' Address to the General Conference of 1858 occurs this passage: "The missions to the slaves of the Southern plantations constitute the most interesting and important field for missionary operations of the Church, South. . . . We regard these missions as the crowning glory of the Church." The same General Conference adopted and issued a Pastoral Address in which may be found this declaration: "The salvation of the colored race in our midst, as far as human instrumentality can secure it, is the primary duty of the Southern Church." And never were labors more blessed of God. Over those missions there hung, by day and night, a cloud

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## A GREAT INCREASE

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of glory. Multiplied thousands became intelligent Christians. So wonderful was this growth that in 1860, thirty years after the inauguration of African missions, the colored membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had reached 207,766. But with the coming and close of the war complications and changed relations ensued that turned most of these members from us. The balance were set off into an organization known as the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, which has shared our spiritual and material aid and is enjoying a good degree of prosperity. So it will be seen that what does not now appear in our statistical returns was the "crowning glory" of the Church in other years. And to that work American civilization is largely indebted for the Christian instruction the Negro received.

I am greatly gratified to report to you that God's signal mercies are yet manifest in our Methodism. The past quadrennium witnessed the largest net numerical increase of membership in our entire history as a Church. The figures reported to our General Conference in May last gave us 990,996 members, 4,406 itinerant preachers, and 5,943 local preachers, an increase during the four years of 130,277.

Our centenary year was a great blessing to the Church. The completion of one hundred years of organic Episcopal Methodism in America was an event worthy of distinguished celebration. It was not an occasion with us of mere ecclesiastical dress

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## A WITNESSING CHURCH

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parade, of self-gratulation and display of statistics, of sentiment and rhetoric, but of quickened zeal, intelligent faith, and generous giving. Our centennial offerings in 1884 amounted to \$1,375,000.

And this was followed by a year of great spiritual ingathering. We found that a revival of the grace of liberality was succeeded by an outpouring of blessing upon the pulpit and the conversion of the people. Thus we are trying to preserve the historic spirit and power of Methodism. Born of a revival, raised up to promote spiritual religion, and furnished with revival methods and agencies, when we cease to be revivalists we begin to die. We have no proscriptive dogma around which to rally our prejudices, no ancient history and traditions to excite veneration, no elaborate ritual to develop a mere æsthetic morality. Ours is a witnessing Church, called into being to preach a Holy Ghost religion.

Another good result of our centenary year was the development of a more intelligent denominational loyalty. I accept with all its consequences the statement of a discriminating writer who says: "The first duty of a denomination is to be denominational." If Methodism be a distinct, divine institution, if God has raised us up for a special and imperial mission, we must be obedient unto the heavenly vision and loyal to the lofty purposes of our great commission. I rejoice in denominational intercommunion and coöperation in the spirit and purposes of an evangelical alliance, but I detest and repudiate ecclesiastical boot-blackening. Michael Faraday is re-

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## CONSTITUTIONALLY CONSERVATIVE

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ported to have said: "I like a smith's shop and everything about smithery. My father was a smith." So I rejoice to testify that I like the Methodist Church and everything about Methodism. My father was a Methodist.

It gives me pleasure to report that our preachers and people are loyal to the doctrines of Methodism. We are constitutionally and traditionally conservative. Theological adventurers and creed makers have never been at a premium in the South. When a restless, aspiring spirit outgrows our standards of faith, he is speedily invited to seek other pasture. As has been happily expressed, the doctrines of Methodism are "not imposed on, but reposed in," by our people. And a like adherence to Methodist polity is everywhere manifest. Our preachers are loyal to their Church government. It has been petulantly denominated "a naked system of ecclesiastical despotism"; yet we honor its history, rejoice over its triumphs, and love its very sacrifices. It is doubted if any other people can show such devotion to Church order and discipline. Bishop Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not long before his death, made this statement: "Of the ten thousand preachers stationed last year, but one has refused to accept his appointment." A proportionate fidelity is also true of our Methodism in the Southern parallels. What Church outside of the Methodist family can show such unfeigned regard for constituted authority? This obedience and sublime devotion to duty have been our source of power and triumph. And our

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## PROGRESS IN FOREIGN MISSIONS

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preachers labor with apostolic zeal on very meager incomes. In a country yet undeveloped the Church has to be built up on the sacrifices of the pastors. In some of our Conferences the average salary of the ministers is painfully small; and yet they are happy, and they are held in high esteem for their work's sake. Sydney Smith's definition of a curate is a not inaccurate description of a Southern Methodist preacher: "The poorest and most respectable man in the parish."

Our most encouraging progress has been made in the work of foreign missions. Two of our missions have been erected into Annual Conferences within the past quadrennium. The Central Mexico Mission Conference was organized in February of this year, with six presiding elders' districts, forty-five traveling preachers, twenty-two local preachers, and one thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight members. The Mexican Border Mission Conference, organized in October, 1885, has thirty-four traveling preachers, sixteen local preachers, and one thousand three hundred and fifty-four members. Thus equipped and blessed of the Holy Spirit, we expect ere long to traverse the great Republic of Mexico with the gospel according to Methodism. A mission in Japan has recently been inaugurated, and a superintendent, with two assistants, is already in that field. Our work in China has enjoyed inspiring enlargement. Two years ago an Anglo-Chinese University was projected at Shanghai at a cost of \$56,000. It is well officered, is self-sustaining, and has as many students

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## ENLARGED LIBERALITY AT HOME

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as it can accommodate. We have now in China twelve male and ten female missionaries and property valued at \$135,000. The work in Brazil prospers amid many discouragements. Our Indian Mission Conference has now an Indian membership of five thousand three hundred and ninety-four and one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six white persons. We have also a German Mission Conference, which embraces our German membership within the imperial State of Texas. In addition to these, we assist with missionary appropriations the work of the great West—in Western Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, and the Pacific Slope. Two of our bishops are now abroad visiting mission fields—Bishop Granbery in Brazil, and Bishop Wilson is superintending the work in China and Japan.

And with this growth abroad there has been enlarged missionary liberality at home. When our Board ventured to enterprise new missions and call for recruits to strengthen foreign fields already occupied, contributions began to increase. The Church responded to these larger demands with more liberal offerings. And the result is that, while the country has suffered agricultural distress and financial depression, our annual foreign missionary collections have advanced in eight years from \$70,000 to \$222,000. The going out of new men and women fired the zeal of the Connection and thrilled pocket nerves never touched before. While the Board of Missions has been a little in advance of the Church—the de-

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## INCREASING OFFERINGS

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mands somewhat in advance of treasury receipts—the courage of aggression has made possible the encouraging history of the past eight years. But, although our missionary offerings are increasing year by year, we are yet in this regard far behind the Methodist Church of Canada and can boast of very few members like the old Wesleyan Methodist of England who said: “I believe the resurrection is very near, and I would not like Christ to find me with much earthly coin.” Our people have apparently little fear on that subject.

I must mention also the great and gratifying work of our Woman’s Board of Missions. Though only eight years in existence, its history has been phenomenal. It now has fifteen missionaries in active service in China, and its collections have advanced during the past quadrennium to a total of \$175,054. These figures urge us to heed the apostolic exhortation to “help these women.”

Four years ago the General Conference established a Church Extension Society, which has already become one of our most popular and efficient connectional boards. During the first quadrennium of its history \$145,248 was collected, which aided with larger or smaller amounts in the erection of five hundred and fifty-one churches in various parts of our wide Connection. It has also stimulated the Nehemiah spirit of the Church at large and encouraged the taste for a better style of ecclesiastical architecture. And, by the way, I am reminded as I stand in this presence and in this magnificent temple, which is



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## CHURCHES AND INSTITUTIONS

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connected with the name of that "golden mouth" of universal Methodism, Dr. William Morley Punshon, that Methodism has outgrown the period of apology and reproach. It was once derided as "the religion of barns." Having no other place in which to worship, our itinerant fathers gathered their eager congregations into barns or other improvised shelter and preached to them the word of life. But that day of small things has passed. We need to build chaste and beautiful temples for the worship of the Lord of Glory. An ugly, ill-constructed building is no recommendation of the Christian religion. There is a ministry in architectural harmony and beauty.

Our Sunday School Department is admirably managed and grows in efficiency. During the four years just passed nearly one hundred thousand children were added to our schools, and the number of conversions among the pupils exceeds that of any former period of the Church's history.

The success of our Publishing House for the past eight years is a marvel of Church financiering. It has well-nigh lifted a burdensome debt of over \$350,000 that caused much sorrow in our Zion and is now amply supplying all the needs of the Church with books of the best quality.

Our institutions of learning are doing an invaluable work for the Church and occupy a commanding position. In the higher education of females especially our Church holds the foremost place in the South. Our male colleges, with the liberally endowed

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## PROHIBITION A BURNING ISSUE

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and splendidly equipped Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., at the head, are faithfully conserving the largest and best demands of a sanctified education and are fountains of spiritual and denominational influence. One fact is noticeable and commendable in our Southern colleges: their freedom from foolish extravagance. Nor do "college athletics," that wild excess that provoked a facetious Japanese to write home that "in America college boys study boat-racing, and when it rains they read books," find favor in our latitude. From such demoralization we are happily exempt.

On the great temperance question the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has taken high position. All of our preachers are total abstainers and are bravely leading in the struggle for the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic. That has become a burning issue with us in most of the Southern States. For years our pastors have been unremitting in their zeal for reform and have done much in arousing public sentiment to the enormity of the liquor traffic and in improving the drinking habits of society. In this latter respect gratifying progress is everywhere evident. The old "sideboard" with its rare wines and brandies has been removed. It is no longer a breach of hospitality not to invite a visitor to drink. Indeed, those are the very rare exceptions who adhere to the old custom that was once as tyrannous as it was ruinous. And it is no longer respectable for ministers to tipple wine on social or festal occasions. The reform sentiment is too wholesome and strong

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## THE SABBATH QUESTION

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for the clerical indulgences of even two decades ago. Society demands that God's ministers shall be men of clean hands and pure habits.

The Sabbath question is also becoming more and more prominent with us. With the increase of our population by immigration from all points of the compass, our national Sabbath is imperiled. It is sought to introduce the Continental holiday into our country and degrade the day of our fathers that has been the real glory of the republic. And the people are justly alarmed, for when the Sabbath is abolished we may expect the overthrow of the great fundamental principles on which our government is established.

Thus you see, brethren, we are engaged in the same work with the same weapons and in much the same spirit with you in this fair "Land of the Lakes and the North Star." And great, indeed, are our responsibilities. The call of the Master is ringing loud and clear. There are indications everywhere of the triumphs of the Son of Man. Longfellow has beautifully said:

Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light,  
It is daybreak everywhere.

This is not mere poetic rapture, but the observation of a Christian philosopher. Great changes have resulted in the past several decades, and mighty revolutionary forces are now at work. The geography of to-day is not the book we studied a few years ago.

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## A TIME OF URGENCY AND EXIGENCY

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The map of the world has entirely changed. Deserts and dark places have been explored and found to be fertile regions thickly settled. The ports of all nations have been unlocked and missionaries permitted to enter and find protection for all life and property. On the wings of the morning the light of our Christian civilization has reached well-nigh every habitable shore. Never in all the history of this planet have spiritual and secular forces so conspired for the conquests of the gospel.

In this time of urgency and exigency our Lord expects much of universal Methodism. Let us see to it that he be not disappointed. At the advanced age of eighty-seven Mr. Wesley wrote to Alexander Mather as follows: "Give me one hundred men who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth." Those certainly are grand words from an old veteran trembling on his staff. They have the nervous energy of youth, the faith that removes mountains, and a courage that would not shrink at martyrdom. Happy for Methodism if she will heed the parting counsel of her aged leader and preserve a ministry of single purpose and holy heroism.

Hoping that you may honor us with a fraternal representative at our next General Conference in 1890, I beg to conclude my message of Methodist greeting to you, beloved brethren of the Methodist Church of Canada, with the lines of our great found-

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## CHRIST ALL IN ALL

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er, praying that his song of Christian unity may be  
among us a glorious realization:

Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on;  
There is neither bond or free,  
Male nor female, Lord, in thee.

Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void;  
Names and sects and parties fall,  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

## CHARLES WESLEY, THE HYMNIST OF THE AGES.\*

CHARLES WESLEY, the poet of Methodism and the hymnist of the ages, was the eighteenth in a family of nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley. For several weeks he lay wrapped up in wool, more dead than alive, and never uttered a cry until the time when he should have been born. This was rather an unpromising beginning for one who was to be a chief actor in a spiritual revolution that was to save the Church from deadness and the nation from anarchy and was to rank in importance the career of the Elder Pitt and the "most dazzling" episode of the reign of George II.

Out of one of the most remarkable homes known to English history this gifted singer of the centuries came. It was not a mansion of wealth and worldly power, but a cottage of culture and piety, a home of high thinking and humble living. It was a simple ivy-covered rectory in a far-away, obscure northern village; but its fame has gone out through all the earth, and its influence will be felt to the end of time. In all England no castle of king, or hall of noble, or palace of lord, either temporal or spiritual, ever gave shelter to such a family of sons and daughters as did the rectory at Epworth. His honored father, the earnest, toilsome rector, was as learned as he was

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\*An address delivered at the Wesley Bicentenary Celebration in Savannah, Ga., June 26, 1903.

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## THE MATRIARCH OF METHODISM

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devout and as industrious as he was heavenly-minded. His mother, the real matriarch of Methodism, was brilliant in intellect, remarkably cultured, as strong-willed as John Knox, and one of the most perfectly poised characters in history. From such parentage came the two extraordinary brothers who were to be the great apostles of the eighteenth century. The best blood of England flowed in their veins, and from both paternal and maternal ancestry they inherited the most fearless and intrepid spiritual knighthood of the generations.

No wonder Providence marked this young man for conspicuous service in a great forward movement. He was born to high place and enduring influence and undying fame. Himself not the wisest leader, he insured the successful leadership of his brother. Though not the ablest commander, he was an expert chief of staff. He might not plan a campaign as wisely or lead his forces to battle as skillfully as did his brother John, but he did beat the sacred reveille and sing the divine Marseillaise that stirred the heroic blood of the legions and moved them to march to victory with its dactyl notes upon their lips.

The names of these two wonderful brothers will ever be linked in immortal wedlock. They were double stars, somewhat different in size and brilliancy, but both were filled with light from the same Sun of Righteousness, and they are still shining upon the world with an ever-increasing splendor. The history of one cannot be written without the story of the



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## JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

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other being told. They walked and wrought and suffered together, sustained by the same spirit, inspired by the same holy purpose, and inflamed by the same quenchless zeal. Their interdependence was beautiful and providential. They often differed widely in opinion, but they were never separated in heart, and their very differences seemed to broaden the charity of the brothers and heighten their admiration for the honesty and fidelity of each other. Though their opinions often diverged, their affections never failed. In his last loving letter to his honored brother Charles he reiterated this statement: "Stand to your own proposal. Let us agree to differ."

And he would never brook the slightest suggestion from any one who sought to underrate his brother or alienate their affection. On the back of a letter received from the Countess of Huntington he made this indorsement: "Unanswered by John Wesley's brother." He declined to write an epitaph for Hervey's tomb because he thought the deceased had done a "great wrong to John Wesley's name."

At the age of eighteen he entered Christ Church College at Oxford, "a sprightly, rollicking young man with more genius than grace." The account of his first years at that ancient and historic seat of learning must be given by himself:

My first year at college I lost in diversions; the next I set myself to study. Diligence led me into serious thinking. I went to the weekly sacrament and persuaded two or three young students to accompany me and to observe

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## CHARLES WESLEY A SCHOLAR

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the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the university. This gave me the harmless name of Methodist. In half a year (after this) my brother left his curacy at Epworth and came to our assistance. We then proceeded regularly in our studies and in doing what good we could to the bodies and souls of men.

Writing to his brother John before he returned to take up his residence as Fellow of Lincoln College, he says: "It is owing in a great measure to somebody's prayers—my mother's, most likely—that I am come to think as I do."

Charles Wesley was an accurate scholar and a learned man. His genius for acquiring language was phenomenal. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French he learned readily. He spoke Latin fluently and with force. With rare histrionic power he would at times quote the most sublime passages of Homer and Vergil and recite with unrivaled taste and spirit the noble odes of Horace. It is said that when Indevine, the drunken captain with whom he sailed to Charleston, treated him insultingly, Charles Wesley defended himself by repeating Vergil. And in the same way he cooled the rage or quelled the spirit of his *virago* sister-in-law, Mrs. John Wesley.

When he became a college tutor, his father wrote him a playful letter indicating the range of his studies and scholarship, from which are these sentences: "As for yourself between logic, grammar, and mathematics, be idle if you can. I give my blessing to the bishop for having tied you a little faster by obliging you to rub up your Arabic. . . .

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## SAVED FROM WEALTH

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You are now launched fairly, Charles. Hold up your head and swim like a man, and when you cuff the man beneath you say it much as another hero did: 'Carolum relis, et Caroli fortunam.'\* But always keep your eye fixed above the pole star, and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life, which is the hearty prayer of your loving father."

By a spiritual and gracious providence Charles Wesley was saved from the calamity of great wealth. While yet a handsome and sprightly boy, a student in Westminster School, Mr. Garrett Wesley, of Dougan Castle, Ireland, a man of immense fortune, set his heart upon making him the son of his home and heir of his vast estates. By strong argument with the father and earnest entreaty with the brilliant son he sought to make him the noble lord of his Irish castle. But after several months' respectful consideration the thoughtful boy declined the generous offer and determined to share the humbler fortunes of the Epworth rectory. That was a wise conclusion and a providential escape. Had the offer been accepted, riches and worldly splendor might have come to the Wesley family, but the glory of his genius would probably never have been known, and his inspired measures would not still be making music down the generations.

And in after years, when his fame had filled the continent, he declined a similar tempting offer. A

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\*"Thou carriest Charles and Charles's fortune."

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## “A TRICK OF THE DEVIL”

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lady of large fortune, who had for some reason become alienated from her family, desired to make him the inheritor of her vast treasure. With most persuasive eloquence did she try to prevail upon him to accept, but all to no purpose. When advised by friends to accept the fortune and then distribute it to the rightful heirs, he said with vigor: “That is a trick of the devil, but it won’t do. I know what I am now, but I do not know what I should be if I were made thus rich.” And throughout life he was an unselfish, unworldly, singularly consecrated Christian minister. He declined a living of five hundred pounds a year, choosing rather to live without a fixed income and remain with the people called Methodists.

Of his coming to Georgia as the private secretary of General Oglethorpe and the months spent here, mostly at Frederica, but little need be said. That was a valuable but unhappy chapter in the life of the laureate of Methodism. It was little more than “one continued course of vexation and sorrow.” His severe discipline and spiritual rigidness excited opposition, and for a while he suffered the disfavor and persecution of the Governor himself. But never for a moment did he waver in his line of conduct or conceptions of duty. His biographer tells us that “he conducted four religious services every day for the benefit of those who chose and had leisure to attend, and he was in the habit of giving an extemporary exposition of the daily lessons at the morning and evening prayer. These services were conducted in the open air when the weather would permit; and

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## THE CONVERSION OF CHARLES WESLEY

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as the people had no public clock to guide them (for as yet they dwelt in tents, having no houses) nor any "churchgoing bell" to summon them to their devotions, they were apprized of the hour of prayer by sounding of the drum."

In his journal there is this entry:

*July 26.*—The words which concluded the lesson and my stay in Georgia were, "Arise, let us go hence." Accordingly I took my final leave of Savannah. When the boat put off I was surprised that I felt no more joy in leaving such a scene of sorrows.

The great event in Charles Wesley's life was his glorious conversion under the spiritual tutelage of a simple-hearted Moravian named Bray, whom he gratefully refers to as "a poor, ignorant mechanic who knows nothing but Christ, yet in knowing him knows and discerns all things." He grasped the doctrine of justification by faith only, and it became his own conscious, joyous, rapturous experience. This was the true starting point of his wonderful history. Now he began to preach like an apostle and to sing like a seraph. His marvelous eloquence attracted eager thousands of every rank and age, and he sang in strains almost divine of the uttermost power of redeeming grace. So completely was he filled with the Spirit of his Lord, so entirely under the imperial constraint of his love, so eagerly bent on his one work of seeking and saving the lost, that nothing else so enraptured his great heart as the redemption of a soul. On witnessing the joyful conversion of his friend Edward Perronet, he exult-

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## "AN EXTRAORDINARY PREACHER"

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antly exclaimed: "A soul triumphing in its first love is a spectacle for men and angels! It makes me forget my own sorrows and carry the cross of life without feeling it." And, by the way, Perronet became the author of "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" one of the greatest hymns in any language.

Charles Wesley was an extraordinary preacher, magnetic and attractive, often soaring into the realm of genuine eloquence and always exhibiting the splendid qualities of a real master of assemblies. He excelled in the power of condensed and luminous statement. Vast multitudes crowded to his ministry and were entranced by the charm of his graceful periods. On one occasion he wrote: "My congregation was less by a thousand or two through George Whitefield's preaching at Haworth. Between four and five thousand were left to receive my warning." When asked what were the distinctive characteristics of the two remarkable brothers as preachers, the Rev. Henry Moore, biographer and literary legatee of John Wesley, replied: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's was all aphorism." He had not the magnificent oratorical gifts of George Whitefield nor the striking expository genius of his brother John, but he excelled them both in the directness and deadly aim of his appeals and warnings. One biographer says that at times, under the spell of his eloquence, almost the entire congregation would fall on their knees or prostrate themselves upon their faces, with the prayer of divine agony upon their lips. While preaching in the open air on one occasion at Bristol

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## AN ARDENT AND IMPULSIVE NATURE

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a man in the congregation, whose conscience was pierced by the restless power of the truth, cried with a loud voice: "What do you mean by looking at me and directing yourself to me and telling me that I shall be damned?"

He was an ardent and impulsive nature, easily impressed and capable of intense feeling. This led him at times into strange contradictions, but there was never the slightest impeachment of his perfect honesty and sincerity. For instance, in his earlier religious inquiries he was strenuously opposed to the doctrine of instantaneous conversion, but soon afterwards he became its impassioned advocate. Referring to a certain meeting, he said: "We sang and fell into a dispute whether conversion was gradual or instantaneous. My brother was very positive for the latter and very shocking. I was much offended at his worse than unedifying discourse. I insisted that a man need not know when he first had faith. His obstinacy in favoring the contrary opinion drove me from the room." Within three weeks after that "religious fracas" Charles Wesley changed his opinions entirely and began to pity and upbraid those who held his former views.

He was a man of wonderful and unawed courage. In the discharge of his apostolic duties he seemed to have no sense of fear. He was often jubilant in the presence of danger, and when the mob howled loudest he seemed calmest and most unconcerned. The promise of a prison could not restrain him; the threat of death did not deter him; and when the



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## THE MARRIAGE OF CHARLES WESLEY

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blood was flowing freely from wounds received at the hands of the mob, he led the congregation that refused to disperse in joyously singing the praise of God. No more heroic spirit ever led the legions of his Lord to battle and to victory.

The fierceness of the persecutions he suffered make us wonder at the bitterness of the human heart when set on fire by passion and prejudice. Government officers and worldly clergymen joined with wicked ruffians in cruel assaults upon the Lord's anointed. Rioters at his meetings were once arraigned in court. Instead of just and swift punishment, all were dismissed, and the grand jury made this deliverance: "We find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a disturber of His Majesty's peace, and we pray that he may be transported."

Charles Wesley married Miss Sarah Gwynne, who lived at Garth, Wales. It is an interesting fact that when Mr. Gwynne, the father of this fair young lady, first met the gifted Methodist he had a warrant ready in his pocket to send him to jail. He concluded, however, to hear him first. The eloquent preacher was never more powerful and persuasive. The message was sealed to his redemption, and instead of committing him to prison he invited him to his palatial home, had him preach in the parish church, and after a time gave him his beautiful daughter's hand in holy matrimony. When the unique marriage contract was arranged, Miss Gwynne

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## A UNIQUE WEDDING

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agreed, among other things, that Charles Wesley should continue his vegetable diet and his traveling.

That certainly was one of the most extraordinary marriage scenes in all history. The joyful hymn on the occasion was written by Charles himself. The happy bridegroom and ecstatic poet gives this pious and characteristic account of the interesting event:

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three and a half hours in prayer or singing with my brother. At eight I led my Sally to church. My brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love. I never had more of the Divine Presence at the sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn: "Come, thou everlasting Lord." He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole enjoyment. We were cheerful without mirth, serious without sadness.

What a unique wedding occasion that must have been! Not many men are married to the music of their own melodious measures. And their whole after life was a song. No two hearts ever walked through life together in more rhythmic harmony. For forty eventful years they joyfully shared together the vicissitudes of earth, animated by the same high purpose and dominated by the same divine inspiration.

Charles Wesley had more rigid and straitened views of ecclesiastical order than his brother and doubtless a more ardent attachment to the Church of England. He inveighed rigorously against certain acts that logically meant an eventual separation

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## AN ARDENT CHURCHMAN

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from the Church and sought by every means in his power to arrest any tendency to independent organization. At the same time he was the first and mightiest of field preachers. He did not hesitate to preach in Methodist chapels during church hours, was among the bravest to encounter persécution and threatened death, and was tireless and fearless in his flaming evangelism.

Charles was an ardent churchman, but not an ecclesiastical statesman. He dreaded schism scarcely less than mortal sin. As another expressed it, he feared that Methodism would become "a seminary of dissenters." He said pathetically: "My soul abhors the thought of separating from the Church of England." He closed a letter to John Nelson on one occasion with these ominous words: "John, I love thee from my heart; yet, rather than see thee a dissenting minister, I wish to see thee smiling in thy coffin." He passionately opposed any tendency toward separation from the Church of England, was shocked at his brother's exercising the right of ordination, and would not tolerate the idea of Methodist preachers administering the sacraments. And at last, greatly to the grief of his brother, he gave direction that he should not be buried at City Road Chapel because the ground had not been consecrated. He made the Church paramount. He would have abolished Methodist Societies rather than see them separate from the Establishment. John, on the other hand, said: "Church or no Church, we must attend to the work of saving souls."

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## CHARLES WESLEY GRIEVED

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Of John Wesley's ordinations, which so distressed his impulsive brother, we had best take his own clear and strong doubt as to the authority and propriety of the course pursued. He said to himself: "I firmly believe I am a Scriptural episcopos as much as any man in England, for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable which no man ever did or can prove." And again he said: "The plea of divine right for diocesan episcopacy was never heard of in the Primitive Church."

So John Wesley, in response to the urgent appeal from America, ordained Thomas Coke superintendent (or bishop) on the 2d of September, 1784, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey elders.

Against this extraordinary exercise of ecclesiastical prerogative Charles Wesley rigorously protested. He denounced the organization as schism and tragically predicted that Coke would return from his Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore to "make us all dissenters here." Writing to his brother, he uttered this pathetic lamentation: "Alas! what trouble are you preparing for yourself as well as for me and for your oldest and truest friends! Before you have quite broken down the bridge, stop and consider. If your sons have no regard for you, have some for yourself. Go to your grave in peace; at least suffer me to go first before this ruin is under your hand."

He anathematized this act of his brother in these lines:

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## LACKED GIFTS OF LEADERSHIP

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{ Since bishops are so easy made,  
By man's or woman's whim,  
Wesley his hands on Coke has laid;  
But who laid hands on him?

In his denunciation of the fable of tactual succession Wesley had the support of many distinguished churchmen. Chillingworth said: "I am fully persuaded there hath been no such succession." Bishop Stillingfleet declares that "this succession is as muddy as the Tiber itself." Archbishop Whatley says: "There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up with approach to certainty his spiritual pedigree."

Charles Wesley had no great gifts for leadership and was endowed with but few qualities for broad statesmanship. Had his counsels prevailed on certain critical occasions, no doubt the history of the great Methodist movement would have been very differently written. His ardent temperament made him at times irascible, and his poetic moods often amounted to eccentricity.

{ But Providence designed this peerless genius for other service and a higher sphere. He was to be the David of our later Israel, the inspired singer of the centuries. Had he been more of a statesman, he would have been less of a poet. Had he been wiser as an ecclesiastical leader, there would have been less melody in the limpid measures that flowed from the living fountains of his enraptured soul.

| All great spiritual revolutions have been accompanied and made possible by the power of sacred

# *Songs + Hymns!*

## SONGS THE SOUL OF RELIGION

song. Not only so, but the depths and strength of these movements have been measured and determined by the character of their psalmody. (The doctrines a people sing are of equal importance with the gospel they preach and the theology they embrace. The hymns that make melody in the heart and give wings to faith lift the soul nearer to the invisible than all the doctrines, however clearly defined, that make up our systems of metaphysical theology. (The soul of religion is best expressed in its songs.) And the sanctified genius who in noblest measures can give highest expression to this inner divine spirit of religion has the clearest title to be the chosen and anointed legate of heaven and laureate of the skies.

Dr. Abel Stevens, the accomplished historian, referring to the many volumes of hymns issued by the Wesleys, said: "The achievement accomplished by Methodism in this respect is alone one of the most extraordinary historical facts of the eighteenth century. Its influence on the popular taste, intellectual as well as moral, could not fail to be incalculably great." Indeed, Methodism could never have swept with such majestic speed over the United Kingdom and across the seas but for its rich and inspiring melody.

Surely there was need for the divine afflatus to fall upon some chosen lyrical genius in order to elevate the tone of public worship and give nobler voice to the aspirations of the soul. As yet there were no worthy translations of the stately Latin hymns, and the hymnology of the English Churches scarcely

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## THE HYMNOLOGY OF THE AGE

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rose above the dignity of the ditties crooned by the untutored negroes on our Southern plantations. Sternhold and Hopkins, in 1562, issued a metrical version of the Psalms, which could only rob the service of the sanctuary of its solemnity and spiritual helpfulness. Some specimens as they were "deaconed off" can but provoke a smile. Here is one:

{ 'Tis like the precious ointment  
Down Aaron's beard did go;  
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,  
His garment skirts unto.

*Poor!*

And here is another choice stanza which was more or less in popular use:

{ Ye monster of the bubbling deep,  
Your Master's praises spout;  
Up from the sands, ye coddlings, peep,  
And wag your tails about.

*Harmos.*

On the Scripture text, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," this bit of puerile paraphrase was sung:

{ The race is not forever got  
By him who fastest runs;  
Nor the battle by those people  
Who shoot the longest guns.

Such was the hymnology of the Church when Watts and Wesley began to sing.

While Charles Wesley generously contributed to form the aggressive, enthusiastic type of Methodism, his lyric measures were in turn largely affected by that great spiritual movement. His muse soared on



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## WESLEY'S HYMNS METHODISTIC

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loftier, swifter wing because of the mountain air he breathed and the jubilant spirit of the people with whom he held high fellowship. His hymns were the rhythmic embodiment of the joyous, hopeful spirit of the greatest revival. Probably as much as, if not even more than, the sermons of John Wesley do these hymns express the very soul of early Methodism. On this subject the scholarly and discriminating Isaac Taylor has thus critically spoken: "These very hymns, if the writer had not been connected with Methodism, would have shown a very different phase; for while the depth and richness of them are the writer's, the epigrammatic intensity and the pressure which mark them belong to Methodism. They may be regarded as the representatives of a modern devotional style which has prevailed quite as much beyond the boundaries of the Wesleyan community as within it. Charles Wesley's hymns, on the one hand, and those of Toplady, Cowper, and Newton, on the other, mark that great change in religious sentiment which distinguished the times of Methodism from the staid nonconforming era of Watts and Doddridge."

The richness and variety of his measure are truly marvelous. The rhythmic flow of his genius took every form known to the poetic art.

There are not less than twenty-six different meters in the Wesleyan hymn book, and yet these did not exhaust the variety of his tuneful numbers. He touched and thrilled every chord of the human heart and gave joyful or mournful note to every passion

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## POETICAL PUBLICATIONS OF WESLEYS

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of the human soul. Wonderful hymns! They march at times like lengthened processions with solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like sobs of grief at the graveside, play like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray of the battle field. No man ever surpassed Charles Wesley in the harmonies of language. To him it was a diapason.

The poetical publications of Charles and John Wesley followed each other in rapid succession, sometimes two a year, until forty-nine were enumerated among the literary productions of those wonderful brothers. Charles Wesley alone wrote not less than six thousand hymns, many of them among the noblest lyrics of the Christian Church. 6000

Few men ever wrote with such affluence of diction and with such ease and grace of style. Like the fabled fountains that began to flow at the touch of an angel's foot, the rhythmic numbers were awakened from the faintest finger tip upon his well-strung lyre. He sang with no more effort than a lark cleaves the air on soaring wing or a streamlet chimes its liquid bells to sea. He sang because his soul was full of music. While doing the almost superhuman work of a flaming evangelist, preaching from three to four times a day, he employed the intervals in writing hymns. His thoughts flowed with melody. Journeying from Bristol to Newcastle on one occasion, he met with a painful accident. "Near Ripley," said he, "my horse threw and fell upon me. My compan-

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## CHARLES WESLEY RIDING AND WRITING

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ions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns or thinking at all till the next day."

In old age he rode every day ("clothed for winter even in summer") a little white horse. When he mounted, if a subject struck him, he proceeded to elaborate it in order. He sometimes wrote a hymn with pencil in shorthand on a card kept for that purpose. Or he would ride up to the house in City Road and, having left his pony in the garden, rush in and cry out: "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" When these were supplied and the hymn was speedily written out, he would greet pleasantly all present and enter into delightful conversation.

The eloquent Dr. William Morley Punshon, who had himself the divine afflatus in liberal measure, thus refers to the matchless hymns of the poet of Methodism:

Entering into the heart's deep secrets; striking every chord of subtlest and holiest feeling; giving forth, not echoes from old harp songs, but melodies of the present poured from a soul which enacts all the melodies that it sings; now plaintive as the breath of evening, now with a grand roll like that of the thunder of God; expressing every variation in the changing music of life and, moreover, piercing the invisible and standing like a seraph in the full vision of the throne—seldom has the sacred lyre been swept by a more skillful hand. . . . His words abide in the memory of multitudes, second only to the words of inspiration in their charm and power. They have chased away trouble from the sorrowing, as David

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## ESTIMATES OF WESLEYAN HYMNOLOGY

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from the melancholy Saul. They have inspired the Christian warrior as the "Marseillaise" the passions of France or the "Ranz des Vaches" the patriotism of the brave Swiss peasantry and greatest triumph—in cases without number they have been the notes of the song until they caught the notes of the trumpet which was sounding for them upon the other side.

And most generous have been the critical estimates of Wesleyan hymnology by those outside the Methodist communion. Robert Southey, the distinguished scholar and poet laureate of England, said that "no poems have been so much treasured in the memory or so frequently quoted on deathbeds." And not less appreciative are the eloquent words of Isaac Taylor, who said: "It may be affirmed that there is no principal element of Christianity, no main article of belief, as professed by Protestant Churches; that there is no moral or ethical sentiment peculiarly characteristic of the gospel, no height or depth of feeling proper to the spiritual life, that does not find itself emphatically and pointedly and clearly conveyed in some stanzas of Charles Wesley's hymns."

Dr. Watts, the great hymn writer, in acknowledging the imperial genius of the psalmist of Methodism, said: "I would give all I have ever written for the credit of being the author of Charles Wesley's unrivaled hymn, 'Wrestling Jacob.'"

Henry Ward Beecher, one of the greatest of modern pastors and pulpit orators, said: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' than to have the fame of all the kings

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## HYMNS BORN OF EXPERIENCE

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that ever reigned upon the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather have written such a hymn than to have heaped up all the treasures of the richest man on the globe. He will die. His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount up on some lips to the very presence of God."

The biographer of Dr. Watts, while claiming for him preëminence as a sacred poet, admitted the splendid and sanctified genius of Charles Wesley. He says: "In estimating the merits of these two great hymnists—the greatest, unquestionably, that our country can boast—I should not hesitate to ascribe to the former greater skill in design, to the latter in execution; to the former more originality, to the latter more polish. Many of Wesley's flights are bold, daring, and magnificent."

Charles Wesley's wonderful hymns were born of his own rich and joyous experience. Out of a redeemed soul he sang because he couldn't hold the melody. He could never have tuned his harp to sing so sublimely of the joys of salvation if he had simply heard or read of them. He must feel them and then express them. One writer aptly says: "When his heart-strings quiver with the melody of heaven, his harp-strings must responsively sound. He sings because he must sing. He sings as the bird sings, for very joy. No saint can climb so high as not to be able to sing his joys in the hymns of Charles Wesley."

And herein may be found the marked difference

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## WESLEY AND WATTS

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between the hymns of Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, his only rival as a singer in Israel. A competent critic has thus stated their distinguishing characteristics: "Watts describes Christian virtues and sentiments as a looker-on; Wesley expresses them as from the depth of his own being. Watts hymns his aspirations; Wesley does this and more, for he expresses his fruition of the gladdening grace of the gospel."

Wesley goes as far as Watts up the "mount of redeeming love," and then goes on and up till he ceases to climb and soars to the skies. Watts sings more sweetly as the caged bird; Wesley sings as the bird free and swinging his flight heavenward. Watts was more of a general poet; Wesley was more of a lyric poet for the Church. Watts was more of a poet of nature; Wesley was more of a poet of grace. Watts was a poet of the old prophetic dispensation; Wesley was a poet of the new Pentecostal dispensation. Watts was the poet of aspiration; Wesley was the poet of inspiration.

And as an illustration of this striking contrast a single stanza from each is aptly quoted. Watts, gazing aspiringly at the summit of Mount Pisgah, sings:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Could fright us from the shore.

But Wesley has already climbed the mountain top and, viewing the enraptured landscape, exultantly shouts:

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF WATTS AND WESLEY

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The promised land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now rejoice to see;  
My hope is full, O glorious hope!  
Of immortality.

And a further apt illustration of the different characteristics of these great hymnists of the modern Church may be seen in the use of the metaphysician's favorite terms. Dr. Watts was fond of the objective, while Charles Wesley dwelt in the subjective. Dr. Watts reveled in the disclosures of God in nature and on the pages of revelation; Charles Wesley's hymns were the evolutions of his own deep and joyous experience. Dr. Watts sings:

Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred awe.

Charles Wesley plaintively cries:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

Dr. Watts, looking up at the heavens bespangled with stars and then upon the pages of God's holy Book, exclaims:

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

Charles Wesley, celebrating the anniversary of his happy conversion—the bridal hour of his soul—and feeling that one tongue was not enough to ex-



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## CHARLES WESLEY'S MASTERPIECE

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press what his heart felt of God's infinite grace and love, in tones of the loftiest spiritual rhapsody, cries out:

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

Wesley's poetic skill and taste were also strikingly displayed in his emendations of some of the finest hymns of Dr. Watts. For example, one of the most popular lyrics of Watts, as written and published by himself, began with these lines:

Nations, attend before His throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred awe.

Charles Wesley changed them so as to read:

Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.

How much more majestic when edited by the skillful hand of the poet laureate of Methodism!

Charles Wesley's masterpiece as a work of art is said by the critics to be his "Wrestling Jacob," beginning with the line,

Come, O thou Traveler unknown.

In this lyrical drama, in which with consummate skill the action is carried on with strange and increasing interest to the final triumph, the splendid conflict with the mysterious Being is magnificently sustained, every turn graphically described, till, after the long

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## THE QUIVER OF POWER

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night's desperate struggle, the rapturous discovery is made, faith triumphs and exclaims:

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend.

And what could be more majestic than these magnificent lines on faith—faith which is the victory that overcometh the world:

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
Relies on that alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says, "It must be done."

Faith lends her realizing light,  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
The invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.

There is the quiver of power in every line that wakes a divine courage in every faint heart, makes an armed and armored soldier of every eager energy in the body, and shames the very suggestion of possible defeat. No wonder the ardent, redeemed souls in Kingswood, Bristol, and elsewhere who sang such triumphant measures were able to face the fury of mobs and follow their Lord without the camp bearing his reproach.

A few days before his death, after some hours of perfect silence, Mrs. Wesley wrote the following at his dictation:

In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?

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## DEATH OF CHARLES WESLEY

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Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.  
O could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!

On the morning of March 29, 1788, in the eightieth year of his age, the sweet singer of Methodism peacefully fell asleep. It is a curious coincidence that John Wesley was at that time preaching in Shropshire and at the very moment of his brother's triumphant ascension was, with the congregation, singing Charles's matchless hymn:

Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And, on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.

One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death;

One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow,  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

At his own request he was buried in Marylebone Churchyard and not with his Methodist comrades at City Road. This was a genuine grief to his great and noble brother. In a private letter he made this pathetic reference: "It is a pity but that the remains of my brother had been deposited with mine. Certainly that ground is as holy as any in England, and it contains a large quantity of 'bonny' dead."

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## LINES ON A FRIEND'S DEATH

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On his modest tomb are the beautiful lines written by himself on occasion of the death of one of his friends. As his biographer has well said, they could not be more aptly applied to any person than to their distinguished author:

With poverty of spirit blest,  
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;  
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,  
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven!  
Thy labors of unwearied love,  
By thee forgot, are crowned above;  
Crowned, through the mercy of thy Lord,  
With a full, free, immense reward!

## Part II.

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### MISSISSIPPI AND MISSISSIPPIANS.

My earnest prayer for my native State is that Mississippi may ever rank among the greatest, strongest, purest, proudest, and most prosperous commonwealths in this mighty nation. And for the nation I have a vision, "simple in its majesty, sublime in its beauty," best expressed in the eloquent words of our incomparable Lucius Q. C. Lamar: "It is that of one grand, mighty, indivisible republic upon this continent, throwing its loving arms around all sections, omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression, cursing none, blessing all."—*Bishop Galloway.*



## ORATION AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CAPITOL OF MISSISSIPPI.\*

I CONGRATULATE you upon the auspicious dawn of this great day, a day that marks an era in the history of our beloved State, and bid you welcome to its brilliant and jubilant ceremonies. With glad hearts we hail the completion of a magnificent structure which will ever be the pride of our people, and with patriotic reverence we dedicate it to the cause of human liberty and constitutional government. Fair to the eye, every line and curve the perfection of grace and symmetry, it has all the charm of an architectural poem and is as awe-inspiring as a miracle in stone. As Reginald Heber said of the Taj Mahal in India, it looks like "the conception of Titans and the handiwork of jewelers."

This splendid building represents the refined taste, sturdy strength, and progressive spirit of an all-conquering people and the freely given treasures of a proud commonwealth. Consummate wisdom has been displayed in its planning and construction. It did not rise like the walls of Thebes at the strains of the Orphean lyre, but as wise men planned and patriotic hands held the plumb line and critical eyes watched it grow from deep foundation to lofty dome.

As we move out of the old capitol into the new, our prayer is that the glory of this latter house may

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\*Delivered at Jackson, Miss., June 3, 1903.



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## MEMORIES OF THE OLD CAPITOL

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exceed that of the former. Glorious memories linger around that old building, and honored names are associated with its history. Wonderful scenes were there enacted—scenes that were tragic, heroic, and sometimes comic, scenes that changed the currents of the century and mightily affected the nation's destiny. Though its walls are stained and bare, our loving imaginations have adorned every square foot of space with the portraits of heroes and patriots whose features grow stronger and dearer with the passing years. Its atmosphere is yet tremulous with the echoes of eloquent voices and the strange presence of conscious but unseen spirits.

Those old corridors have felt the tread of giants, and in those halls mighty leaders, struggling for political mastery, have won victory and met defeat. Dear old capitol—treasury of nearly a century of hallowed and historic memories of peace and war—may the day long delay its coming when the violent hand of an aggressive commercialism will profane thy sacred pillars and command that not one stone shall be left upon another!

What marvelous changes have been wrought since the old capitol was first occupied in 1839! Then the white population of this young commonwealth was only 178,667; now our aggregate citizenship is 1,570,000. Then there were only 454 students in college, and now there are over 3,600. Then there were 8,273 pupils in the common schools; now there are 412,646, of whom 208,346 are colored.

Mississippi was ordained by Providence to a com-

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## WITHIN THE PARALLELS OF POWER

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manding position in the sisterhood of American commonwealths. Our State is fortunately located within those gentle, genial parallels of latitude in which great results are wrought out under most favorable conditions and which have been the home and scene of the world's grandest civilizations. With an average temperature during the year of sixty-four de-64°rees, with skies as soft as those that bend over Italy, with valleys as productive and as beautiful as the Nile, with many streams that drain and refresh every foot of our soil and all laved by the tides of the world's mightiest river, we have all the geographical and topographical conditions that enter into a mental, commercial, and industrial empire.

The musical name of Mississippi links us to the aboriginal history of America. Some of the most poetic and powerful of Indian tribes claimed this as their beautiful and happy home. They roamed through the forest in search of game and roved up and down the rivers, their dipping and dripping oars keeping time with the heartbeats of their innocent hopes. If stories of their brilliant feats had been preserved and woven into literature by the genius of some Fenimore Cooper, our American youth would have read with thrilling interest tales equal to "The Deer Slayer" or "The Last of the Mohicans." The pathetic story of the maid of Pascagoula and the mysterious music of our Southern Sea on the trembling lyre of a Henry W. Longfellow would make melody like the song of Hiawatha. To these poetic sons of the forest we are indebted for

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## THE INHERITANCE OF MISSISSIPPIANS

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the beautiful names given many of our streams and counties and for the charming traditions that have come down in the folklore of the generations.

Mississippi began well. We have a magnificent inheritance in the character of our fathers who laid the foundation of this great commonwealth. They were not adventurers and ignorant freebooters, but mostly men of education and wealth seeking better lands and more inviting fields for the investment of their capital and energy. The best blood of the world flowed in their rich veins, and by virtue of certain conditions it has been kept singularly free from foreign admixture. I dare to affirm that the white population of Mississippi contains a larger per cent of pure American blood and orthodoxy in religious faith than any other section of this continent. "Isms," social and religious, do not flourish in this region, and we have been but slightly affected by the influx of foreign doctrines and customs.

What a heritage of heroic and historic names have we to fire our souls and stir every noble ambition! What manly courage to be imitated! What sublime achievements to be emulated! What radiant virtues to be reincarnated! No State ever had purer patriots or braver statesmen or manlier men or holier women. Let me call the names of a few in the canonized roll of our heroes and sages.

There was Jefferson Davis, our greatest chieftain and highest citizen and grandest hero, who led no army save at Mississippi's command and championed no principle or policy without her direction or cor-

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## DAVIS AND PRENTISS

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dial support. In early days he was the pride of her chivalry, at a later period her greatest statesman and parliamentary leader, and in old age her patriotic benediction. His splendid genius was Mississippi's rarest jewel; his teachings were her doctrines; his oblation of himself was her sacrifice; his death was her sorest bereavement; and I would that his honored remains, sleeping on these capitol grounds, were her most sacred treasure. He will ever be enthroned as "the uncrowned chief of an invisible republic of loving and loyal hearts."

There was Sargent S. Prentiss, the alliterative music of whose eloquence was equaled only by the majestic sweep of his invincible logic. Chief Justice Taney said: "If he were not the greatest of orators, I would pronounce him the profoundest of lawyers." The handsome face and eagle eye, the marvelously musical voice, the frail, crippled body, and the vast eager crowds hanging breathless upon his golden speech are the woof of many thrilling stories of the earlier times and form a picture found in every home in the Southwest. The traditions of his triumphs in the courts of Vicksburg, Jackson, New Orleans, and elsewhere, and the legends of his unrivaled eloquence in great national issues addressed to enraptured thousands, belong to the forensic history of the last two generations. Political friends and foes alike accorded him absolute preëminence. At the bar he was the acknowledged master, "whether stealing away the technical hearts of the stern judges or weaving seductive tales in the honest ears of

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## PRENTISS AND LAMAR

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sworn jurymen." When great orators are being discussed, no other name is mentioned in the same class with Sargent S. Prentiss. He shines alone, a star of the first magnitude. He yet reigns without a rival, no one daring to usurp his throne or wear his golden crown. The tall trees that stand sentinel over the grave of this sleeping genius, two miles south of Natchez, are draped in long moss. Thus nature seems to provide her own mourning emblems to perpetuate a nation's grief for her greatest orator. As the winds sigh gently through the moss-hung branches a low, sweet dirge falls upon the ear and sweeps in solemn numbers through the chambers of the soul. And through the passing days and years our soft Southern winds give plaintive voice to America's ceaseless sorrow that the cruel grave claimed all too early her mightiest master of eloquence and persuasive speech. When only forty-two years old he fell asleep, the world filled with his fame and a great nation gratefully bending at the feet of his majestic genius.

There was Lucius Q. C. Lamar, whose stainless character and broad statesmanship and dauntless leadership Mississippi will ever be proud to remember and delight to honor. He united in himself many of the distinguishing characteristics of America's grand senatorial triumvirate. Websterian in his masterful grasp of great constitutional principles and as profound and unerring as Calhoun in the stately and steady march of his logical processes, he could at will command the imperial eloquence of Henry Clay

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## OTHER MIGHTY MEN

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in the illustration and enforcement of mighty argument. He was the first Southern representative after the war to rift the darkness of our national skies and bring light into these despairing parallels. The voice that spoke over the dead Sumner, like another prophet in the wilderness, proclaimed the day-dawn of our national peace, the cloudless sunburst of our Federal immortality. Well has he been called "the inspired pacificator."

But time would fail me to tell of David Holmes, Mississippi's first and one of her greatest governors; of Maj. Thomas Hinds, for whom this capital county was named, who was confidently trusted in civil life as he was proudly followed by his brave dragoons; of George Poindexter, the first codifier of Mississippi's laws, a great governor and a great senator, a figure of massive and majestic mold, but with feet of clay; of John A. Quitman, the hero of Chapultepec, an accomplished gentleman and capable general of armies; of William L. Sharkey, the Chief Justice Marshall of Mississippi jurisprudence; of Edward C. Walthall, the Chevalier Bayard of the Southwest, a brilliant cavalry commander and an ideal senator; of Ethelbert Barksdale, the Sir Robert Peel of Mississippi, a leader in any host, a premier in any cabinet, a peer in any realm, who in all his conspicuous political career never compromised a principle or betrayed a cause or fled a field or deserted a friend; of James Z. George, the great commander and able senator, the framer and expounder of constitutions; of John Marshall Stone, whose granite character was

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## THE TEST OF SOUTHERN CHARACTER

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as majestic in the councils of peace as in the storm of war; and hundreds of others in Church and State who are worthy to be held in high and everlasting honor. Theirs are deeds which shall not pass away, "and names that must not wither, though the earth forget her empires."

Through all the eventful years of our history Mississippi manhood has stood the severest tests and vindicated every high confidence. As another is to speak especially of that convulsive quadrennium which began with the bugle summons of 1861, I am permitted only to say that the brilliant courage of our heroic legions was the astonishment of one army and the admiration of the other. And for the brave souls who bore the flag of their faith with unfaltering step over every beleaguered height or battle plain we have a reverence that is little less than adoration. Veterans of the grandest battalions in all history, now wayworn and growing old, we uncover in your presence and crave from each a hero's blessing.

The final test of Southern character was not displayed in laying the broad foundations of a new civilization; not in the solemn but tumultuous council out of which was evolved our great system of government; not in the historic halls of State, where Titans struggled for the mastery over national principles and policies; not in the splendid valor of her sons in the storm and red rain of terrific battle; not in the military genius of her peerless captains, pronounced by critics to be the greatest marshals of modern times; but in their serene fortitude and un-



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## FORTITUDE OF SOUTHERN SOLDIER

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yielding heroism and unconquerable spirit after the storm of battle had ceased and they were left only "the scarred and charred remains of fire and tempest." Surpassing the splendor of their courage in battle was the grandeur of their fortitude in defeat. The sublimest hour in the Southern soldier's life was the home-coming. I have seen a painting representing the returned Confederate soldier which, in my judgment, is not true to the facts of history. He stands in tattered garments amid the ruins of his home, the gate fallen from its hinges, weeds covering the doorstep, leaning upon his old musket, with a downcast look and a broken heart. As a matter of fact, he only waited long enough to greet the faithful wife whom he had not seen for four stormy years and kiss the dear children who had grown out of his recognition and then with grim determination put his hand to the stern task of reconstructing his once beautiful home and rebuilding shattered fortunes on other and broader foundations. Men of principle never falter, though they fail. They felt the bitterness of defeat, but not the horrors of despair. How those brave men, the sons of affluence, addressed themselves to the grinding conditions of sudden and humiliating poverty can never be described by mortal tongue or pen.

And those pitiless years of reconstruction! Worse than the calamities of war were "the desolating furies of peace." No proud people ever suffered such indignities nor endured such humiliation and degradation. More heartless than the robber bands

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## THE SOUTH IN "RECONSTRUCTION"

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that infested Germany after the Thirty Years' War were the hordes of plunderers and vultures who fed and fattened upon the disarmed and defenseless South. Their ferocious greed knew no satiety, and their shameless rapacity sought to strip her to the skin. As Judge Jere Black with characteristic vividness and vigor has said: "Their felonious fingers were made long enough to reach into the pockets of posterity. They coined the industry of future generations into cash and snatched the inheritance from children whose fathers are unborn. A conflagration sweeping over the State from one end to the other and destroying every building and every article of personal property would have been a visitation of mercy in comparison to the curse of such a government."

But no brave people ever endured oppression and poverty with such calm dignity and splendid self-restraint. And by dint of their own unconquerable spirit and tireless toil they saw their beautiful land rise from ashes into affluence. The South no longer "speaks with pathos or sings the *Miserere*." She has risen from poverty and smiles at defeat. Out of the fire and tempest and baptism of blood our State has come undaunted in spirit and with unfaltering faith in the future. It is said that the green grass peacefully waving over the field at Waterloo the summer after the famous battle suggested to Lord Byron, in his "Childe Harold," to exclaim: "How this red rain has made the harvest grow!"

So every battle plain that was once furrowed with

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## EDUCATIONAL WORK OF MISSISSIPPI

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shot and shell and wet with the blood of brothers now waves with the abundant harvest of a new and larger life. The reflux wave has set in. After a long and bitter night, the morning dawns. "It is daybreak everywhere."

The total taxable property in Mississippi is \$241,000,000, and the rate of increase never had such an accelerated movement. Even within the past three years the assessed valuation of property, real and personal, increased \$52,713,217. The appropriations for education in the same period advanced \$642,798. The bonded indebtedness of the State has been decreased \$400,000, while the tax levy has been reduced from six and one-half mills to six mills on the dollar. The total amount from State, county, and city taxation devoted to education is \$2,163,748.97.

The educational history of Mississippi is worthy of highest honor. Dr. Mayo, of Boston, a distinguished authority in such matters, made this emphatic statement: "No other people in human history have made an effort so remarkable as the people of the South in reëstablishing their schools and colleges. Last year [speaking as far back as 1888] these sixteen States paid nearly \$1,000,000 each for educational purposes, a sum greater, according to their means, than ten times the amount now paid by most of the New England States." [According to *per capita* wealth, Mississippi ranks first among the States of this Union in her contributions to education, and in the amount devoted to this great cause

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## DEMOCRACY AND POPULAR EDUCATION

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out of the State's total appropriations she has no equal in the whole world. Mississippi has been a genuine friend of sound learning from the days of her territorial minority. Her first legislative act was to charter a college. She built schoolhouses in the footprints of retreating savages, and she has trained and sent out into the various walks of life some of the noblest names in our national history.

And, believing it vital to the very existence of democracy, there will never be any abatement of popular education. When Louis XV. in 1771 overthrew the Parliament, Voltaire threw up his hat and exclaimed: "The king is right. If one must serve, I hold it better to serve a well-bred lion who is naturally stronger than I am than two hundred rats of my own breed." Such was the sneer of the skeptic who would dethrone God and discrown man. But that is not the doctrine of democracy, which exalts manhood and in which every citizen is a sovereign and peer of the realm. We are living under the reign of the common people and must, therefore, educate our masters. Failure to do so means the inevitable doom of the republic. A distinguished author has forcefully said: "Popular power makes popular intelligence a necessity; popular intelligence makes the multiplication of popular wants inevitable; and the multiplication of popular wants, if more rapid than the improvement of the popular condition, necessarily produces popular discontent." The nation's real defense is not in the strength of her armies nor the thunder of her battleships, but in the schoolhouses

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## PAST HISTORY AND FUTURE GOOD

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of the country, where manhood is developed and its mastery is taught.

The average workingman of to-day is far more intelligent than the nobility of two centuries ago. Of the twenty-six barons who signed the *Magna Charta*, it is said that only three wrote their names and twenty-three made their marks. But the days of such ignorance are gone, never to return. Education is now the watchword of the world.

But, however brilliant the past, we cannot live on reminiscence. History is only valuable as a support to faith and a guide for the future. The sturdy patriotism and splendid manliness that made possible the achievements of our fathers should be an inspiration to more heroic endeavor and higher ideals of citizenship. We are facing a wonderful to-morrow. New problems are to be solved, new experiments are to be tried, new agencies are to be employed, new dangers are to be averted, and new enemies are to be overcome. And the times demand strong men and brave hearts. The issues involved are momentous and portentous. Statesmen and patriots may well pause and prayerfully consider. As has been felicitously and truly said by a distinguished Mississippian: "The time has come when we should boast less of our liberties and think more of our laws, when we should talk less of our rights and ponder more our duties."

We are undoubtedly entering upon an era of unexampled material prosperity. By the resistless logic of events the South is sure to win commercial su-

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## COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY

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premacý and regain political ascendancy. Already the star of industrial empire has turned southward and lingers in the skies that bend over the Lower Mississippi Valley. Mighty forces are harnessed for sublime achievement, and every passing breeze brings tidings of some new movement destined to speed our commercial development.

And in that commercial and industrial prosperity Mississippi will have a princely share. Within a few years we are sure to have a great city and port of entry on our southern coast. At the piers of Gulfport there is already twenty-two feet of water, and proud merchantmen are there to-day loading for the markets of the world. Behind that magnificent breakwater of Ship Island, thrown up by the hand of Providence, the British fleet of Pakenham found ample shelter in 1814, and with a trifling expenditure from our national treasury it could be made capable of safe anchorage for the navies of the world. The only astonishment is that we have allowed so many years to pass without claiming our inheritance. I have seen the crowded harbor of Naples, land-locked and peaceful, over which Mount Vesuvius has stood in majestic guardianship for centuries. I have anchored in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, dotted with islets and around which magnificent mountains have formed a hollow square as beautiful as a tropical dream; and into most of the world's great harbors, natural and artificial, it has been my delightful privilege to sail; but nowhere have I seen one that, for so little cost, could afford

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## PANAMA CANAL AND THE FUTURE

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such hospitality and security to the world's commerce.

The construction of the proposed Panama Canal will change the industrial and commercial map of America—and of the world. There will of necessity be a shifting of the great centers of trade and manufacture. The mingling of the Atlantic and Pacific tides in that artificial waterway is a virtual extension of our vast coast lines now separated by fourteen thousand miles of stormy and dangerous seas. It gives an additional mouth to the Mississippi River, so that the products of this marvelous valley will be carried as cheaply across the Pacific as the Atlantic and bring all Eastern Asia to our very doors.

And what shall I say of its vast political significance? An American canal under American control, with Porto Rico an American possession and Cuba a naval station, practically converts the Gulf of Mexico into an American inland sea. And in the strength of its military position Panama will rank with Gibraltar, Aden, Hongkong, or the Bosphorus. Furthermore, as has been significantly suggested, this canal will be a friendly and complete vindication of the Monroe Doctrine, a final and universal confession of our paramount influence with the sister republics of Central and South America.

The Mississippi River drains an empire of over a million square miles in area, which has a capacity to supply with food and clothing one-half of the inhabitants of the world. I doubt not that at no distant day this wonderful valley will be the pulsing center



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## NEW DAYS AND THE OLD PATHS

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of the industry, wealth, and power of this great nation. Mighty possibilities sleep in this sacred soil, and mighty destinies await us, when brilliant prophecy shall be converted into glorious history.

It is said that Henry Clay, when crossing the summits of the Alleghany Mountains on one occasion, alighted from the stagecoach and stood, silently, reverently, for some moments as if listening for distant echoes. Friends at length asked: "Mr. Clay, for what are you listening?" The great tribune of the people replied: "I am listening for the footsteps of the coming millions." Brothers of a common heritage, that was not all a dream. No doubt that prophetic genius of statesmanship and lofty patriotism heard the thunder of the mighty millions moving up and down this valley of the Mississippi from its source to the sea, and from the Rockies to the Alleghanies, building and extending a civilization that was to be the glory of America, the miracle of history, the wonder of the world.

You will pardon me on this day of our rejoicing if I make earnest appeal to Mississippians to seek diligently the old paths in which our constitutional fathers so devoutly walked. While adopting new methods to meet the changing conditions of the strenuous years, catching the spirit and keeping step with the commercial and industrial genius of this restless age, let us hold with an unfaltering grasp the great basal principles upon which our government was built and put renewed emphasis upon an unselfish and untainted patriotism. Jealous and tenacious

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## STONES OF ENDURING FOUNDATIONS

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adherence thereto is the condition of national integrity and progress. We must ever keep in mind the fact, so eloquently stated by another, that the "stones upon which the temple of American liberty was built are the only stones upon which it shall ever be able to stand."

These great political verities, so admirably summarized by Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address in 1801, I crave the privilege of repeating and commending:

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights as the most competent administrators of our domestic concerns; the preservation of the Federal government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe correction of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution when peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, until regulars can relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of press, freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected.

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## LOFTY POLITICAL IDEALS

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By these fundamental principles the nation has been wonderfully guided. Let them continue to be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, and the test of those who occupy public place. Guard them with vestal vigilance and observe them with the reverence of a religious faith.

There is urgent demand for a reëstablishment of the lofty political ideals of our fathers in the South. Some things in that old civilization are happily gone, never to return; others should outlast the splendor of the stars. The standards of personal and political honor which were embraced with the sacredness of a sacrament should be preserved in their integrity and entirety. Any slight departure therefrom was visited by a firm, swift social and political condemnation from which there was neither pardon nor reprieve. The statesmen of those halcyon days may not have been "practical politicians," as the phrase now goes. They cared little for great wealth and deplored the spirit of gross commercialism; but they were men of sensitive honor, distinguished courtesy, and high-born chivalry. They put integrity above position and scorned political preferment on which was the faintest suspicion of immoral taint.

The typical plantation of the Old South was a school of character, distinct and distinguished. For generosity and magnanimity its sons had no fears, and in queenly grace and beauty its daughters had no rivals. The abode of plenty, it developed generosity; the home of hospitality, it was the educator of courtesy and refinement; affording learned leisure, it

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## NOBLE EXAMPLES, SPLENDID VIRTUES

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was at once a school of fine arts and national politics; accustomed to affluence, it encouraged elegance; proud of pure blood and family traditions, it was the teacher of dignity and stainless honor. Sons of such an illustrious ancestry, let us emulate their noble examples and reincarnate their splendid virtues.

Goethe's advice, "Be true to the dream of thy youth," is as good for a nation as for an individual. Those were solid principles and golden dreams that inspired the splendid ambitions and undaunted heroism of this young republic—dreams of a free people making and administering their own laws and working out the mighty problem of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. From those basal and eternal principles let us never be moved nor alienated.

The wisdom of our great national compact, said by Mr. Gladstone to be the most wonderful uninspired document ever struck from the human brain, is evidenced if we study comparative political history. The French people had five written constitutions in ten years—the constitutions of 1791, of 1793, of 1795, of 1797, and of 1799—one in every two years, "passing through the revolution like the pictures in a magic lantern." Ours has stood the test of the world's most eventful century and has become the model for all modern republics.

And in this connection I will further venture modestly to suggest that in the future increased emphasis will be placed upon constructive statesmanship. We want builders rather than destroyers, leaders

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## THE PATH OF PROGRESS

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and not mere objectors, the hammer stroke instead of the bugle note. We want commanders who will not only give warning of the dangerous course to be shunned, but will point out the path of progress to be pursued. The destructive critic has his place and is not without definite value, but he leaves no monuments—only ruins. Criticism, when discriminating and sincere, is wholesome and necessary, but becomes pernicious when it hardens into habit. My ardent ambition for the South is that she will not sit forever in the opposition benches, but develop a generation of mighty leaders of creative and constructive genius, each with all the seven lamps of architecture in his strong, brave hand, building and painting for the eternities. Far better the altruistic spirit of the old patriarch who dug a well in the wilderness at which a thousand generations have been refreshed than the violent communistic hands that would pull down the Vendome column and gloat over its magnificent fragments.

I cannot withhold reference to another matter of vital and far-reaching concern to Mississippi. A most delicate and yet stupendous task has been imposed upon us, a task growing out of our relation to another race in our midst and upon the right performance of which our material prosperity and even the security of our civilization largely depend.

Mr. Bryce, the fairest and most philosophical foreign student of our civil and social institutions, in his "American Commonwealth," has ventured this candid opinion: "The problem which confronts the

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## THE RACE PROBLEM OF THE SOUTH

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South is one of the great secular problems of the world, presented here in a form of peculiar difficulty. The present differences between the African and the European are the product of a thousand years, while one race was advancing in the Temperate Zone and the other remaining stationary in the Torrid Zone; and centuries must pass before their relations as fellow citizens and neighbors can be properly adjusted in America." That, I honestly believe, is too somber a view. It discounts those great redemptive and elevating forces that give meaning and inspiration to our Christian civilization.

But it is a momentous fact that the full force of that perplexing problem is most keenly felt here in Mississippi, where the races are so evenly divided. I make no apology for any failure or neglect on our part, but I believe that the dominant desire of our people has been to deal justly and do right. And wherein we have failed, the fault has not been all our own.

While gratefully according the purest motives and largest benevolence to many friends in the North, I am constrained to say that the problem of the Negro has often been dangerously accentuated and made perilously perplexing by a policy of intrusion and hasty criticism. And, although in many instances the criticisms were kindly meant and even well deserved, yet their necessary effect has been to hinder rather than to help, to hurt and not to heal. Every effort from the outside, especially every legislative and political effort, based on mistrust and censure of the

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## WHITES AND BLACKS

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resident white people, has tended to put ruthlessly asunder what Providence has joined together.

That man was worse than an unwise champion of the Negroes who allowed his indignation at their real or supposed wrongs to permit the statement that in a conflict of races the black man will be no unequal antagonist, because a box of matches will be equal to a hundred Winchester rifles. The very suggestion must strike every humane person with horror.

I give it, fellow Mississippians, as my deliberate judgment that there can never be any just and permanent adjustment of this stupendous problem that does not enlist the cordial and enlightened coöperation of the white people with whom the Negro must forever dwell. And any policy which tends to inflame prejudice and widen the racial chasm postpones indefinitely the final triumphs of the Son of Man among the sons of men. If the poor black man is never to have a brother and friend in his Southern white brother, one or the other must move out. Enemies cannot live on adjoining lots without perpetual conflict.

And now that the matured and best sentiment of the North has reached the conclusion that, past policies having failed, this grave problem should be left to the Southern people for solution, our honor, ability, and magnanimity are put to a crucial test. That we will disappoint the confidence and hope of the nation, we must not indulge a fear. What the future of the American Negro is to be I do not presume to predict. I believe in doing immediate duty and



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## SECTIONALISM VANISHING

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leaving results to Him who knows the end from the beginning. But I do insist that the Negro should have equal opportunities with every American citizen to fulfill in himself the highest purpose of an all-wise and beneficent Providence.

I rejoice in the assurance that sectionalism is vanishing from our national councils, and I am bold to affirm that, if its spirit is ever revived, the South can claim acquittal from all blame therefor. The nation has had enough of geographical policies. Senator Lamar, from his place in the Senate of the United States, and speaking for the whole South, uttered these tremendously significant words: "From the day of the surrender of her armies to the present moment in no part of her vast territory has one single hand of insurrection been raised against the authority of the American Union."

And it was another gallant Mississippian who, with eloquent speech and a far more eloquent armless sleeve at his side, in the early years after the war, gave expression to this soulful sentiment: "We have given the parole of soldiers to maintain the honor of the Federal government and the integrity of the constitutional union of these States. The redemption of this pledge has become our political faith."

The time has come, therefore, for us to claim and demand the full fellowship and absolute confidence of our great national brotherhood. The fidelity of our people to their political covenant and their loyalty to the flag that floats over them have been at-

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## AGAINST PERPETUAL PROBATION

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tested by the valor they have displayed and the blood they have freely spilt. The explosion of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor was first heard on our Southern shores, and its awful echoes, louder than any blast of trumpet, was a call to arms. And the first valiant American to respond to that call of the country was a son of the South. And the largest volunteer enlistment for that Spanish War, among all the States of the Union, was from a Southern commonwealth.

We have a right, therefore, to protest against being kept on perpetual probation. If the South contains a statesman with eminent qualifications for the presidency of this great nation, there should be no hesitancy in urging his nomination and election.

In England the white and red roses of York and Lancaster "bloom on the same stem," and in patriotic service to their country there is no distinction between a Roundhead and a Cavalier. On the sides of the same monument in Citadel Square, Quebec, are the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, opposing generals who were killed in the same battle on the Heights of Abraham. And to-day England is appreciative, even to profuseness, of the Boers, her late stubborn enemies in South Africa. Boer generals have been received in London with almost royal honors and have dined at the king's table; and the Colonial Secretary, recently returned from South Africa, is eloquent to extravagance in praise of the sustained courage and splendid leadership of Kruger's stern battalions. England's effort now is to make loyal subjects out of honest and determined foes. She

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## ROBERT E. LEE AND WILLIAM M'KINLEY

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has learned in the school of bitter experience the great fundamental doctrine, so admirably stated by Edmund Burke, that "a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered."

If the same generous judgments and genuine brotherhood and broad statesmanship obtain in America, what could be more appropriate than for Virginia to place in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, a heroic figure of that peerless character and stainless Christian and dauntless leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee?

Ah, Muse, you dare not claim

A nobler name than he,

Nor nobler man have less of blame,

Nor blameless man have purer name,

Nor purer name hath grander fame,

Nor fame—another Lee.

When William McKinley, himself a gallant soldier, in the magnanimity of his great soul and voicing the sentiment of a reunited nation, proposed that the government should garland and protect the graves of our Confederate dead, the angel of a new apocalypse swept through our American heavens and sang again the song of the Judean hills: "Peace on earth, good will to men." This nation is more united in heart and hope to-day than ever in its history. The honor of our flag is as dear to the sons of the South as to the sons of the North, and, wrapped in its glorious folds, they have been laid to sleep in the same heroic grave. I cannot forget that we were

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## A WIDE NATIONAL OUTLOOK

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One people in our early prime,  
One in our stormy youth,  
Drinking one stream of human thought,  
One spring of heavenly truth.

And I trust that we may forever fight the battles of our God and country under a common flag on which there is a star which answers to the proud name of Mississippi.

And from such a wide national outlook there will come immediate and permanent blessing to these Southern States. There is profound political philosophy in the utterance of a distinguished Mississippi statesman: "The one great need of the South is a great national aspiration nationally recognized." Let the whole side-sweep of our horizon take in the whole nation. Our domestic troubles may find easier solution in the broadening of our sympathies and enlarging the field of our political activities. Passion and provincialism vanish in a perspective.

But, above all else, let us put the emphasis upon manhood. The strength of every nation is measured by the quality of its citizenship. "To no purpose is the country great if the men are small." On the other hand, great men are the incarnation of great principles, and they alone type and determine the destiny of nations and civilization.

The glory of Greece went down with the decay of her men, and they declined with their loss of faith and the lowering of their personal and national ideals. How sad the change! There are yet the same soft skies and blue seas, the same purple hills and shad-

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## NATIONS LIVE NOT BY BREAD ALONE

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owy vales, the same Olympus and Ægean; but it is no longer the land of Homer and Pericles, of Hesiod and Demosthenes. Greece lives only in memory. She has become little more than a national reminiscence.

Let us remember, therefore, that the life of our country is not in things material. A nation cannot live by bread alone. The citizen must be enthroned above the works of his hands.

Finally, I would urge upon all patriotic Mississippians an active participation in public affairs. Upon the statue of Benjamin H. Hill in the capitol at Atlanta, Ga., a statue erected to that great senator the echoes of whose strangely musical voice yet thrill the heart of Southern patriotism like the note of a bugle, are these words, spoken by himself: "Who saves his country saves all things, and all things saved will bless him. Who lets his country die lets all things die, and all things dying curse him."

That sentiment I would engrave upon the heart of every young Mississippian and make it the inspiration of every patriotic service. One as much betrays his country by disregarding her needs as in deserting her colors. Patriotic activity in public affairs is the present and imperative demand upon every American citizen. And the humblest service, if courageously and conscientiously performed, will be of infinitely more value to the State than the dignified dawdling of some petted loungeur in a conspicuous place.

(I have seen it stated that along the line of the

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## FAITH IN PRINCIPLES OF THE REPUBLIC

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great Siberian Railway men are stationed at certain short distances, each furnished with a green flag by day and a green lantern at night. By the waving of these the engineers are assured of a clear and safe track, and they confidently fly over the steel rails with the speed of the wind. They are never out of sight of a waving flag or a swinging lantern. Theirs is a modest and monotonous but momentous service. O! if I can do no more for the land of my love, the land which gave me birth and in whose generous bosom I hope to sleep at last, let me wave a flag in the daytime or swing a light in the darkness for the safe and swift passing of her car of triumphal progress down the track of the centuries.

And now, fellow Mississippians, suffer me a concluding word. As we to-day dedicate this splendid structure to the cause of pure democracy—to truth, liberty, justice, and righteousness—let it be an occasion for each loyal citizen to relight his faith to the principles of the republic and repledge his devotion to the progress and prosperity of our great State. My sincere hopes are that the fair faces with veiled eyes that adorn the interior of this faultless dome may not be simply triumphs of art, but true prophecies of that absolute and even-handed justice that shall distinguish the judicial, executive, and legislative history of Mississippi for all the coming years.

May the golden eagle in the marvelously beautiful dome of this magnificent capitol fitly symbolize the aspiring spirit of Mississippi! Look at him, proud bird of Jove, perched on the pinnacle of this triumph

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## LARGER PLANS AND LOFTIER HOPES

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of architecture; his undimmed eye is fixed upon the unclouded sun, and his mighty pinions are outstretched, ready to

Soar through heaven's unfathomable depths  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home.

So may this day of jubilee be the beginning of larger plans and loftier hopes and wider visions and grander achievements. Gilded by the earliest light of the morning and crowned with the mellow glory of each parting day, may this capitol also be a symbol of the perpetual benediction vouchsafed to our commonwealth by a favoring Providence!

My earnest prayer for my native State is that Mississippi may ever rank among the greatest, strongest, purest, proudest, and most prosperous commonwealths in this mighty nation. And for the nation I have a vision "simple in its majesty, sublime in its beauty," best described in the eloquent words of our incomparable Lucius Q. C. Lamar: "It is that of one grand, mighty, indivisible republic upon this continent, throwing its loving arms around all sections, omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression, cursing none, blessing all."

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.\*

WITH unaffected distrust to meet the demands of such a great hour as this, I rejoice to be again on the beautiful campus of my *Alma Mater* and to have the opportunity of bringing a message to the young men of my country. And as this commencement day chances to be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, the most illustrious citizen whose name ever adorned and enriched the annals of Mississippi, I have had the temerity to select his "Life and Times" as the theme of this hour's discussion. To paint that majestic man's full-length portrait or adequately portray the qualities that gave him greatness and the virtues that make him immortal I cannot; but, with you, I can reverently sit at his feet and listen to a story that will stir within us many noble aspirations and cause us to seek more diligently the old paths of manly honor and high endeavor. My purpose is not to indulge in extravagant or indiscriminate eulogy, but, if possible, to give a judicial estimate of a great man who was the most commanding figure in a fierce and eventful national crisis. It shall be alike removed from unreasoning censure and unreasonable praise. We need not deify Mr. Davis, nor disproportionately exalt the pedestal on which the genius of history will surely place him, in order to

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\*An address delivered at the University of Mississippi on June 3, 1908.



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## ADEQUATE APPRECIATION

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show adequate appreciation of his noble character and splendid genius. On the other hand, the use of bitter invective and lurid superlatives about this man of destiny may evidence literary ingenuity and partisan malignity, but it can nevermore command the respect of patriotic, thoughtful students of our national history. The days of malignant vituperation are gone, and the time of judicial interpretation has come. It is not necessary now to "measure all facts by considerations of latitude and longitude." The character and life work of Jefferson Davis were never so diligently and dispassionately studied as to-day. The passions of war have sufficiently cooled and the clouds of war have so floated from our national skies that even the most ardent and sentimental nationalist can study the man and his times in a clear, white light. A citizen whose moral and religious ideals were the most exalted, and whose daily conduct was sought to be modeled after the Man of Galilee, and whose life has in it as little to explain or apologize for as any leader in American politics, can never be caricatured as a monster or condemned as a traitor and have anybody really believe it.

The unanswered question in England for one hundred and forty years was, "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" It required nearly two and a half centuries for public opinion to reach a just estimate of the most colossal figure in English history. The great Lord Protector died at Whitehall and was laid to rest with royal honors in Westminster Abbey. But when the monarchy was restored and

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## THE NATION'S ESTIMATE OF DAVIS

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Charles II. ascended the throne his body was disinterred, gibbeted at Tyburn Hill, and buried under the gallows, the head being placed on Westminster Hall. Now a magnificent statue of the great Oliver stands opposite where his head was exposed to the jeers of every passer-by—England's sane and final estimate of the mightiest man who ever led her legions to victory or guided the course of her civil history. In the New World events move faster, popular passion cools quicker, and calm judgment more speedily reascends its sacred throne. After forty years since the Civil War the nation's estimate of Jefferson Davis, the Oliver Cromwell of our constitutional crisis, has almost entirely changed and points to the not far-off day when no place in our Federal capital will be too conspicuous for his heroic statue. Mr. Davis can no more be understood by reading the heated columns of the political papers and historical writers of the days immediately succeeding the Civil War than Oliver Cromwell could be judicially interpreted by the obsequious literature of the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Davis had his limitations and was not without his measure of human faults and frailties, but he also had extraordinary gifts and radiant virtues and a brilliant genius that ranked him among the mightiest men of the centuries. He made mistakes because he was mortal, and he excited antagonisms because his convictions were stronger than his tactful graces; but no one who knew him and no dispassionate student of his history ever doubted the sincerity of his

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## FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES

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great soul or the absolute integrity of his moral purpose. Let us, on his anniversary day, learn some patriotic lessons from the life history of this great Mississippian, replight our faith to the unalterable principles of constitutional liberty to which he was passionately devoted, and renew our fealty to the flag of our reunited country, which he never ceased to love.

I have read of a peculiar notion entertained by the ancient Norsemen. They supposed that, besides the soul of the dead, a ghost survived, haunting for a while the scenes of his earthly labors. Though at first vivid and lifelike, it slowly waned and faded until at length it vanished, leaving behind no trace or memory of its spectral presence. I am glad that the ghosts of old sectional issues are vanishing and soon will cease to haunt and mock the fears of the most anxious and nervous of American patriots. It is a grateful fact, in which all rejoice, that this nation is more united in heart and purpose to-day than ever in its history.

While I would not needlessly stir the embers of settled strife, nor reopen the grave of buried issues, nor by a word revive the bitter memories of a stormy past, it is due the truth of history that the fundamental principles for which our fathers contended should be often reiterated in order that the purpose which inspired them may be correctly estimated and the purity of their motives be abundantly vindicated.

If the condition of affairs in 1860 be thoroughly understood, and if one has a clear and accurate

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## A SINGULAR HISTORIC FACT

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knowledge of the nature and character of the Federal government, together with the rights of the States under the Constitution, we need not fear the judgments that may be formed and the conclusions that will be reached. But, unfortunately for the truth of history up to recent years, we have been "confronted by dogmas which are substituted for principles by preconceived opinions which are claimed to be historical verities and by sentimentality which closes the avenues of the mind against logic and demonstration.

But before studying the lessons of a great cause, a great leader, and a great era I call attention to a rather singular historic fact. The most illogical and unreasoning sentiment which yet lingers but is fast fading—a sentiment universal in the North and more or less entertained in the South—is that which has persistently discriminated against Mr. Davis, holding him to account for the ever-to-be-lamented war and all its terrible consequences, while others have been acquitted of blame and many applauded as patriots and heroes. Upon his weary shoulders have been piled the sins of the South, and he has been execrated as the arch-traitor of American politics. Those who thus judge have taken counsel of their prejudices and exhibit an almost criminal ignorance of the facts of history. Was Mr. Davis more a sinner than Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson that he should be condemned and they so universally praised? Did he follow any flag for which they did not draw their swords? Did he advocate any doc-

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## UNJUST CRITICISMS AND ANTAGONISMS

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trine to which they did not subscribe and write their names in blood? Did he avow allegiance to any government to which they did not pledge life and sacred honor? And yet in some sections of our country he has been gibbeted, and they have been applauded.

I know there is a certain glamour that gathers about a military hero which commands admiration and evokes extravagant laudation. One who braves the shout of battle and wins the chaplet of victory is unconsciously invested with a halo more brilliant than the crown of any civilian, however marvelous his gifts or magnificent his achievements or immortal the results of his public labors. People will applaud the returning conqueror while they forget the founder of an empire or the author of a nation's constitution. By virtue of his exalted position, first as the trusted political leader of a great party and then as the President of a storm-cradled nation, Mr. Davis invited antagonisms and could not escape the sharpest criticisms. Having to deal with the rivalries of political leaders, the jealousies of military aspirants, the bitterness of the disappointed, the selfishness of the discontented, and, indeed, all classes in every department of the civil and military services, he had to hear every lament and patiently bear every complaint. In the North he was charged with everything from the sin of secession to the "horrors of Andersonville" and the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. In the South he was held accountable for everything from the failure to capture Washington after the

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## EARLY LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

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first battle of Manassas to the unsuccessful return of the Peace Commission and the surrender of Lee's tattered legions at Appomattox.

As this discussion will be the study of an epochal man and his times rather than the recital of personal history, I shall not repeat in detail the well-known facts of an eventful career. The son of a gallant Revolutionary soldier and with the finest strain of Welsh blood flowing in his generous veins, Jefferson Davis was born in the State of Kentucky. In infancy he was brought by his father to Mississippi, and here his entire life was spent. At the county school he was prepared for Transylvania College, from which, at the age of sixteen, he passed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. In that institution he was distinguished as a student and a gentleman, and in due time he was graduated with high honor.

Jefferson Davis began life well. He had a clean boyhood, with no tendency to vice or immorality. That was the universal testimony of neighbors, teachers, and fellow students. He grew up a stranger to deceit and a lover of the truth. He formed no evil habits that he had to correct and forged upon himself no chains that he had to break. His nature was as transparent as the light that shone about him, his heart was as open as the soft skies that bent in benediction over his country home, and his temper was as sweet and cheery as the limpid stream that made music in its flow through the neighboring fields and forests.

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## ELECTED TO CONGRESS

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Graduating from West Point in 1828, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army. He spent seven laborious years in the military service, chiefly in the middle Northwest, and had some conspicuous part in the Black Hawk War. In 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned from the regular army, married the charming daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and settled on his Mississippi plantation to follow the luxurious literary life of a cultured Southern gentleman. But the untimely death in a few short months of his fair young bride crushed his cherished hopes and disappointed all his life plans. After seven years spent mostly in agricultural pursuits and in literary study, especially the study of political philosophy and constitutional history, he entered public life and almost immediately rose to trusted and conspicuous leadership.

In 1844 Mr. Davis was elected to Congress, and ever thereafter, up to the fall of the Confederate government, he was in some distinguished capacity or other connected with the public service of his country. When he entered the halls of Congress the "Oregon question," the annexation of Texas, and the revision of the tariff were the stormy issues that divided the nation into two hostile camps. The scholarly young representative from Mississippi soon appeared in the lists, and by his thorough mastery of the questions involved he attracted national attention. The venerable Ex-President John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," at that time a member of the House, was greatly impressed with



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## IN WAR WITH MEXICO

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his extraordinary ability and predicted his brilliant parliamentary career. Referring to his first set speech in Congress, a recent biographer makes this just and suggestive observation: "He manifests here, in his early efforts as a legislator, some of the larger views of national life and development which have been so persistently ignored by those who have chronicled his career."

In that speech, which had all the marks and carried all the credentials of the profoundest statesmanship, Mr. Davis made this broad declaration, from the principles of which he never receded: "The extent of our Union has never been to me the cause of apprehension. Its cohesion can be disturbed only by violation of the compact which cements it."

Believing as he did in the righteousness of the conflict with Mexico, Mr. Davis earnestly advocated the most liberal supply of means and men to prosecute the war and announced himself as ready, should his services be needed, to take his place in the tented field. In June, 1846, a regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg, and Jefferson Davis was elected its colonel. He accordingly resigned his seat in Congress, hastened to join his regiment, which he overtook at New Orleans, and reported for duty to General Taylor on the Mexican border. At Monterey and Buena Vista, crucial battles of the war, his command rendered conspicuously heroic service. Our American knighthood was in fairest flower that day, especially on the plains of Buena Vista, when Colonel Davis, against overwhelm-



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## MILITARY AND CIVIL DISTINCTIONS

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ing numbers, snatched victory from almost certain defeat and won immortal fame for himself and his gallant Mississippi Rifles. By a brilliant tactical movement he broke the strength of the Mexican army and sent Gen. Santa Anna southward with only half the force of the day before. Though severely wounded, he remained in his saddle, refusing to quit the field until the day of glorious triumph was complete. Gen. Zachary Taylor, the commander in chief of the American forces, paid this eloquent tribute to the soldierly courage and genius of the distinguished Mississippian: "Napoleon never had a marshal who behaved more superbly than did Colonel Davis to-day."

Returning from Mexico, having won the highest honors of war, Colonel Davis and the brave remnant of his magnificent regiment were everywhere welcomed with boundless enthusiasm. He was tendered the position of Brigadier General of Volunteers by President Polk; but he declined on constitutional grounds, holding that such an appointment inhered only in the State.

Within two months after his return from Mexico, crowned with immortal honor, Mr. Davis was appointed by the Governor to represent Mississippi in the Senate of the United States, a vacancy having occurred by the death of Senator Spaight. When the legislature met he was elected unanimously for the remainder of the unexpired term, all party lines having disappeared in a universal desire to honor the brilliant young colonel of the Mississippi Rifles.

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## IN THE FEDERAL SENATE

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That was a position most congenial to his tastes and ambitions, and there his superb abilities shone with a splendor rarely equaled in the parliamentary history of America. He was an ideal senator, dignified, self-mastered, serious, dispassionate, always bent on the great things that concerned the welfare of the nation. He was never flippant, never toyed with trifles, and never trifled with the destiny of his people. His was the skill and strength to bend the mighty bow of Ulysses.

When Jefferson Davis entered the United States Senate the glory of that upper chamber was at its height. Possibly never at one time had so many illustrious men sat in the highest council of the nation. There were giants in those days. There sat John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Henry Clay, of Kentucky; Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri; Louis Cass, of Michigan; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and other men of lesser fame. In that company of giants Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, at once took rank among the greatest, "eloquent in debate" and worthy to be the premier at any council table of American statesmen. The historian Prescott pronounced him "the most accomplished" member of the body.

One, who spoke by the authority of large experience with the upper chamber, has thus correctly characterized our brilliant and accomplished young senator: "It is but simple justice to say that in ripe scholarship, wide and accurate information on all

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## DEVOTION TO "STATES' RIGHTS"

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subjects coming before the body, native ability, readiness as a debater, true honor, and stainless character Jefferson Davis stood in the very front rank and did as much to influence legislation and leave his mark on the Senate and the country as any other who served in his day." Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, afterwards spoke of him as "the clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis."

That which preëminently signalized the public character and parliamentary career of Jefferson Davis was his sincere, unwavering devotion to the doctrine of State sovereignty and all the practical questions that flowed therefrom. He held with unrelaxing grasp to the fundamental principle that the Union was composed of separate, independent, sovereign States and that all Federal power was delegated, specifically limited, and clearly defined. The titanic struggles of his entire public life were over this one vital issue, with all that it logically involved for the weal or woe of his beloved country. The Articles of Confederation declared, in express terms, that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled," and that principle was transferred intact to the Constitution itself. And as one function of sovereignty was the right to withdraw from a compact if occasion demanded, he planted himself squarely upon that doctrine and never wavered in its able and fearless advocacy—a doctrine, by the way, that was

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## SOUTHERN POSITION INVINCIBLE

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never questioned by any jurist or statesman for forty years after the Constitution was adopted.

Having read and reread with great diligence and no less delight the whole history of the fierce controversies that culminated in the War between the States, including the ablest speeches of our profoundest statesmen on both sides, and with all my genuine pride in a restored Union, I am bound to say that the Southern position was never shaken and that the overwhelming weight of argument was on the side of John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. And, further, it was by surrendering the constitutional argument and resorting to what was denominated "the higher law" of political conduct and conscience that the North found apology or defense for its attitude toward the inalienable rights of the Southern States.

In order that you may appreciate the grounds of my confident assertion I quote a few paragraphs from what seems to me an absolutely unanswerable argument by John C. Calhoun, the greatest logician and profoundest political philosopher in the nation:

In that character they formed the old Confederation, and when it was proposed to supersede the Articles of the Confederation by the present Constitution, they met in convention as States, acted and voted as States, and the Constitution, when formed, was submitted for ratification to the people of the several States. It was ratified by them as States, each State for itself; each, by its ratification, binding its own citizens; the parts thus separately binding themselves, and not the whole the parts; and it is declared in the preamble of the Constitution to be or-

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## SOUTHERN VIEW SUSTAINED

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dained by the people of the *United States*, and in the Article of Ratification, when ratified, *to be binding between the States so ratifying*. The conclusion is inevitable that the Constitution is the work of the people of the States, considered as separate and independent political communities; that they are its authors—their power created it, their voice clothed it with authority; that the government formed is in reality their agent, and that the Union of which the Constitution is the bond is a Union of States and not of individuals.

And it is an interesting and suggestive fact that the latest historians and writers on constitutional government sustain the fundamental contention of Southern statesmen.

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the accomplished scholar and distinguished senator from Massachusetts, in his “Life of Daniel Webster” makes this candid statement:

When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia and accepted by the votes of the States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peacefully to withdraw—a right that was very likely to be exercised.

And in a recent illuminating address the Hon. Charles Francis Adams abundantly and absolutely vindicates the contention of Mr. Davis and other Southern leaders in this noble utterance:

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## DAVIS AND SECESSION

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To which side did the weight of argument incline during the great debates which culminated in our Civil War? The answer necessarily turns on the abstract right of what we term a sovereign State to secede from the Union at such time and for such cause as may seem to that State proper and sufficient. The issue is settled; irrevocably and for all time decided; it was settled forty years ago, and the settlement since reached has been the result not of reason based on historical evidence, but of events and of force. . . . The principles enunciated by South Carolina on December 20, 1860, were enunciated by the Kentucky resolutions on November 16, 1798.

The position of Jefferson Davis, though by his enemies often denied and persistently obscured, was this: While consistently and unanswerably defending the right of a State to secede, he never urged it as a policy and deplored it as a possible necessity. Or, to use the language of the resolution adopted by the States' Rights Convention of Mississippi in June, 1851, drawn by his right hand: "Secession was the last alternative, the final remedy, and should not be resorted to under existing circumstances."

It may be interesting in this connection to inquire when the exercise of a State's right to secede had its first and most threatening assertion. Alexander H. Stephens affirms that the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was never denied or questioned by any jurist, publicist, or statesman of character and standing "until Kent's 'Commentaries' appeared in 1826, nearly forty years after the government had gone into operation."

And it is historic truth to state that the first

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## DOCTRINE OF SECESSION IN THE NORTH

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threat to exercise this right, universally recognized in the early days of the republic, was not heard in the South. "It first sprang up in the North." Not only so, but from 1795 to 1815 and again in 1845 there was an influential party in New England who favored and threatened the formation of a Northern Confederacy. Roger Griswold, a representative in Congress from the State of Connecticut in 1804, declared that he was in favor of the New England States forming a republic by themselves and seceding from the Union. Joseph Story, when in Congress, afterwards a Justice of the Supreme Court and Commentator on the Constitution, said: "It was a prevalent opinion then in Massachusetts . . . of a separation of the Eastern States from the Union."

In a famous speech delivered by Josiah Quincy in Congress January 14, 1811, against the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State these sentiments were defiantly uttered: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." It must not be forgotten that these words are not the words of Jefferson Davis. When he defended the doctrine of a State's right to sever its relation with the Union he was denounced as a conspirator against the life of the nation.

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## THE HARTFORD CONVENTION

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On December 15, 1814, the Hartford Convention, composed of delegates from all the New England States, assembled to protest against the war in progress between the United States and England. They had suffered immense loss by the destruction of their commerce and fisheries, and rather than endure more for the nation's account they preferred to withdraw from the Union. The report, adopted unanimously by the Convention, contains this language: "In case of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution affecting the sovereignty of a State and the liberties of the people, it is not only the right but the duty of such a State to interpose its authority for their protection in the best manner calculated to secure that end. When emergencies occur which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

While that threat was never carried into execution, the Treaty of Ghent having been signed in the meantime, there is the solemn assertion on the part of these New England delegates of their sovereign right to withdraw from the Union if occasion seemed to demand. I make no comment upon the fact that while New England was meditating withdrawal from the Federal compact Gen. Andrew Jackson and his heroic legions in the battle at New Orleans were shedding their blood for the honor of our national flag. But I venture to ask this question: Is there



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## SECESSION AND SLAVERY

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anything in the lapse of a few years to make the utterances of Roger Griswold and Rufus King and Joseph Story and Josiah Quincy and the Hartford Convention less disloyal than the calm, philosophic reasoning of John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis? And yet no one ever hears of New England as "the hotbed of secession" and of her political leaders as conspirators against the life of the nation. No fair-minded student of history can acquit Josiah Quincy and find fault with Jefferson Davis.

The Legislature of Massachusetts in 1809 declared the embargo law "not legally binding on the citizens of the State." Now, in New England that was simply the assertion of inalienable rights! In South Carolina, it would have been, and was, denounced as the vilest nullification!

Now I come to the conditions and questions that immediately preceded, if they did not precipitate, the dismemberment of the Union. Slavery, which existed in all but one of the States when the Union was formed and in fifteen of them when the war began, was the occasion but not the cause of the lamented conflict. But, as Mr. Davis well said: "In the later controversies . . . its effect in operating as a lever upon the passions, prejudices, or sympathies of mankind was so potent that it has been spread like a thick cloud over the whole horizon of historic truth."

The right or wrong of slavery we need not discuss, nor attempt to determine who was most responsible therefor. The institution is dead beyond the possi-

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## CLIMATE AND CONSCIENCE AND SLAVERY

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bility of resurrection, and the whole nation is glad. The later geographical limitations of slavery in the United States were determined not by conscience, but by climate. It was the climate at the North and the cotton gin at the South that regulated the distribution of slave labor. I have scant respect for a conscience too sensitive to own certain property because it is immoral, but which without the slightest compunction will sell the same to another at full market value. Had the slaveholders of the North manumitted their slaves and not sold them because their labor ceased to be profitable, there would have been more regard for their subsequent abolition zeal. It is a matter of pride with us that no Southern colony ever had a vessel engaged in the slave trade. And several of the Southern States were the first to pass stringent laws against the importation of African slaves.

But, apart from the ethical question involved as we now see it, slave property was recognized by the Constitution and existed in every State but one when the Union was formed. And a clear mandate of the Constitution required slaves to be delivered up to their owners when escaping into another State. Congress passed laws to enforce the same, and their constitutionality was sustained by the Supreme Court in the famous Dred Scott decision. Daniel Webster, too great to be provincial and too broad to be a narrow partisan, in a noble speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851, made this emphatic declaration: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to

carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side. I say to you gentlemen in Virginia, as I said on the shores of Lake Erie and in the city of Boston, as I may say again, that you of the South have as much right to receive your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

And yet Charles Sumner, speaking for a great party growing in strength and dominance with the rising of every day, said that the North could not and would not obey the law. William H. Seward declared that there was "a higher law" than the Constitution which would be the rule of their political conduct.

Now, the insistence of Mr. Davis and his compatriots was that the Constitution and laws should be obeyed; that the individual sovereign States must regulate their own domestic affairs without Federal interference; and that their property, of whatever kind, must be respected and protected. They resisted any invasion of the State's right to control its own internal affairs as a violation of the sacred Federal compact. Over that one fundamental question an "irrepressible conflict" was waged for many stormy years. The advocates of State sovereignty were charged with disloyalty to the Union, while

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## PRESENT-DAY DISCUSSIONS

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Federalists were denounced as enemies of the Constitution and usurpers of the rights of the States.

And, by the way, our present-day political discussions are eloquently vindicating the patriotic jealousy of Mr. Davis for the rights of the States. The most significant fact of these strenuous times is the solemn warnings in endless iteration from both political parties against the ominous encroachments of Federal authority. More and more the nation is seeing that Jefferson Davis was not an alarmist nor an academic theorist when he contended so persistently for the rights and unconstrained functions of each member of the Federal Union.

Sectional agitation and alienation continued with slight interruption and increasing violence for many weary years. Every lover of the Union deplored it, and every patriotic American sought some common ground on which all could stand and the rights of each be preserved. But with every Congressional debate and political convention and Supreme Court decision this animosity was kindled into fiercer flame. On both sides the bitterness was intense. Political differences ripened into personal hates and hostilities. Encounters between Congressmen over sectional issues were a daily dread in Washington. One senator said: "I believe every man in both houses is armed with a revolver." Fourteen of the Northern States passed so-called "personal liberty laws," designed to nullify the Constitution and encourage the people to disregard the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court. State officers were prohibited from assisting

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## SUMNER AND SEWARD

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in the arrest of fugitive slaves, while States' attorneys were required to defend them and provision made for paying the fugitives' expenses out of the State's treasury. (Charles Sumner openly declared that the North would not obey the fugitive slave laws.) William H. Seward, it was said, contributed money to John Brown which was used for pillage and murder. John Brown's midnight raid on Harper's Ferry was applauded to the echo throughout the North. And when the old assassin was executed according to law, bells were tolled in many places, cannon were fired, and prayers were offered for him as if he were the saintliest of martyrs. By fervid orators he was placed on the same canonized roll with Paul and Silas.

On the other hand, the South was equally intolerant and aflame with intense excitement. Commercial conventions in Charleston, Montgomery, Memphis, and elsewhere adopted retaliatory measures against the aggressions of the North. Southerners declared that nonintercourse in business was "the one prescription for Northern fanaticism and political villainy." Southern parents were condemned for patronizing Northern colleges and urged to enlarge and equip their own institutions and to use only Southern textbooks. "If our schools are not good enough," they said, "let them be improved by a more hearty support. If this is not enough, let them patronize the universities of Europe rather than aid and abet in any way the bitter enemies of the Southland."

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## GREELEY, GARRISON, AND PHILLIPS

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And as further evidence that Northern leaders had determined no longer to uphold the Constitution and give to the South what she considered her rights and equality in the Union we have only to reread the extreme and inflamed utterances of their chief men. What could a nation hope for when men in authority declared that the Constitution under which we lived is no longer of binding force and that there is a "higher law" for the guidance of a citizen's conduct and conscience? William H. Seward, the acknowledged head of the Republican party and the author of that doctrine, uttered these words: "There is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it."

Horace Greeley, a most potential voice in the councils of his party, did not hesitate to say: "I have no doubt but that the free and slave States ought to be separated. . . . The Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."

William Lloyd Garrison, at first derided as a fanatic, but afterwards followed as the voice of an apostle, thus advocated the cause of disunion: "The Union is a lie. The American Union is an imposture, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. We are for its overthrow. Up with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free and glorious republic of our own!"

Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent orator in New England and whose leadership was commanding, fed the flames of sectional animosity with speeches such

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## DAVIS CALM IN THE STORM

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as this: "There is merit in the Republican party. It is this: It is the first sectional party ever organized in this country. It is national; it is sectional. It is the North against the South. The first crack in the iceberg is visible; you will yet hear it go with a crack through the center."

The New York *Tribune*, for many years the acknowledged and most influential organ of Republican opinion in the United States, thus bade the South a respectful adieu: "The time is fast approaching when the cry will become too overpowering to resist. Rather than tolerate national slavery as it now exists, let the Union be dissolved at once."

With such utterances and the applauding echoes of a party flushed with political victory ringing in their ears, the people of the South had little occasion to hope for aggressions to cease and conditions to improve. But through all the years during which this storm was fiercely raging the cool, sagacious Jefferson Davis never lost the clearness of his vision nor allowed himself to be swept from his political moorings. He fought with all his superb skill and Herculean strength for the rights of the States and warned his opponents that continued Federal invasion might drive them from the Union; but at the same time he reiterated his undying love for the whole country and its organic law and prayed that the day of disunion would never dawn.

In an eloquent speech delivered at Portland, Me., in 1858 Mr. Davis strikingly demonstrated the fact that State pride and devotion to State integrity

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## DAVIS ON "THE UNION"

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strengthened rather than weakened our attachment to the Federal Union; that the larger love we have for our national flag is fed by the passionate devotion we manifest in the welfare of the individual State. He said:

No one more than myself recognizes the binding force of the allegiance which the citizen owes the State of his citizenship; but the State being a party to our compact, a member of the Union, fealty to the Federal Constitution is not in opposition to, but flows from, the allegiance due to one of the United States. Washington was not less a Virginian when he commanded at Boston, nor did Gates and Green weaken the bonds which bound them to their several States, by their campaigns in the South. In proportion as a citizen loves his own State will he strive to honor her by preserving her name and her fame free from the tarnish of having failed to observe her obligations and to fulfill her duties to sister States. Do not our whole people, interior and seaboard—North, South, East, and West—alike feel proud of the Yankee sailor, who has borne our flag as far as the ocean bears its foam and caused the name and character of the United States to be known and respected where there is wealth enough to woo commerce and intelligence to honor merit? So long as we preserve and appreciate the achievements of Jefferson and Adams, of Franklin and Madison, of Hamilton, of Hancock, and of Rutledge—men who labored for the whole country and lived for mankind—we cannot sink to the petty strife which saps the foundations and destroys the political fabric our fathers erected and bequeathed as an inheritance to our posterity forever.

And a few weeks thereafter, when on a visit to Boston, addressing a great audience in Faneuil Hall and speaking not only for himself but for the entire



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## THE LOVE OF DAVIS FOR THE UNION

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South as well, he uttered sentiments as broadly and loyally national as were ever spoken by Thomas Jefferson or sung in the battle hymns of the republic. "As we have shared in the toils," he said, "so have we gloried in the triumphs of our country. In our hearts, as in our history, are mingled the names of Concord, and Camden, and Saratoga, and Lexington, and Plattsburg, and Chippewa, and Erie, and Moultrie, and New Orleans, and Yorktown, and Bunker Hill. Grouped all together, they form a record of the triumphs of our cause, a monument of the common glory of our Union. What Southern man would wish it less by one of the Northern names of which it is composed? Or where is he who, gazing on the obelisk that rises from the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, would feel his patriot's pride suppressed by local jealousy?"

As late as December 20, 1860, after the presidential election and when events were hastening to a crisis, on the floor of the United States Senate Mr. Davis reannounced his passionate love for the Union and pathetically pleaded for a spirit of conciliation that would make unnecessary the withdrawal of the South from their national fraternity. He said: "The Union is dear to me as a union of fraternal States. It would lose its value if I had to regard it as a Union held together by physical force. I would be happy to know that every State now felt that fraternity which made this Union possible; and if that evidence could go out, if evidence satisfactory to the people of the South could be given that that feeling

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## DAVIS AND FRANKLIN PIERCE

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existed in the hearts of the Northern people, you might burn your statute books, and we would cling to the Union still."

Instead of conspiring to disrupt the Union, as has been charged, Mr. Davis loved this great republic with passionate ardor and sealed that devotion with his richest blood. He served his country with a conscientious fidelity that knew no flagging. He went out of the Union at last in obedience to what he felt was an imperative necessity, and the going almost broke his heart. So reluctant was he to sever relations with the Union that some more ardent friends became impatient with his hesitation and almost suspected his loyalty. Despairing of any fair and final adjustment of issues that had agitated the nation for more than half a century, and believing that the election of Mr. Lincoln would embolden his party to great aggressions upon the constitutional rights of the Southern States, he at length, with many a heartache, yielded to the inevitable and joined his people in the establishment of a separate civil government.

On January 20, 1861, in a letter to his special friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce, he thus uttered the grief of his patriotic heart: "I have often and sadly turned my thoughts to you during the troublous times through which we are now passing, and now I come to the hard task of announcing to you that the hour is at hand which closes my connection with the United States, for the independence and union of which my father bled and in the service of

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## DAVIS OPPOSED CIVIL WAR

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which I have sought to emulate the example he set for my guidance."

As Mr. Blaine justly said of L. Q. C. Lamar, so will history say of Jefferson Davis: "He stood firmly by his State in accordance with the political creed in which he was reared, but looked back with tender regret to the Union whose destiny he wished to share and under the protection of whose broader nationality he hoped to live and die."

And so constant was his entire public career and so conspicuous the unstained purity of his motives that, when nearing the close of his eventful life, he could challenge the world and triumphantly say: "The history of my public life bears evidence that I did all in my power to prevent war; that I did nothing to precipitate collision; that I did not seek the post of chief executive, but advised my friends that I preferred not to fill it."

Long after Yancey and Rhett and Toombs and others had thrown hesitancy to the winds Mr. Davis still wrought with all his great ability and influence to preserve the Union. He favored and earnestly advocated the "Crittenden Resolutions" on condition that the Republican members accept them. Had they not stubbornly refused—and they did it on the advice of Mr. Lincoln—war would have been averted and the dissolution of the Union prevented or postponed. All the undoubted facts go to prove that Jefferson Davis, at the peril of sacrificing the confidence of his people, exhausted all resources consist-

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## FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

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ent with the sacred honor and rights of the States to stay the fatal dismemberment of the Union.

Jefferson Davis's farewell to the United States Senate, in which he had so long towered as a commanding figure and where he had rendered his country such distinguished service, was one of the most dramatic and memorable scenes in the life of the historic chamber. Mississippi, by solemn ordinance and in the exercise of her sovereign right, had severed her relation with the Union; and he, as her representative, must make official announcement of the fact, surrender his high commission, and return home to await further orders of his devoted people. It was a supreme, a fateful hour in our country's history. The hush of death fell upon the chamber when Jefferson Davis arose. The trusted leader and authoritative voice of the South was about to speak, and an anxious nation was eager to hear. Every senator was in his seat, members of the House stood in every available place, and the galleries were thronged with those whose faces expressed the alternating hopes and fears of their patriotic hearts. The fate of a nation seemed to hang upon that awful hour.

Pale, sad of countenance, weak in body from patriotic grief and loss of sleep, evidently under the strain of sacred, suppressed emotion, and yet with the calmness of fixed determination and settled conviction, the majestic senator of Mississippi stood hesitant for a moment in painful silence. The natural melancholy in his face had a deeper tinge, "as

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## DAVIS'S OPEN, MANLY WAY

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if the shadows of his country's sorrow had been cast upon it." His good wife, who witnessed the fateful scene and felt the oppressive burdens that almost crushed the brave heart of her great husband, said: "Had he been bending over his bleeding father, needlessly slain by his countrymen, he could not have been more pathetic and inconsolable." At first there was a slight tremor in his speech, but as he proceeded his voice recovered its full, flutelike tones and rang through the chamber with its old-time clearness and confident strength. But there was in it no note of defiance, and he spoke no word of bitterness or reproach. Hearts were too sad for words, and hands were too heavy for applause. Many eyes unused to weeping were dimmed with tears. And when he closed with these solemn words there was a sense of unutterable sorrow in the entire assembly: "Mr. President and senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu." Senators moved softly out of the chamber as though they were turning away from a new-made grave in which were laid their dearest hopes. Mrs. Davis says that the night after this memorable day brought no sleep to his eyelids, and all through its restless hours she could hear the oft-reiterated prayer: "May God have us in his holy keeping and grant that before it is too late peaceful councils may prevail."

In this open, manly, but painful way the Southern States withdrew, with never a suggestion of conspiracy against anything or anybody. The men of the

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## ALEXANDER STEPHENS ON SECESSION

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South wore no disguises, held no secret councils, concealed no plans, concocted no sinister schemes, organized no conclaves, and adopted no dark-lantern methods. They spoke out their honest convictions, made their pathetic pleas for justice, and openly announced their final, lamented purpose if all efforts at a peaceful adjustment should fail. And at length, whether wisely or unwisely, feeling that nothing else would avail, they determined to take the final step and fling defiance to the face of what they considered an aggressive, overbearing, tyrannous majority.

As Alexander H. Stephens admirably and correctly says, the real object of those who resorted to secession "was not to overthrow the government of the United States, but to perpetuate the principles upon which it was founded. The object in quitting the Union was not to destroy but to save the principles of the Constitution." And it is a significant fact that the historic instrument, in almost the exact language, became the organic law of the Confederate government. The Southern States withdrew from the Union for the very reason that induced them at first to enter it—that is, for their own better protection and security.

Secession was not a war measure; it was intended to be a peace measure. It was a deeply regretted effort on the part of the South to flee from continued strife, feeling that "peace with two governments was better than a union of discordant States." Hence Horace Greeley himself said: "If the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union

than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." And, while fearing the direful possibility, the Southern States seceded without the slightest preparation for war. As Dr. J. L. M. Curry said: "Not a gun, not an establishment for their manufacture or repair, not a soldier, nor a vessel had been provided as preparation for war, offensive or defensive. On the contrary, they desired to live in peace and friendship with their late confederates and took all the necessary steps to secure the desired result. There was no appeal to the arbitrament of arms nor any provocation to war. They desired and earnestly sought to make a fair and equitable settlement of common interests and disputed questions." And the very first act of the Confederate government was to appoint commissioners to Washington to make terms of peace and establish relations of amity between the sections.

Some days after his farewell to the Senate Mr. Davis returned to his home in Mississippi to await results and render any service to which his country might call him. He did not, however, desire the leadership of the Confederacy that was in process of organization. But the people who knew his preëminent abilities and trusted his leadership declined to release him. By unanimous and enthusiastic vote he was elected to the presidency of the young republic and felt compelled to accept responsibilities from which he had hoped to escape. It was the thought of his countrymen, voiced by the eloquent William L. Yancey, that "the man and the hour have met." He

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## CONSERVATIVE AND DISPASSIONATE

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could well say, therefore, in his inaugural address, delivered a few days later: "It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart, when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, when the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor and right and liberty and equality." His address was conservative and dispassionate, but strong and resolute, not inferior to the luminous and lofty utterances of Thomas Jefferson. If others failed to measure the awful import of that epochal hour, not so with the serious and far-seeing man about to assume high office, who was an educated and trained soldier and a great statesman of long experience and extraordinary genius.

To rehearse in detail the well-known story of carnage and struggle is not within the purpose of this discussion, nor is it necessary to consider at length the many and perplexing problems which signalized the administration of the young nation's first and only President. It is sufficient to say that he conducted the affairs of the stormy government with consummate wisdom, meeting the sternest responsibilities, awed by no reverses, discouraged by no disaster, and cherishing an unshaken faith that a cause could not fail which was "sanctified by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people." Even after Richmond was evacuated and the sun of Appomattox was about to go down amid blood and tears a final appeal was issued in which he said: "Let us not despair, my



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## A GREAT PRESIDENT

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countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

Mr. Davis was a great President. In administering the affairs of the Confederate government he displayed remarkable constructive and executive genius. Considering the resources at his command, all the Southern ports blockaded and without the recognition of any foreign nation, with no opportunity to sell cotton abroad and import supplies in return, having to rely entirely upon the fields and strong arms of the homeland, and constantly menaced by one of the greatest armies of the world, it was remarkable that the young nation could have survived a few months instead of the four memorable years. And much of that wonderful history is due to the chief executive. In answer to one who sought General Lee's estimate of Mr. Davis as the head of the government, he thus replied: "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none who could have done as well."

And on the other side harsh criticism is giving way to generous judgment and discriminating judgment. The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in a recent review of the latest "Life of Jefferson Davis" which has issued from the press, pays a fitting tribute to the extraordinary ability displayed by the Confederacy's great President. "No fatal mistake," says he, "either of administration or strategy, was made which can fairly be laid to his account. . . . He did the best that was possible with the means that he

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## “HORRORS OF ANDERSONVILLE”

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had at command. Merely the opposing forces were too many and too strong for him. Of his austerity, earnestness, and fidelity, it seems to me there can be no more question than can be entertained of his capacity.”

Mr. Davis has been charged with cruelty to prisoners, and on his shoulders have been laid the so-called “horrors of Andersonville,” a charge as utterly baseless as it is despicably mean. No more humane or gentle spirit ever walked this earth than Jefferson Davis. As a matter of fact, there was no deliberate purpose on either side to maltreat prisoners of war or fail to make proper provision for their care. The sufferings endured were only the exigencies of the awful days when great armies were in the death struggle for mastery. All that humanity could suggest and the meager resources of the South could provide were freely given for the brave men captured in battle. Mr. Davis said that they were given exactly the same rations “in quantity and quality as those served out to our gallant soldiers in the field, which have been found sufficient to support them in their arduous campaigns.” On the contrary, goaded doubtless by false reports from the South, the United States War Department on April 20, 1864, reduced by twenty per cent the rations issued to Confederate prisoners.

“With sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in the South,” said Senator Daniel, “than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, four thousand more Confederates than Federals died in prison.”

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## FEDERAL PRISONERS IN THE SOUTH

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If those figures are correct, the very repetition of the charge is an insult to intelligence and blasphemy against the truth. The real reason for so much suffering and mortality among the men in Southern prisons was that the Federal government refused in these words to observe the cartel agreed upon: "It is hard on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners in the North would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our own safety here." If any unfortunate prisoner was not comfortably provided for, it was not because the South would be cruel to a brother, but on account of her exhausted source of supply. During the last year of the war General Lee had meat only twice a week, and his usual dinner was "a head of cabbage boiled in salt water, sweet potatoes, and a pone of corn bread." If the peerless Commander in Chief of the Confederate armies was reduced to such scanty fare, the government could not well provide very liberally for the gallant men in the ranks or behind prison doors.

Now, with this very imperfect sketch of a most remarkable career, I shall briefly refer to some of the qualities that made this heroic history a sublime possibility.

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## ORATOR AND DEBATER

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He was an accomplished orator and a magnificent debater. Having always complete mastery of himself and of the subject in hand, he became a veritable master of assemblies. He met Sargent S. Prentiss in debate, that inspired wizard of persuasive and powerful speech, and his friends had no occasion to regret the contest. Stephen A. Douglas found in him the mightiest champion with whom he ever shivered a lance. During an exciting discussion in 1850 Henry Clay turned to the Mississippi senator and announced his purpose at some future day to debate with him a certain great question. "Now is the time," was the prompt reply of the brilliant Southern leader, whose intrepid courage and diligent habits as a student kept him fully armed for the issues of any hour.

He was an archer regal  
Who laid the mighty low,  
But his arrows were fledged by the eagle  
And sought not a fallen foe.

One of Mr. Davis's biographers, well acquainted with his parliamentary career, who knew his mastery in debate and his superb power as a statesman and an orator, and who witnessed his brilliant gladiatorial combat in the Senate with Stephen A. Douglas, gives this discriminating estimate of the great Mississippian:

In nearly all of Mr. Davis' speeches is recognized the pervasion of intellect, which is preserved even in his most impassioned passages. He goes to the very foundations of jurisprudence, illustrates by historical example, and throws

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## SENSITIVE HONOR OF DAVIS

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upon his subject the full radiance of that light which is shed by diligent inquiry into the abstract truths of political and moral science. Strength, animation, energy without vehemence, classical elegance, and a luminous simplicity are features in Davis's oratory which rendered him one of the most finished, logical, and effective of contemporary parliamentary speakers. . . . He had less of the characteristics of Mirabeau than of that higher type of eloquence of which Cicero, Burke, and George Canning were representatives and which is pervaded by passion, subordinated to the severer tribunal of intellect.

His sensitiveness to personal and official honor and his exceeding conscientiousness in the discharge of public duties were among the chief characteristics of this serious and stainless man. "Great politicians," said Voltaire, "ought always to deceive the people." But such was not the creed of Jefferson Davis, who held that public men should be invariably and scrupulously honest with the people, having no confidences from which they are excluded and no policies in which they are not invited to share. Free from conscious sophistry and the very soul of candor, he never sought to conceal or obscure, but to make the truth so luminous that he who ran could read. His own eloquent characterization of President Franklin Pierce might be fittingly applied to Jefferson Davis himself: "If treachery had come near him, it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

In official life he knew no word but duty. When in Congress a rivers and harbors bill was pending on

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## THE SOUL OF CHIVALRY

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one occasion; and, seeing that combinations had been formed to secure certain local trivial appropriations, he opposed the measure with characteristic vigor. In the course of the debate he was asked if he did not favor appropriations for Mississippi, in response to which he retorted sharply and concluded: "I feel, sir, that I am incapable of sectional distinctions upon such a subject. I abhor and reject all interested combinations."

He was the very soul of chivalry. No plumed knight of the Middle Ages ever had higher regard for the virtue of woman or the integrity of man or the sacredness of a cause. Sensitive to wrong, cherishing above measure his stainless honor, he never in the least betrayed it nor allowed another to impugn it. Had he remained in the military service, I doubt not that he would have been on the tented field what Sir Henry Havelock became to the chivalry of England.

His was a proud, but a noble and affectionate, nature. Some have thought him a cold, austere, severe man, lacking in the gentler elements and sympathies of a generous soul. But nothing could be further from the fact. His affections were most ardent, his friendships partook of the pathetic, and the tenderness of his heart often dimmed his eyes with tears. No citizen was so poor, no soldier so humble, no man so obscure as not to have ready access to his presence and sympathetic attention.

Mr. Davis was a statesman with neither taste nor ability for mere political manipulation. He relied

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## PHILOSOPHICAL STATESMAN

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upon high argument, and not political management, to achieve the great ends for which his party stood and for which this young republic was called into being. It was impossible for him to resort to questionable methods and demagogical appeal in order to win elections and carry out party or governmental policies.

He was a profound, philosophical statesman with a thoroughly trained intellect and an exalted sense of moral responsibility. In his logical processes he quite resembled the illustrious John C. Calhoun, whose genius he greatly admired and with whose political creed he was in substantial accord. And when Mr. Calhoun passed away, amid the lamentations of the whole nation, the great party he had led with such consummate skill turned instinctively to Jefferson Davis as incomparably the ablest exponent of the basic principles for which they fearlessly stood. His superb and commanding leadership vindicated their generous confidence and vastly enlarged the strength and measure of his national influence.

He was the Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, and by common consent he was the premier in that body of statesmen. It is no disparagement of others to say that no abler nor more accomplished Secretary ever sat at the council table of an American President.

Providence designed him for leadership and amply endowed him with gifts to meet its repeated exigencies and weighty responsibilities. And in every position to which he was summoned the results of his

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## A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN

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labors and the splendor of his achievements gave eloquent attestation to the prescience of his statesmanship and the grandeur of his character. The verdict of history will be, notwithstanding the fall of the Confederate government, that he was preëminently the man for the crisis. His genius was most resplendent when the clouds were darkest and the tension was greatest and the danger was nearest. When passion swayed the hour he was in most perfect command of his highest powers and seemed to exercise the coolest judgment. He was cautious without timidity, intrepid without rashness, courteous without condescension, pious without pretense.

And no public man ever had more loyal support or a more enthusiastic following. The Tenth Legion of Cæsar and the Old Guard of Napoleon never followed their leaders with more perfect assurance or thrilling ardor than did the friends of the superb chieftain whose one hundredth anniversary we celebrate to-day.

Courage that could dare and do,  
Steadfast faith and honesty,  
Were the only craft he knew  
And his sole diplomacy.

Mr. Davis was a devout believer in the fundamental verities of our Christian faith and sought to make them the inspiring rule of his daily life. He was acquainted with the Scriptures from childhood and knew the place and power of prayer. His unshaken faith gave him sublime courage for duty, a serene fortitude in calamity, softened the rigor of the cruel



prison, and made radiant the evening skies of life's long, stormy day. His intimate friend, the eloquent Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, paid this heart tribute to the beauty and consistency of his Christian character: "I know Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties. I have seen him by his private fireside. I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions, and I challenge the judgment of history when I say that no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot, while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character."

When after their capture his friend, the Hon. John H. Reagan, the Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, was separated from him to be sent to a Northern prison while he remained at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Davis said: "My old friend, read frequently the twenty-sixth Psalm; it has often given me the surest consolation." While enduring in agony and chains his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, a cruelty that will ever be a blot upon our fair country's name, he wrote thus cheerfully to his anxious and devoted wife: "Tarry there the Lord's leisure; be strong, and he will comfort thy heart. Every day, twice or oftener, I repeat the prayer of St. Chrysostom." Again from the dungeon he wrote to a friend: "Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me."

And when his two pitiless years of imprisonment were ended, broken in health but unbroken in spirit,

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## RELEASE FROM PRISON AND LAST DAYS

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and when the short court proceedings were concluded in Richmond which restored him to liberty and the bosom of his family, and a party of friends had joined Mrs. Davis at the hotel, the venerable chief of the lost cause turned to his old pastor and said: "Mr. Minnegarode, you have been with me in my sufferings and confronted and strengthened me with your prayers. Is it not right that we now once more should kneel together and return thanks?"

After his release, in shattered health and poverty, his fortune gone with the cause he served and for which he suffered, but rich in the affectionate devotion of the people, who vied with each other in doing him honor, he returned to his beloved Mississippi and here spent the remnant of his heroic years. Out of fire and tempest and baptism of blood he came with an unfaltering purpose and an unclouded sky. There is something strangely beautiful in the old age of a great and good man. No sun sweeping through the opening gates of the morning has ever the radiant glory of his calm setting. And so there is a sweet serenity and chastened beauty about the evening of a cheerful, well-spent life that far exceeds the brightness and bloom of its fair young morning.

✓ The last days of Jefferson Davis were peaceful and beautiful. They were spent in dignified retirement, cultivating the sweet companionship of books, enjoying the association of friends, and in writing a masterly exposition of the great principles of government that had been the creed of his political faith and the ground of his people's hopes. This was his

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## ADDRESS BEFORE LEGISLATURE

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last will and testament to those "who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death."

Though never an indifferent observer of passing events, he wisely took no part in public affairs and rarely ever appeared on public occasions. When occasionally one of the numerous invitations with which he was overwhelmed was accepted, it was to speak words of encouragement and hope to his people, urging them, with stout hearts and strong hands, to labor for the largest good of our reunited country.

In a notable address before the Legislature of Mississippi in 1884, when in age and feebleness extreme, standing in the old hall where in the days of his splendid prime he swayed enraptured audiences as with the wand of a mighty magician, he thus spoke to the people who had ever held the highest place in his affectionate heart:

Reared on the soil of Mississippi, the ambition of my boyhood was to do something which would redound to the honor and welfare of the State. The weight of many years admonishes me that my day of actual service has passed, yet the desire remains undiminished to see the people of Mississippi prosperous and happy, and her fame not unlike the past, but gradually growing wider and brighter as the years roll away. . . . Fate decreed that we should be unsuccessful in the effort to maintain and resume the grants made to the Federal government. Our people have accepted the decree. It therefore behooves them to promote the general welfare of the Union, to show to the world that hereafter, as heretofore, the patriotism of our

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## HIS MASTERLY AND MONUMENTAL WORK

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people is not measured by lines of latitude and longitude, but is as broad as the obligations they have assumed and embraces the whole of our ocean-broad domain.

And now, young men of our reunited country, sons of heroic sires, proud of the flag that floats over us and jealous of its increasing and unfading glory, glad that there is a star on it that answers to the name of Mississippi, I commend to your emulation the words of solemn counsel and patriotic encouragement with which Mr. Davis concluded his masterly and monumental work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government":

In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable; but this did not prove that it was wrong, and now, that it may not again be attempted, and the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto Perpetua*.

By the sacred political convictions which had inspired his every public and patriotic service he consistently lived to the end and went down to his grave without laying any sacrifice of repentance upon the altar of his conscience or his country. Without compromise or modification, and with never a suggestion of contrition or concession, he died in the accepted faith of his fathers. And for that fearless and unshaken fidelity to his honest conception of truth and duty the South will continue to revere him,

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## A MAN OF CONVICTIONS

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and with a wreath of unfading glory the genius of history will not fail to crown him. For the future he had no fear. In the last public paper that emanated from his pen, representing himself and his countrymen, he calmly reiterated his unfaltering faith in these words: "We do not fear the verdict of posterity on the purity of our motives or the sincerity of our belief, which our sacrifices and our career sufficiently attested."

Had he ever recanted or even receded, had he ever apostatized or even compromised, had he shown in any way that his oft-reiterated doctrines were not the undying convictions of his sincere soul, had he ever pleaded for pardon on the ground that he had misconceived the truth and misguided his people, the South would have spurned him, the North would have execrated him, and the verdict of history would have deservedly and eternally condemned him. But, in the calm consciousness of having done what sacred duty and the cause of constitutional liberty seemed to demand, to the end of his days he walked with a steady step that knew no variableness or shadow of turning. The banner under which he fought went down in tears, but was never furled by his hands.

And for us to be honestly and absolutely loyal to the whole country and our glorious flag we need not and will not forget or cease to venerate the exalted character and splendid virtues and unsullied patriotism of Jefferson Davis and his compeers.

Time cannot teach forgetfulness  
When Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

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## TESTIMONIES TO HIS GREATNESS

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Over the portico of the Pantheon in Paris are these words in large letters, "TO GREAT MEN, THE GRATEFUL FATHERLAND." Fellow Mississippians, I cannot repress the painful regret that it is not the proud privilege of Mississippi to be "the grateful fatherland" of the greatest Mississippian and to keep holy watch and ward over the sacred dust of her most illustrious son. He was great to those who knew him best, those who were nearest to him in intimate, confidential companionship, and he will grow greater with the growing years. Caleb Cushing, in introducing him to a vast audience in Faneuil Hall, said that he was "eloquent among the most eloquent in debate, wise amongst the wisest in council, and brave among the bravest in battle." Senator Reagan, of Texas, the Postmaster-General of the Confederate Government, said: "He was a man of great labor, of great learning, of great integrity, of great purity." The great-hearted and marvelously eloquent Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, said: "I declare to you that he was the most honest, the truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest, manliest man I ever knew."

Greatest of Mississippians, the leader of our armies, the defender of our liberties, the expounder of our political creeds, the authoritative voice of our hopes and fears, the sufferer for our sins (if sins they were), and the willing martyr to our sacred cause, we shall ever speak his name with reverence and cherish with patriotic pride the story of his matchless deeds. He died without citizenship here,

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## THE UNCROWNED CHIEF

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but he has become a fellow citizen with the heroes of the skies.

Marvelous, many-sided, masterful man, his virtues will grow brighter and his name be writ larger with each passing century. Soldier, hero, statesman, gentleman, American, a prince of Christian chivalry, the uncrowned chief of an invisible republic of loving and loyal hearts, when another hundred years have passed, no intelligent voice will fail to praise him and no patriotic hand will refuse to place a laurel wreath upon his radiant brow.

Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven,  
No pyramid set off his memories  
But the eternal substance of his greatness,  
To which I leave him.

## LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, ORATOR, STATES- MAN, AND PATRIOT.\*

As has already been announced, my purpose this evening is to bring you a message from one who, though dead, yet speaketh.

I have not had the temerity to venture upon this ambitious theme with the hope of paying any fitting tribute to the historic name of Lamar, but, by recalling some lessons of his great and powerful life, to render a substantial and not unwelcome service to the young men of my country. If one can succeed in kindling one high resolve in some noble soul or in stimulating to more heroic endeavor a brave but discouraged heart, this hour will not have been spent in vain. How better can we elevate the ideals and exalt the ambitions of youth than by recalling the worthy deeds and splendid virtues of those whose sublime achievements have become the priceless heritage of the ages? By studying their histories we may learn whose virtues to emulate, what examples to imitate, and what principles to reincarnate.

Among all the great names that adorn and enrich the history of Mississippi, there is no more majestic figure than Lucius Q. C. Lamar. Born and educated in the State of Georgia, he came to Mississippi in the morning of his brilliant young manhood and generously gave to his adopted commonwealth all the ardor

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\*Delivered before the Lamar Literary Society of Millsaps College, February 22, 1905, and subsequently on other notable occasions.



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## PEERLESS GENIUS AND VARIED SUCCESS

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of his love, the fruit of his tireless toil, and the powers of his almost peerless genius. So conspicuous were his public services, so ardent his devotion to the people who loved and honored him, and so world-wide the fame of his achievements as her representative that his name is linked in undying wedlock to the proud name of the State that welcomed and crowned him. He followed her fortunes in peace and war, in victory and defeat, and when the night was darkened he proclaimed with loudest voice his patriotic love for her stainless honor and his unshaken faith in her glorious destiny. As Professor of our State University, Representative in Congress, Minister to Russia during the dark days of the Civil War, member of the United States Senate, Cabinet officer, and a Justice of the Supreme Court of the nation, he was everywhere conspicuous and always distinguished.

At his feet let us reverently sit this evening and learn wisdom from lips that never spoke falsely and draw inspiration from a noble character that was never vacillating or untrue. Though this eloquent voice has been hushed, its glorious echoes will never die upon the ear of patriotic America. And, while trying to impress upon you some lessons of his great life—lessons of loyalty to truth, to God, to his country, and to manly honor—I am also acknowledging, though I can never fully pay, a debt of personal gratitude I owe to him.

I knew him first in my boyhood at the university, when he occupied a professor's chair, and there I learned to love and admire him. He was the Ga-

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## HIS LIFE AND TIMES

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malier at whose feet I sat and from whose lips I received instruction. The thrill of that flashing eye, the tones of that magic voice, the strange magnetism of that magnificent presence, enthralling as he did my imagination and embodying the loftiest ideal of my youthful mind, have lingered with me for more than half a jubilee of years. He stirred many a noble impulse and set on fire many a laudable aspiration. To the end of life I shall speak his name with reverence and cherish with sacred affection the possession of his generous and all-too-partial friendship.

His life embraced the most tempestuous period of our national history, and for forty years he was a conspicuous actor therein. At the time of his birth the nation was in the throes of a titanic sectional struggle over the admission of Missouri into the Union, an ominous issue that is said to have startled Jefferson like the alarm peal of a fire bell at midnight. During the days of his impressionable youth he heard and read the debates over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then came the exciting questions of Nullification, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and all the issues that threatened and foreshadowed the disruption of the Union. After these we had the Civil War with its baptism of fire and blood, then the pitiless years of reconstruction, followed by the slow decades of reconciliation and national rehabilitation, up to the mournful morning when as a great jurist of a reunited country Mr. Justice Lamar was gathered to his fathers.

Before recounting some of the salient and pivotal

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## KEY TO HIS CHARACTER

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facts in his illustrious life I will give you the one universal key to his character and career: his honest search for truth and his unwavering loyalty to it when found. This alone accounted for the splendor of his intrepid moral courage on so many crucial occasions when he enacted the sublimest passages of his brilliant history. I know of no more beautiful and suggestive sentence than this, written by his own pen: "In the struggles of my intellect after the truth I have trod the wine press alone." In it you can positively feel the isolation of a great soul searching for the paths that are paved with gold and that lead to light. One of his favorite quotations and the very embodiment of his political creed, as well as the true expression of his own inner life, was this: "No State stands sure but on the ground of right, of virtue, knowledge, judgment to preserve, and all the powers of learning requisite."

It is not my purpose to follow in detail the steps of a conspicuous history, but only to refer to those typical incidents and events that revealed the fine texture of his character and make him a lesson and inspiration to every generation of American patriots. Born in the State of Georgia with the richest Huguenot blood in his veins, endowed with genius, educated at Emory College, and in an atmosphere that affected most profoundly his entire life, he entered upon his public career with every star of hope shining in the open heavens. He came to Mississippi and served for two years as a professor in our State University. Then he returned to his native State in the practice

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## ELECTED TO CONGRESS

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of his profession, from which he was summoned to a seat in the Legislature of Georgia, where he quickly won fame as a brilliant and unusually able debater. He was earnestly solicited to become a candidate for Congress, but declined, and in 1855 removed again to Mississippi, where his noble life was spent and where his honored remains are our sacred treasure.

Though on his return to Mississippi Mr. Lamar purposed to lead the quiet, luxurious literary life of a cultured Southern planter, a man of his remarkable abilities and rare accomplishments could not be allowed to withhold more responsible service from his country. The people will have such to be their leaders and lawmakers if they can find them. So, in less than two years after his return to Mississippi, Mr. Lamar was called from his congenial retirement to a seat in the National Congress. There his superb gifts shone with unwonted splendor. Though comparatively young, he at once took rank among the mightiest masters of debate. Three years afterwards, when he left the old Congress, at the age of thirty-six, his fame had been established throughout the Union as the most philosophical thinker and the most eloquent orator from the South in the lower house of that body.

A reverent disciple of John C. Calhoun and a conscientious believer in his interpretation of the Constitution, Mr. Lamar was none the less an ardent lover of the whole nation and its organic law. Like all other great Southern leaders, he contemplated with profoundest sorrow the possibility and evident

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## LAMAR AND SECESSION

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growing necessity of a disunited country. In an able and statesmanlike speech in the House of Representatives in 1860 he uttered these ominous and despairing words: "For one, I am no disunionist. I am devoted to the Constitution of this Union, and as long as this republic is a great, tolerant republic, throwing its loving arms around both sections of the country, I, for one, will bestow every talent which God has given me for its promotion and its glory."

But, with the election of Mr. Lincoln and the fatal division in the ranks of the Democratic party, he felt that the peaceful adjustment of the fierce and bitter sectional controversy was no longer a possibility. He therefore resigned his seat in Congress and advised the withdrawal of all the Southern States from the Federal Union. In the Mississippi Convention, which met in Jackson January 7, 1861, he was Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen that brought in the Ordinance of Secession, a historic document that was drafted by his own hand. Of the action of that fatal day, which proved to be a national tragedy, an action taken with the deepest regret and yet honestly believed to be right and necessary, Colonel Lamar afterwards said: "It was not a conspiracy of individuals. On the contrary, it was the culmination of a great dynastic struggle which was not in the power of any individual man or set of men to prevent or postpone."

I shall not attempt this evening to tell the story of his brave and laborious life during the four years of the Civil War. Of his brilliant service in the field

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## LAMAR AND THE CIVIL WAR

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as lieutenant colonel of the gallant Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, of his heroism in battle, of his commission as Minister to Russia and the year he spent in Europe, and of his unfaltering devotion to the Confederate cause until the tattered legions of Lee were compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers, it will be impossible for me to speak. The lessons I wish to bring you are those of peace rather than of war.

When the sun of Appomattox had gone down in blood and tears, when the "war of ideas" had ceased, when the interpretation of the Constitution had been decided adversely to the South, when the banner he loved and for which he would willingly have died had been furled forever, Colonel Lamar honorably and honestly accepted the result. Henceforth his mission in life was not to mourn idly and morosely the bitterness of defeat, not to spend his remaining years in useless repining over a cause that was lost and conditions that were inevitable, but with a strong hand and a brave heart to help his people rebuild their fallen fortunes.

For two or three years after the war he served with conspicuous ability as a professor in our State University, first in the chair of Ethics and Metaphysics and afterwards as dean of the Law Department. Retiring from the latter position, he resumed the successful practice of the profession of the law. But all the while his great soul was burdened almost to breaking because of the hopeless, pitiless condition of his people. No human pen, however gifted or

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## "THE ERA OF RECONSTRUCTION"

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graphic, can ever give adequate description of the agonies and horrors of reconstruction in Mississippi and the South. Corruption and anarchy ran riot in all this fair land. Worse than the devastations of war were the peculations and prostration of peace. Every office was in the hand of an alien or a Negro. Every year the taxes grew heavier and the people became poorer, and daily life was harder and all hearts were sadder. Alas! what a story of fraudulent government, based upon the interference by the national authority, of maladministration, dishonesty, waste of the public funds, and loss of public credit! "This," said Colonel Lamar, "is the despotism under which everything that is precious and beautiful and lovely in the State is withering and dying."

In 1869 the State tax levy in Mississippi was ten cents on the hundred dollars of assessed value of lands. For the year 1871 it was four times as great; in 1872, eight and one-half times as great; in 1873, twelve and one-half times as great; in 1874, fourteen times as great as in 1869.

Senator Hale, of Maine, in a report to Congress on Southern conditions, made this emphatic statement: "For the last four years the infamy and disgrace of certain Southern governments have been heard of in Congress. There have been corrupt electors and corrupt elections, corrupt legislators and corrupt legislation. There have been bad men in those States who have bought power by wholesale bribery and have enriched themselves at the expense of the people by speculation and fraud."

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## “HEART MATED TO DESPAIR”

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Upon such pitiful scenes Colonel Lamar had to look without ability to bring relief. No wonder he spoke of his “heart almost mated to despair.” Pondering over the wreck and ruin of his country, wondering if the darkened heavens would ever be relieved by the light of a single star, and yet praying that some invisible hand would rift the clouds and reveal again one ray of national hope, he reminds me of Paul Hamilton Hayne’s weary pilgrim as he pathetically sings:

With broken staff and tattered shoon,  
I wander slow from dawn to noon—  
From arid noon till dew-impearled,  
Pale twilight steals across the world.  
Yet sometimes through dim evening calms  
I catch the gleam of distant palms,  
And hear far off a majestic sea,  
Divine as waves of Galilee.  
Perchance through paths unknown, forlorn,  
I still may reach an Orient morn,  
To rest where Easter breezes stir  
Around the sacred sepulcher.

Some time afterwards, when a brighter day had dawned and the reins of government had been restored to the people, speaking of what he aptly called “the Promethean agony and horror of carpetbag rule,” he gave this graphic and eloquent description:

Year after year the State of Mississippi presented the spectacle of a queen dethroned. The royal mantle had been torn from her beautiful limbs; the imperial scepter had been wrested from her grasp, the diadem snatched from her noble brow. Her lips were sealed; her helpless



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## AGAIN SENT TO CONGRESS

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hands were crossed and manacled. Yet in her eye there was a proud and serene light, upon her lips a tender smile, of which her ruthless rulers could not rob her. The memory of all the past was hers. In her bosom she bore the consciousness of having given princes to the indestructible realms of thought. Her sons had won unfading laurels in the broad arenas of political strife, in the intricate labyrinths of legal lore, in the sweet fields of literature, in the lofty heights of Christian culture and ministerial toil. Though her bosom was naked, though it heaved with mighty sorrows and bore the burden of tears, yet through the sorrow and the tears shone the memory of her children. The royal robe, the regal scepter, the jeweled crown were gone; but she looked proudly upon the shining roster of her sons and, with the Roman matron, exclaimed: "These are my jewels."

Wearied to desperation over the blight and ruin of alien misrule, the people of the First District appealed to Colonel Lamar, although his political disability had not been removed, to become their candidate for Congress. With exceeding reluctance and many misgivings he accepted the nomination; and after a brilliant canvass, which recalled the golden days of the fathers, he was triumphantly elected.

Coming, as he did, the first Democrat of the Old South, into the halls of Congress after the recent war, he met a reception so cold as almost to chill the ardor of his great soul. He felt that he sat there by sufferance and in utter lack of confidence. Suspicion lurked in every Northern eye as it looked upon this late secession leader and Southern fire-eater. His very presence seemed an intrusion and his very utterance an impertinence. Of that scant

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## RECONCILING PURPOSES

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courtesy and intense political hostility he did not complain, but felt that in such an atmosphere it was utterly impossible for him to render any substantial service to his country. How to remove that suspicion and rescue the nation from the perils of an increasing sectional hate was the burden of his anxious thought by day and of his troubled dreams at night. In the pathos of his grief over conditions that threatened to postpone forever the real restoration of the Union he seemed to wail out the weird notes of the prophet Jeremiah's sad lament: "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? . . . O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

He saw that it was not reconstruction merely that the nation needed after Appomattox; it was reconciliation. Indeed, the partisan and unwise efforts at reconstruction had deepened the bloody chasm separating the sections. Differences of political opinions had changed to bitter personal hatreds. The animosities of peace were more intense than the passions of war. On the one side were distrust and disdain; on the other, resentment and contempt. To bridge that widening chasm, to harmonize and tranquillize an estranged people, and to cement the nation in the bonds of a genuine and lasting brotherhood was his high and patriotic purpose. He wanted to assure the North that his people had "no aspirations not bounded by the horizon of the Union" and that

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## ORATION ON SUMNER

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the South wished to be no longer "the agitated and agitating pendulum of American politics."

Fortunately, providentially, the golden and rare hour came, the psychological moment arrived, and Mississippi's great statesman rose to the majestic height of a glorious opportunity. The Hon. Charles Sumner, Massachusetts' great senator, had died, and a memorial service in his honor was to be held by the House of Representatives. The delegation from that State invited Mr. Lamar to second the proposed resolutions and deliver a memorial address. He readily accepted, as he saw therein the great occasion for which his patriotic heart had sighed and his fervent lips had prayed.

No American orator ever stood before a more brilliant audience. The intellect and culture of the nation were there represented. Galleries were crowded, and the diplomats of all nations had come to pay the tribute of their presence to the memory of a great statesman. Senators had forsaken their chamber to hear the eulogies to be pronounced upon their late distinguished colleague. When Colonel Lamar arose an unconcealed nervousness was felt by the vast audience lest some inapt word should mar the solemnities of the hour or some unfriendly sentiment disturb the repose of the dead. What could this fiery tribune of the South say of Charles Sumner, the foremost abolition leader of the North and the most stalwart promoter of the war that furled the conquered banner? But he had not uttered many sentences before the whole audience began to yield to

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## EPOCH-MAKING ADDRESS

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the spell and thrill of a mighty magician. They soon discovered that it was not the conventional and perfunctory funeral address made necessary by long custom to which they were listening, but the message of a great soul uttered with a tongue of flame. Over the lifeless form of the eloquent senator who had proposed to obliterate bitter war memories by striking from all army registers and regimental colors the names of battles fought between brothers Colonel Lamar was preaching a gospel of national and perpetual peace.

In the course of that epoch-making address he uttered these noble words: "Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas, a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers." And as he closed his impassioned plea with the sentence that has passed into a proverb, "My countrymen, know each other better, and you will love each other more," the pent-up emotions of the vast assembly could be restrained no longer and gave way to tumultuous demonstrations of approval. Old men wept, and young men fell on each other's necks. James G. Blaine, who was in the Speaker's chair, turned aside his face, already wet with tears of joy. A distinguished gentleman from New York, addressing Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania,

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## NATIONAL EFFECT OF THE ADDRESS

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shouted aloud: "My God, what a speech! And how it will ring through the country!" And through the land that message did fly, carrying healing in its wings. Lamar sat down the most famous orator in America and the most popular man in the nation.

He thus became the first of our Southern representatives to rift the darkness of our national skies and bring light into our despairing section. He caught the ear of the nation and won back her lost confidence in our patriotic loyalty. He rolled away the stone from the grave of buried love and proclaimed the resurrection of our national brotherhood. He reannounced the plighted faith of our separated sections, pronouncing a blessing upon the happy Union, and prayed that what God had joined together should never again be put asunder. The voice that spoke over the dead Sumner, like another prophet of the wilderness, proclaimed the day-dawn of our national peace, the cloudless sunburst of our Federal immortality. When with sublime passion he declared, "My countrymen, know each other better, and you will love each other more," he rang out an appeal for peace whose silvery echoes are yet making music on both sides of the quiet Potomac.

In a letter to his faithful wife, written the next day after the greatest triumph of his life, he said: "I loved my people more than I did their approval. I saw a chance to convert their enemies into friends and to change bitter animosities into sympathy and regard. If the people of the South could only have seen my heart when I made my Sumner speech, they

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## CHAIRMAN OF DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS

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would have seen that love for them and anxiety for their fate throbbed in every sentence that my lips uttered."

The election of 1874 having resulted in returning an overwhelming Democratic majority to the lower house of Congress, Lamar, of Mississippi, was unanimously agreed upon as Chairman of the party caucus. On taking the chair he delivered an address that has become a national classic and which securely enthroned him as one of the greatest political leaders of America. His purpose was not only to outline the policy of his party, now succeeding to power after a lapse of many years, but to allay any fear that the honor and credit of the nation would suffer in the hands of his political associates. So in the course of that magnificent address he said: "It will be our duty to take care that nothing is done which would impair the good faith of the country or tarnish the public honor or disturb the credit of the government; . . . to see that the national debt is paid in full and that the currency of this Democratic republic is made equal with that of any nation on earth."

Another splendid message from that grandly eloquent appeal to his party associates is worthy to be written on the heart of every young American patriot: "It has been said that the day of sentimental politics has passed away. But, gentlemen, there is one part of the Union, that part which I know best, which asks for the great moral nutriment to a spirited and noble people. We want a government that

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## UNIVERSALLY APPLAUDED

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we can love and revere and serve from the motive of reverence and love. We hunger for a patriotism which shall knit all the people together in a generous and loving brotherhood and which shall be as broad as the territory over which the national flag floats. Let me say here that no government, no nation can prosper without this vital fire. It is the sentiment which, acting upon free institutions and reacting through them upon the people, constitutes their public spirit and public genius."

That great address was universally and enthusiastically applauded. Journals of all parties united in pronouncing Lamar one of the ablest and most useful men in the nation. One great metropolitan paper declared that the country was ready to trust Mr. Lamar not only with the credit of the nation, but with the honor of the Union. Another said: "A more genuine, conservative, comprehensive, sound, political, economic, and, above all, Union speech could not have been made by Thomas Jefferson himself." The whole land rang with the praises of this brave and brilliant national leader. Throughout the North especially his name was connected with the vice presidency, and the honest opinion was general that for the chief magistracy the republic had no abler nor worthier son.

In his own State he became the popular idol, and by common and enthusiastic consent he was accorded the leadership of his people. So conservative and unimpassioned a man as Ex-Gov. Albert G. Brown, in a published article advocating his election to the

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## ELECTORAL CONTROVERSY OF 1876-77

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United States Senate, paraphrased a couplet which became the thrilling sentiment and song of our young men:

Press where you see his white plume shine amid the ranks  
of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Lamar.

Colonel Lamar never appeared to greater advantage as a statesman and patriot than in the electoral controversy of 1876-77. That was a national crisis not one whit less momentous and portentous than the mighty issues of 1861. The presidency of the nation hung in the balance, and the life of the Constitution was on trial. Party spirit was high, and political passion was at white heat. The Senate was Republican, while the House of Representatives was Democratic by a large majority. The issue was sharply defined, and the stubborn lines were in fierce battle array. Each house claimed its rights under the Constitution to pass upon the election returns, and neither would submit to the dictation of the other. What could be done to save the government from disruption and the nation from the throes of another revolution? was the solemn question that perplexed the wisest men and moved every Christian patriot to fervent prayer. It was in the strain of that awful crisis that Lamar, of Mississippi, was again enthroned as a conspicuous figure and trusted pacificator. To this Southern leader and former brilliant advocate of secession was given the honor of rising above sectional animosities



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## THE SILVER BILL

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and narrow partisanship into the higher and broader atmosphere of a pure national patriotism. He was willing to suffer party defeat in order to save the republic; and, though humiliated because of the selfish party spirit that dominated the Electoral Commission, and though he declined by his vote to ratify its decision in refusing rigidly to examine the acts of fraudulent returning boards, he reaffirmed the wisdom of such a compromise measure as the only way to rescue the nation from utter ruin. Thus his patriotism rose above party, and his love of country was stronger than desire for place and power.

The passage in Senator Lamar's life which probably more than any other displayed his superb manliness and sublime moral courage was his position and vote on what was known as the Silver Bill. To the subject of national finance he had given long and exhaustive study. Against this particular measure pending in the Senate he had made a masterly argument, regarded by some as possibly the ablest speech of his entire parliamentary career. But the hard times then prevailing had reawakened the periodical demand for cheap money and an increased volume of the currency. The Legislature of Mississippi passed resolutions instructing our senators to vote for the pending bill. This gave Senator Lamar the keenest pain. To suffer legislative displeasure was to him a new and bitter experience. He loved his people and was proud of their confidence and esteem. Profoundly grateful for the honors they had bestowed upon him, and deeply appreciative of the leadership with

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## DEVOTION TO TRUTH

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which they had intrusted him, he would willingly, if need be, surrender life itself for the State of his adoption. But to him there was something dearer than life: his honor and truth. To resign would be unmanly, to shirk responsibilities would be cowardly, and to support the bill would be to act dishonestly. So the way was perfectly clear before him, though it might cost him his seat in the Senate and draw upon him the condemnation of his people.

The final and solemn hour came for a vote on the passage of the bill. The Senate galleries were crowded with a brilliant and anxious throng. Senator Lamar arose and presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi. Pale with suppressed excitement and yet with an expression of determination that would not shrink from the flames of martyrdom, he addressed the Senate and, among other things, uttered these words:

Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth—to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful to my people. I cannot vote as these resolutions direct.

The scene was profoundly impressive. It is said

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## HIS HEROIC ACT

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that the great Senator's voice was tremulous with emotion. There was tumultuous applause on the floor and in the crowded galleries. Senators crowded around to extend congratulations, and those were most exuberant in praise of his heroic act who differed with him most widely on the merits of the measure. The nation literally resounded with the heroism of Mississippi's great Senator. One distinguished American said that it was the "gold of a heroic act which is currency throughout the world." Some called it the crowning glory of his illustrious life; others said that his claim to greatness was now fixed and permanent.

Believing, as he did, in the omnipotence of truth and the certainty of public justice, he had the strength and courage to abide the sure and triumphant vindication of the future. So, while anticipating a storm of opposition, in a confidential letter to one who had a right to know the most sacred secrets of his soul he wrote these words: "I know that the time is not far distant when they will recognize my action to-day as wise and just, and, armed in the honest conviction of my duty, I shall calmly await results."

And that day of vindication speedily came, and came with all the glorious and glad acclaim of a returning conqueror. The political annals of Mississippi contain no chapter more dramatic and heroic than Senator Lamar's magnificent canvass of the State after his adverse vote on the Silver Bill. Vast crowds attended the meetings whenever he appeared and seemed entranced by the charm and power of his

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## APPOINTED SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

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imperial eloquence. Some of the scenes were thrilling repetitions of those that attended Sargent S. Prentiss, that inspired wizard of persuasive speech, during his second canvass for a seat in Congress. He denied the doctrine of his instructions as undemocratic and violative of the very genius of the American Constitution. And then he discussed the abstruse questions of national finance in terms so simple and yet so grandly eloquent that the whole State rose up and crowned him, as if by the divine right of almost peerless genius, her greatest statesman and mightiest political leader. After listening to his convincing argument, men became so magnetized that those who had been loudest in condemnation were most enthusiastic for his coronation. He had delivered only a few great addresses before his further passage through the State became a triumphal progress, and that, in turn, was converted into a political procession.

At the invitation of President Cleveland, Senator Lamar became a member of his first Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Many doubted the wisdom of that selection, believing that the great statesman's throne of power was a seat in the United States Senate. Others insisted that, though a philosophic statesman and a profound scholar, he was too little acquainted with practical affairs for the leadership of an executive department of the government. But Lamar, the "dreamer" and "idealist," as he was called, astonished the nation by his absolute mastery of the departmental affairs, and by universal assent

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## APPOINTED TO SUPREME BENCH

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he was one of the greatest secretaries that ever sat at the council table of an American President. The Department of the Interior had under its control all the railroads of the country, the pension office, with its disbursements of many millions, the patent system of the government, the millions of acres of public lands, the Indian Bureau, the Geological Survey, and the Department of Education. And yet no more able and practical executive ever guided its multifarious affairs than did this masterful man of whom it was said: "He lives in the ideal as much as a lotus eater, but his reports are great State papers. Thus, by the splendor of his genius, the power of his unflagging energy, and the sovereignty of his character, Colonel Lamar rose to the height of every opportunity and discharged with distinction to himself and to the country every public responsibility. This man of magnificent surprises "commanded an undisputed place among the greatest statesmen of America."

But other and higher honors awaited him. A vacancy having occurred on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, his name, among those of other distinguished lawyers and justices, was at once mentioned as worthy a place in that august tribunal. President Cleveland, an unimpassioned and judicial discernor of character, who on more than one occasion did not hesitate to say that Senator Lamar was one of the greatest men and profoundest thinkers in the nation, requested him to accept the position and accordingly sent his name to the Senate.

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## GREATNESS AS A JUDGE

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But violent political opposition was developed at the North to his confirmation. It was charged that he would represent on the bench the nullification of the Constitution of the United States and must construe the Constitution to mean that there is no remedy outside the States that break the Constitution for the wrong done within their borders that is revolutionary and subversive of liberty. This hostility became personal. While his integrity was unassailed and unassailable, it was charged that he lacked the legal learning and training for an exalted position of such vast responsibility. The brilliancy and magnitude of his political achievements were admitted. That he was, as an author and statesman, the peer of any man in America was unquestioned. But it was contended that he was incompetent as a jurist and was too old to learn. The fact that he was profoundly versed in the science and philosophy of the law, that all his life he had been grappling with great legal and constitutional principles, and that while Dean of the Law Department in our State University he had trained and inspired some of the most distinguished lawyers of the Southwest, was unknown or unappreciated. Notwithstanding all that was then said, he disappointed every evil prophecy, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of friends, and commanded the profoundest respect of his colleagues on the bench.

Having thus imperfectly sketched the public career of this great Mississippian, I will briefly summarize the qualities and characteristics that made

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## ORATOR AND PACIFICATOR

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the brilliant history of his illustrious career a possibility.

He was a great orator, in many respects by far the greatest I ever heard. His name was the synonym for pure and lofty eloquence. Not since the golden days of Sargent S. Prentiss has there been a man among us who could, like him, sway and compose vast audiences at will and, by the authority of his imperial eloquence, compel the people to adopt his principles and enthusiastically follow his policies. At times he had the classic diction of Edward Everett, and again he could rival the marvelous periods of Edmund Burke. He could on occasions pursue an argument with the analytical precision and remorseless logic of John C. Calhoun and then, if need be, kindle enthusiasm as with the magic wand of Henry Clay. With equal skill he could wield the light sword of Aladdin and the ponderous battle-ax of Richard. For majestic utterances and eloquence he has had no peer in all our borders.

He was a pacificator and not an agitator, a wise leader and not a walking delegate in American politics. It requires only a little cunning and self-assertion to be an emissary of discontent and a hero of "the sand lot." Colonel Lamar had too much respect for the people whom he loved and served, too sacred a concern for their welfare, and too lofty a conception of trusted leadership for him to play upon the passions and excite their hatreds and inflame their prejudices. His was the higher and holier mission of silencing strife, of harmonizing estrangement, of

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## HIS FAITH IN THE PEOPLE

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strengthening the bonds of a genuine fraternity, and of elevating personal and political ideals. And he never lost faith in the intelligent virtue of the people. How eloquently his deep convictions on that subject were expressed in his alumni address at Emory College in 1890, when he said: "The people in their innermost consciousness are ever open to the power of truth and goodness and the beautiful sovereignty of right. Beneath all the ruggedness of their manners and the prosaic forms of their speech lie always the broad foundations of native insight, of manly instinct, of potential nobilities which enable them on occasions to rise to a comprehension of and sympathy with the finest mental and moral achievements of statesmen and philosophers!" That was his sublime faith in Democracy. He never lost confidence in a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

He was neither a blatant nor a truckling demagogue. To compromise principle for possible political gain, or support an unwise measure in order to be on the popular side, was unthinkable in a man of his lofty character, in whom patriotism was a passion and politics a phase of religion. He was absolutely dominated by high and holy convictions, and he never yielded to the plausible behests of a shifting expediency.

Most graphically has that distinguished trait of his grand character been portrayed in the eloquent words of his most intimate and lifelong friend, Gen. Edward C. Walthall: "He was beyond the reach of



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## ABOVE PETTY PERSONAL POLITICS

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either flattery or fear. He scorned to scheme for honors or for office, for power or for place. He looked down upon all timesavers and intriguers, and he never shrank from any duty, however difficult or dangerous."

In a characteristic letter to one who held the highest throne in his great and kingly soul are these words, which deserve to be emulated by every one who aspires to be a representative of the people: "If I thought I could do good by remaining in public life I would care very little for either praise or blame, for my eye has long been fixed on objects far higher than any personal promotion can reach and which, if attained, would be an overabundant consolation for any personal failures or defeats."

He never descended to personal controversy, to biting sarcasm, to coarse anecdote, to sneer and jeer. His mind moved in a higher sphere. Personal politics were repugnant to his generous and sensitive nature. Only once in the Senate of the United States did he feel called upon to repel a personal assault, and then, while displaying his fearless courage, he never lowered the dignity of a senator and a Southerner. That was his famous tilt with the gifted but imperious and sometimes scornful Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York. In a question involving certain parliamentary procedure Senator Conkling, in a most exasperating and insulting manner, of which he was a past master, reflected upon Senator Lamar's honor. That roused to fury all the lion in his strong nature, and with a passion that was absolutely sub-

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## LAMAR AND CONKLING

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lime he indignantly hurled the charge of falsehood in his face and, addressing his colleagues, said: "I beg pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; it was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would bear."

Of course there was great excitement over the incident, and universal regret was expressed. One leading paper said: "The point of the whole affair, however, is that the terrible thrust came from the coolest, politest, and most self-controlled member of the Senate. Lamar, of Mississippi, has been noted for his courteous bearing both in public and private life."

He was an unquestioning believer in the great verities of the Christian religion. His spiritual sensibilities were strangely acute and easily impressed. He had the natural temperament of a seer, and in his thinking he dwelt much in the realm of the unseen. His eye was ever open for a vision of the invisible, and every perspective reached into eternity. Born of devout parents, reared in a Christian home, early and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian religion, he carried through life the simple faith and unquestioning guilelessness of innocent childhood. All his after critical studies into the philosophy and theology of Christianity seemed but to strengthen faith and establish him in what he himself declared to be "a firm and unwavering belief."

And in these spiritual characteristics may be discerned in a large measure the secret of his power.

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## REVERENCE AND LOVE OF TRUTH

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They gave ardor to his attachments and made his friendships a sacred passion. They invested position with solemnity, his convictions with sanctity, and put an impressive fervor in his eloquent utterances that thrilled like the unction of an inspiration. A vivid illustration of that we have in those words uttered in the halls of Congress on a great measure: "I have all my life cultivated a deep and abiding sense of the importance, sanctity, and authority of truth. If I could reach my ideal, it would be an absolute surrender to it as the law of my life, to be severed from it by neither temptation, interest, passion, nor ambition."

Reverence was the solid basis of his character. His mind was cast in a large and serious mold. So thoroughly was he rooted and grounded in the principles of Christianity, and so profound was his reverence for the verities of the gospel, that he never spoke lightly of sacred things and never suffered an attack upon them to go unrebuked.

His was a philosophic cast of mind. He dwelt in the higher realms of thought. This gave him the loneliness and sometimes the moodiness of genius. He studied and mastered great principles. Beneath the surface of facts he saw their philosophy and discovered their unerring tendency. This made him a statesman of far-seeing prescience and a wise political leader.

He discussed only great themes—questions that were vital to the nation, questions that inhered in the very structure of our government. Though always

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## RESEMBLANCE TO GLADSTONE

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genial and sometimes humorous, he was never flippant nor frivolous. The trivialities and personalities and vulgarities of the small politician were as far below him as the little mounds of a prairie dog village are beneath the sublime summits of Mount Shasta. He spoke with the seriousness of a Hebrew prophet and with all the fervor of a divinely ordained apostle. To accept the call of his countrymen to serve them in a high place he counted a responsibility as solemn as a sacrament and a mission only less holy than the calling of a gospel minister. At the close of his first term in Congress after the war, in a letter to his wife, written in sweet and sacred confidence, never expecting another human eye to see it, he said these words, which are worthy to be writ large and in shining gold: "I have given no vote that was not as pure as truth and as unselfish as love of country could make it."

In that respect he strikingly resembled the late William E. Gladstone, the unrivaled English statesman of the nineteenth century. So absolutely was he dominated by high Christian principle that it was said of him: "He moralizes finance and commerce and institutionalizes ethics and faith."

Standing before a great audience in New Hampshire during the campaign of 1874—an audience curious, critical, and somewhat hostile—pleading for reconciliation as the only condition of a genuine reunion of the republic, with all the sincerity and solemnity and anxiety of the prophet Isaiah, he uttered these words: "My only motives are my final

judges—God, conscience, truth, country, posterity. And if among my motives there lurked one less pure than truth, I should feel that I was trifling with a sacred trust.”

As he said of John C. Calhoun, his great political prototype, so we may say of Lucius Q. C. Lamar: “His published speeches, although made upon the political measures and the national policies of the particular time, are philosophical expositions of the genius and structure and principles of the American Constitution, replete with the deepest wisdom and the most unerring sagacity.” As I have read and reread some of those patriotic and philosophical discussions of eminent and imminent national issues, the conviction has deepened that the greatness of Colonel Lamar will increase with the lapse of years.

When I think of the breadth of his statesmanship, of the brilliancy of his leadership, of the purity of his patriotism, of his unselfish devotion to our country, and of the wealth of his contributions to the glory and triumph of a reunited republic, I recall his own quotation from Webster’s matchless tribute to justice: “Whoever ministers at its altars with honest purpose, or labors upon its edifice, or clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, commits himself in name and fame and character with that which is and must be as durable as the frame of society.”

High up in the canonized roll of immortals must always shine the name of Lucius Q. C. Lamar, states-

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## JURIST, CITIZEN, AND GENTLEMAN

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man, orator, jurist, citizen, gentleman. He was the pride of America and the joy of Mississippi. My hope is that some day in Statuary Hall at the National Capitol his heroic figure will have a conspicuous place, where through all the changing years he will represent the changeless love and loyalty of his adopted State.

Young men of my country, I commend to your emulation all the qualities that gave him greatness and all the virtues that make his name immortal. And may it be said of each of you, as it was aptly said of him on the day of his solemn burial, amid the lamentations of the whole nation: "In his character there was no fault which it is necessary to minimize, in his utterances no speech for which to apologize, in his life no act that requires explanation or defense."

It was the dying boast of Pericles that he had never made an Athenian weep, and surely no Mississippian has ever had occasion to blush for any ignoble word or deed of Lucius Q. C. Lamar. Chivalric and yet conservative, imaginative and yet practical, scholarly and yet a man of affairs, loving a nation into peace and yet devoted to his native South—Lamar was all this and more. "He was the incarnation of all that was highest and best in our American life, the inspired pacificator of tempestuous times, an immortal figure that will grow more majestic as decades shall ripen into centuries and the stories of time melt into the music of eternity."

## ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE.\*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It gives us joy to meet and greet you on the occasion of this our first intellectual Olympia. This auspicious day has long been seen in prophecy, and back to it I hope we may often come in pleasant memory. Projected in order to meet an educational emergency, planned with a clear eye to the immediate and prospective demands of its constituency, founded upon a firm and intelligent faith in God, guided, as I verily believe, thus far by the gracious eye of a favoring Providence, and having already vindicated the wisdom of its inauguration, every friend of this institution and the higher Christian education may well rejoice with an exceeding joy. The free discussion had as to the propriety of its planting, the noble benefaction of our friend and neighbor whose name it bears, which made the college a possibility, and the canvass of the State for funds to carry out well-devised plans, have given a healthy stimulus to the educational conscience of the whole people, and every institution has been its beneficiary. Had these walls never been constructed and this student body never been welcomed to these classic halls, the time and labor expended in an earnest effort to respond to the call of the hour would have borne great and gracious

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\*Delivered on Commencement Day, June 13, 1903, in the college chapel, at Jackson, Miss.

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## MEASURE OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE

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results. But achievements have exceeded expectations, hopes have come to fond fruition, and this day we all sing: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

It is said that "any work done by a machine must first be done on it." In an important sense that principle applies to human character. Work done on the human heart by the processes of education and Providence determine the character, if not the measure, of the work that will be done by it. Hence the measureless importance of the right training and culture of mind and heart so potential for good or evil. The principle also applies with emphasis and suggestiveness to an institution of learning. It is work done on it and for it that will determine the work to be done by it. Measured by this standard, both Church and State have reason to expect large things from the college within whose walls we are gathered on this glad day. Upon few institutions ever established in any land or time have there been expended more careful thought, more spiritual solicitude, more self-denying toil than upon the one we this day dedicate to God and humanity. May its every fair prophecy find ample and blessed fulfillment!

As with individuals, so with colleges, their works measure rewards and determine destiny. It is efficient service that makes men great. It is not talent, not culture, not inherited position or possessions, but service—service that honors a nation, that benefits humanity, that uplifts the planet, that glorifies God.



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## PLACE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

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Man must do something great or say something great in order to be great. It was not his dukedom that made Wellington historic, but the golden glory of the evening sun that encircled his brow after the splendid day at Waterloo. When you pronounce the name of Germany's Grand Marshal, Von Moltke, who died a year or two ago, we think not of his titles and estates, but of Metz and Sedan and of his triumphal entry into Paris after a brilliant campaign of only six weeks, a proud nation humiliated and her ill-fated emperor a prisoner of war. So our college, the inheritor of so much generous sympathy, the beneficiary of so many liberal gifts, the joy of so much patient waiting, the object of so much solicitude, the fond desire of so many years, and the child of such radiant promise, must demonstrate its right to live and take its place in history by the character of work it shall do and by the noble souls it shall train for "God and home and native land."

I claim for the work of Christian education a foremost place. Its mission is divine; its field is the world. The problems of a new civilization in our country—opening the forests, bridging the rivers, planting colonies, organizing governments, and evangelizing the coming millions—have been too exacting for the full development of the conservative forces of Christianity. We have not had the time and freedom from other imperious cares and claims; but the day has come when further neglect means the loss of all we have achieved, when postponement will first order a retreat which will end in defeat.

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## THE TEACHER IS THE SCHOOL

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An English writer has said: "Next to creating a soul, the molding of it was the divinest thing." They could not say to the soul, "Thou shalt be"; but they could say to it, "Thou shalt be instructed." And nothing we can do will more surely command the favor of our Father in heaven. This work is as ennobling as human happiness, as vast as creation, and as enduring as eternity. A faithful and capable instructor deserves at once the laurels of a hero, the honors of a true patriot, and the benedictions of a noble benefactor. Melancthon, the scholar and philosopher of the Reformation, has said: "Rightly to train a single youth is a greater exploit than the taking of Troy." No feeble expression of human praise can pay fitting tribute to a faithful teacher's exalted worth. It is written with eternity's pen of diamond point on the triumphs of genius, the dissemination of thought, and emblazoned on the records of all the civilizations of all the ages.

The teacher is the school. As is the teacher, so are the taught. We are most concerned, therefore, first of all, not so much for appliances and equipments and endowments, etc., as for capable instructors of solid Christian characters who have a mission to the souls as well as to the brains of our American youths. (When Sir Humphrey Davy was asked what was the greatest discovery he had ever made in chemistry, he promptly replied: "It was when I discovered Michael Faraday." We want teachers who have eyes to "discover the nature and value of a child," and this discovery cannot be made until teach-

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## THE TRUE TEACHER

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ers are able to see in the child what the Lord Christ sees in it. And in order to do this, in addition to large scholastic attainments, the true teacher must have the clear spiritual discernment which comes only from the enduement of the Holy Spirit and pupilage at the feet of the world's greatest Teacher. Most heartily, therefore, do I adopt the sentiment of a distinguished English educator: "The one thing needful in a teacher is a high aim and a strong faith in the infinite possibilities which lie hidden within the nature of a young child." May the day never come when any other shall be allowed a chair in this Christian institution! The mission of those who are to labor here must be not simply to impart information, but to develop character.

The Christian sentiment of this college, for which we ask the patronage of the Church and State, must be positive and prominent. An institution in which the wild vagaries of an irresponsible liberalism are taught and the Word of God is handled ruthlessly, if not deceitfully, is no place for a boy to develop his expanding powers. The Christian character of a young man or woman needs special care during college days. Away from home, away from the family altar and the parental eye, away from the home Sunday school and the family pew at church service, and exposed to manifold temptations, there is demand for every possible safeguard and Christian help. If these collegiate days are safely passed without faith being unsettled or the life corrupted, the future is assured.

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## TRAINING SCHOOLS OF PIETY

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Then, in our worthy zeal for endowed and well-equipped colleges, let us pray that they may be training schools of piety and Christian activity, endowed with money and endued with the Holy Ghost. Some suggestions as to the functions and future of this Christian college I crave the privilege of offering to its friends to-day:

1. I most devoutly desire that the authorities of this institution will adhere to the supreme idea which called it into being: *to make this a pure college and not a university*. If young men wish postgraduate and professional training, let them go to institutions equipped for this purpose. We shall therefore not be the rival of any, but the Christian ally of all the great universities of the country.

2. Its attitude to State education should be forever friendly. We enter the field not to engender strife in the ranks of educators, but to form with them a league offensive and defensive against ignorance, the greatest foe to the Church and the most dangerous enemy of the State. So long as the institutions of the State are not hostile to our Christian faith, upon which all material and governmental prosperity depends, we will bid them Godspeed and extend a helping hand.

3. I hope this will become a training school for teachers—teachers especially who will not be out of sympathy with primary education. Our urgent and imminent want to-day is elementary education. These higher advantages belong only to the few. The sons and daughters of the wealthier classes en-

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## A NURSERY OF CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM

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joy them, while the great masses of poor children have no such opportunity or desire. They are a sort of Lazarus at the gate and must be content with the crumbs that fall from the educational table. From them come the great body of our citizenship, the voters who rule at the polls and are the nation's voice.

4. I pray also that this college may become the nursery of pure Christian patriotism; that it may serve to root the affections of our sons to their native soil and inspire them with lofty purposes to make its yield of character and culture meet the just expectations of a generous Providence. (When Ulysses, the hero of the Trojan War and king of Ithaca, was returning home after that heroic struggle, he was shipwrecked upon the shore of the little isle of Ogygia. Calypso, the nymph of the isle, detained him there for eight years, desiring and designing to make him immortal and to keep him with her forever. But, though the sylvan beauty of the isle charmed even the eye of Mercury, and the fair goddess offered him immortality, the great warrior preferred age and death and a grave among the friends and scenes of his beloved Ithaca.) I would that such devotion to country fired the hearts of Mississippians to-day; that no fickle goddess, however fair, could ensnare our affections and win our hearts from a State of such glorious memories and such affluent and infinite possibilities! Young men of my country, having traveled over our vast empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the far North to the sparkling

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## OUR GREATEST NEED

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waves of our Southern gulf, I say to every one of you ambitious to better your fortune and nobly serve your generation, *Stay at home.*

5. Speaking now especially and directly to the Church, I venture to affirm that our greatest need is an educational policy. We cannot claim to have anything approximating thereto. Most of our colleges have been the products of individual enterprise or ambition and not the convictions and consensus of the Church. Nearly all institutions get indorsement or adoption for the mere asking. Any worthy brother representing a piece of property called a college, with chartered rights, immunities, and privileges, can secure commendation and proceed under the auspices and authority of the Church. Within close proximity to, and the legitimate patronizing territory of, another school, owned and sustained by an Annual Conference, an institution of similar grade and character can be projected and find indorsement by the Conference. This practice ought to cease. It is our college fetish. It is folly even to calamity. We should have some system of college federation by which all our institutions (at least those within a given area) should be correlated with specific limitations and graded curricula. Such a policy would remove unseemly rivalries, conserve the connectional spirit, secure better literary results, and turn thousands of dollars into endowment funds now unwisely spent in unproductive and unnecessary masonry. To this general idea our Conferences in this great commonwealth were committed before a single

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## FOLLOWERS NEEDED

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appeal was made in behalf of the institution we this day dedicate and the close of whose most successful initial term we joyously celebrate.

6. You will pardon the suggestion (my profound interest in the success of this great enterprise being my own apology) that Methodism in Mississippi, so affluent with promise and possibility, needs followers rather than leaders—not the followers of a man or men, but the followers of a fixed, well-understood, united purpose and policy. Loyalty to plans adopted, though not in entire accord with individual opinion, is the condition of success where community of interest is involved. This has been the secret of our Church's wonderful achievements; and when violated or discounted it will be the occasion of her mournful decline. Too many field officers have disorganized armies and turned easy victories into sad defeats. The heroism following a sublime idea is more honorable than the aspirations of local leadership. We have a vast territory, a large constituency, and a variety of interests. To harmonize these in a grand connectional movement is the highest statesmanship and will bring rewards that will enrich the eternal years with the golden, stable currency of the skies.

I warn you that this glad day is not the consummation but the hopeful beginning of a noble enterprise. We have barely laid the foundations on which a grand superstructure is to be erected. We have only hailed the glory of a golden morning whose radiant high noon will beautify and bless the eternal

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## COLLEGES MUST GROW

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years of God. Our endowment is inadequate, our equipment is insufficient, and our facilities are far below even the demands of the present. For these we must continue to toil. Like greatness of character, a college is a thing of slow growth. It takes years of warm sunshine and falling rains and sweeping winds and morning dews for the tender shrub to develop into the oak, the grand monarch of the forest. Let us not be discouraged if the goal of our ambition is not reached by a single bound. Labor and patience will have their true reward. The cactus has a rugged appearance and sluggish development; but by and by, after years of patient attention, the crimson buds appear, and all the past culture is repaid by an affluence of beauty entrancing to the eye. Let hope inspire our endeavors, and may our faith never suffer either shadow or eclipse!

That is a beautiful epitaph on the monument of Sir Robert Peel: "He gave the poor cheap bread." One who relieves the hunger and lifts the burdens from the nation's poor and makes happier their hard lives deserves to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance. But more enduring will be the fame and name and more far-reaching the beneficent influence of the patriot, prophet, or school that gives to a country's poor the benefits of a Christian education. May this be the Heaven-blessed mission of Millsaps College, and may its honored founder and every friend share the rewards of such a divine service! Let us make it possible for the poorest to drink of our spring.



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## THE MOTTO OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE

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The Quaker poet of America, the late John Greenleaf Whittier, wrote this for the motto of a Christian college:

Light, freedom, truth, be ever these our own;  
Light to see truth, freedom to make it known;  
Our work God's work, our wills his will alone.

May this be the profound and lofty spirit of Millsaps College through all the growing years of its history!

If we are thus true to our high calling and obedient to the leadings of Providence, the generations will rise up to do honor to this institution of Christian learning. And in the far future some gifted American bard will sing of it as Lord Byron did of Corinth before the siege:

Many a vanished year and age  
And tempest's breath and battle's rage  
Have swept over Corinth:  
Yet she stands  
A fortress formed to freedom's hands.  
The tempest's breath, the whirlwind's shock  
Have left untouched her hoary rock.

## MISSISSIPPI'S WELCOME.\*

I AM charged with the pleasant privilege on this greatest day in our national history of speaking words of salutation and welcome to our neighbors recently settled among us from the Northern and Western States. This I do, not to accord you a right, but to extend a courtesy. Every American citizen has a right to settle anywhere he may select in this broad land without consent of others and be guaranteed protection for person and property and the pursuit of happiness. We have no State lines which cannot be crossed without grant of authority, no city gates to demand permits and passwords. With us every citizen is a sovereign, and every sovereign has the "right of eminent domain." The whole republic is before its humblest son, and its highest honors are within the reach of his laudable ambition. We extend a courtesy agreeable, we trust, to you and honorable to ourselves.

1. I welcome you to the hospitality of our people. The traditional "latchstring" is not on the outside of the door, for the door of our welcome stands wide open, and friendly hands are ready to greet you. I have traversed our great country from ocean to ocean and from Canada on the north to Mexico on

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\*An address of welcome, delivered July 4, 1890, to recent settlers from the North and West, near Jackson, Miss., and published by resolution of the meeting.

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## A GENEROUS PEOPLE

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the south, but have never found a people more generous in hospitality, more ardent in their attachments, more refined in all the graces of social life, or of a more exalted moral chivalry. Our Mississippians are as sunny-hearted as their cloudless skies and as profuse in hospitality as the fragrance of our glorious magnolias. You will find among our people a lofty disdain of wrong, a tender sympathy with the unfortunate, a chivalrous admiration for woman, an affluent magnanimity of spirit, and a cautious conservatism of sentiment. I dare say that the white population of our State contains a larger percentage of pure American blood and untainted orthodoxy in religious faith than any other section of this continent. "Isms," social and religious, do not flourish in this parallel, and we have been slightly affected by the influx of foreign doctrines and customs.

We extend you a generous mental, social, industrial, and political hospitality. It is the *man* and not the section from which he comes that determines his place in our confidence and affections. We regard the *person* and not the point of the compass, the *gentleman* and not his former residence. It has been the pride of Mississippi to honor her adopted sons from whatever parallels they have come. It is a significant fact that at least five of the distinguished men who assisted in drafting our first State Constitution were natives of Pennsylvania. The last territorial and first State Governor of Mississippi was David Holmes, a son of Massachusetts. Her most eloquent orator, and possibly the most eloquent

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## MISSISSIPPI CELEBRITIES

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American ever heard from New Orleans to Faneuil Hall, was Sargent S. Prentiss, from the State of Maine. One of her greatest leaders in war and peace, whose name is linked in undying glory to the victories of Monterey and Chapultepec, and whose genius is stamped upon the legislation of our country, was Gen. John A. Quitman, a native of New York. Mississippi has never had a greater divine nor one whom she more delighted to accord the highest reverence and honor than that majestic genius of the early Southwest, the Rev. Dr. William Winans, a native of Pennsylvania. It is a striking coincidence that the War Governor of our State, who followed the fortunes of his people with intrepid and heroic valor, was Gen. Charles Clarke, of Ohio. One of our present Representatives in Congress was born in the State of Pennsylvania. A resident of Vicksburg, and for half a century one of the most eloquent ministers and useful, public-spirited citizens of Mississippi, is the Rev. Dr. C. K. Marshall, a native of Maine. And a host of others no less distinguished came from the Northern States to find homes in our hearts and honors at our hands.

2. We welcome you as citizens and brothers of a common country. You come with all the rights and dignities of American citizens from one coequal State to another. Here you have the same high privileges, the same public responsibilities, and the same patriotic purposes as in the honored sections from which you have come. We hail you not as aliens and strangers, but as sons of the same gener-

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## A TRUE NATIONAL SENTIMENT

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ous mother, inheritors of the same splendid history, and appointed under Providence to the same glorious destiny.

You are assured of a true national sentiment among our people, an intelligent and honest loyalty to our whole country. Once separated by clashing interests and then by an ever-to-be-lamented war, we are again under the same parental rooftree and sitting at the same bountiful board. I am glad there is a star on our national flag answering to the proud name of Mississippi. And this I say without apology for the past or loss of reverence for our fathers and brethren who fell in defense of what they honestly thought to be right. Their honesty of purpose and sublime courage made them honorable foes and now make them worthy of all confidence. It is the cringing sycophant who commands contempt. I rejoice in the reunion of our great nation and a new love for our whole country, thanking God that the days of war are gone never to return, and I do it as a Mississippian, whose most distinguished citizen was the Hon. Jefferson Davis.

In the past Mississippi has been foremost in the nation's defense, and so, if occasion required, would she be to-day. It is a noteworthy fact that Aaron Burr, suspected of high treason against the general government, was arrested on Mississippi soil. The sons of our State fought with Jackson at New Orleans, charged the heights of Monterey with Taylor, and stormed the castle of Chapultepec with Quitman,

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## A DISTORTED PICTURE

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and so would they die as bravely to-day in defense of our nation's honor.

Some years ago a distinguished United States Senator (born in a foreign land, however), in discussing this section of our Union, pronounced the people "passionate and of a turbulent disposition, more inclined to appeal to force than to patient argument, and averse to orderly acquiescence in deciding conflicts of opinion and interest." Your short residence among us, neighbors, will enable you to resent that as a distorted picture, a partisan caricature of our people. The facts of history do not warrant such an utterance. I speak by the record when I declare that from the Revolutionary War to 1861 most of the serious conflicts necessitating the employment of military force to suppress them occurred outside the Southern States. Time would fail to tell of New Hampshire in 1786, of Massachusetts in 1787, of the whisky excise insurrection in Pennsylvania, of the Hartford Convention of the New England States in 1842, of the Dorr insurrection in Rhode Island in 1842, and other like lamentable events.

I speak for myself and every true Mississippian when I repeat the glowing words of Daniel Webster and make them on this glad day our earnest, patriotic, united prayer: "When my eyes for the last time behold the sun in the heavens, may they rest upon the glorious ensign of this republic, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in original luster, not a star obscured nor a stripe effaced, but

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## A PROSPEROUS STATE

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everywhere blazing in characters of living light all over its ample folds as they wave over the land and sea and in every wind under heaven that sentiment dear to every American heart, *liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

3. I welcome you to a prosperous State with brightening prospects. The reflux wave has set in. After a long and bitter night, the morning dawns. "It is daybreak everywhere." Out of the fire and tempest and baptism of blood the State has come undaunted in spirit and with unfaltering hope for the future. New life is stirring in our veins, new activities are commanding our energies, new aims are inspiring our ambitions. It is said that the green grass peacefully waving over the field of Waterloo the summer after that famous battle suggested to Byron, in his "Childe Harold," to exclaim: "How this red rain has made the harvest grow!"

We may not have recovered quite so speedily, but you may be reminded that on this lovely spot where we stand to-day a few years ago a battle raged, and this very ground, now glorious in verdure, was wet with the blood of brothers. But blessed peace has come, and these fields, once torn and furrowed with shot and shell, are now radiant with the promise of abundant harvests.

Our whole Southland has entered upon an era of remarkable material prosperity. The following figures give some indication of the growth of values in the Southern States:

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## MARVELOUS GROWTH

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	1880.	1889.
Assessed value of property....	\$2,913,436,095	\$4,220,166,400
Railroad mileage .....	19,431	40,250
Yield of cotton, bales.....	5,755,359	7,250,000
Yield of grain, bushels.....	431,074,630	675,000,000
Number of cotton mills.....	161	355
Number of national banks.....	220	472
Capital in national banks.....	\$45,597,730	\$76,454,510

A comparison of percentage of increase of banks makes this disclosure: In the North and West, 37 per cent; in the South, 164 per cent. The former increased in capital stock 19 per cent; in the South, 125 per cent. Increase of surplus, 53 per cent against 194 per cent; undivided profits, 45 per cent against 131 per cent; loans and discounts, 68 per cent against 182 per cent; deposits, 53 per cent against 177 per cent. The average percentage of increase in all these items, you see, is threefold greater in the South than in the other States of the Union.

In this marvelous growth Mississippi has generously shared. It is estimated that our assessment valuation of 1889 will show an increase of \$30,000,000 over 1888. Our corn crop has increased from 21,000,000 bushels in 1880 to 50,000,000. Our cotton crop has increased from 963,111 bales in 1880 to 1,000,000, with a cash value of \$40,000,000. Our lumber wealth is now unequalled in the United States since the exhaustion of the great forests of the Northwest. We have creditable and rapidly improving facilities for the education of our people, both in the common schools and in college and university.



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## A BALMY AND WHOLESOME CLIMATE

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And these facilities are equitably afforded to the two races in our midst.

And, in addition to all, you have come to one of the healthiest States of the Union—a balmy, temperate climate, comparatively free from consumption and other diseases peculiar to other sections. The following official figures from the census of 1880 give the annual death rate per thousand in the States named:

Massachusetts .....	18.59
New York .....	17.30
Virginia .....	16.32
Indiana .....	15.77
Texas .....	15.53
Kansas .....	15.22
Pennsylvania .....	14.92
Illinois .....	14.60
Kentucky .....	14.39
Alabama .....	14.20
Georgia .....	13.97
Colorado .....	13.10
Mississippi .....	12.89

4. I welcome you to a State without cities and in that fact congratulate you and felicitate ourselves. Our chief business is agriculture, and our population dwells in towns, villages, and the rural districts. The most significant, the most alarming fact in our current national history is the drift of population from the country to the cities. Note these ominous figures gathered by a careful hand: In 1840 only one-twelfth of the American people lived in cities; in 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; in 1870,

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## FREE FROM "CONGESTION OF CITIES"

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one-fifth; in 1880, one-fourth. In the past half century the population of cities has increased more than four times as rapidly as the country.

I am no alarmist, but in this loss of our rural population, with the subsequent abnormal growth and "congestion of cities," in my judgment, there is secreted our nation's greatest peril. Municipal administration is already the problem of the day, and "municipal reform" is the watchword of the hour. In the feverish excitement and rush of cities are born wild speculations in business, unblushing corruption in politics, all manner of treason against constituted authority, the most insidious disloyalty to the traditions and institutions of our country, gigantic trusts and combines that fear not God nor regard man save to fleece him, and the most dastardly crimes of every dye and degree.

As a Mississippian I am glad that we have no large city in our borders. From the country, towns, and villages come the men and women of moral worth and patriotic purity and mental power. We have a loyal, conservative, moral people. We may never have the fabulous wealth of States with great cities, but we will have a purer, nobler citizenship upon whom the country can rely in times of danger and to whom the Church will look to champion her faith and be its most apostolic and zealous propagandists. We have no Titanic struggle between capital and labor, no grinding trusts on the one hand, nor, on the other, organized battalions of strikers and wreckers marching under black and bloody banners.

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## GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES

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5. I welcome you to great responsibilities. As patriotic citizens we earnestly bespeak your coöperation in working out the destinies of this young and growing State. Fortunate as is our condition in many respects, bright as are our prospects, affluent as are our hopes, we have grave issues to meet, great problems to solve. This is the storm center of at least one momentous national question. This task we should approach not as partisans, but as patriots; not as critics of the past or sentimental theorists, but as true, broad-minded, liberty-loving citizens, consecrated to our country's highest good. In summing up an able and discriminating review of the probable future of England and America, Mr. Gladstone uttered these wise words: "All this pompous detail of material triumphs is worse than idle unless the men of the two countries shall remain or shall become greater than the things they produce and shall know how to regard these things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being."

That sentiment needs emphasis on this national day. The life of our country is not in things material. A nation cannot live by bread alone. The citizen must be enthroned above the work of his hands. Responsibilities are laid upon us, and no man should shrink or shirk. Having in our State a very large population of Negroes, we are specially charged with the careful study and, if possible, the solution of the so-called Southern "problem." This will require long patience and the highest Christian patriotism.

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## SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM

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I have no nostrum to prescribe, no solution of the question to offer, other than the right doing of each American citizen. I am a friend of the Negro and have faith in his future. And more, I believe the Church and the school—the Bible and the spelling book—will solve this and every other social and political problem. I part company with any man, however high in the councils of his country, who discounts the Church and the school as factors in any equation. Be assured, my neighbors, that aggressive legislation will only increase the race tension and postpone final and honorable settlement. It will necessarily intensify prejudice and solidify the races in an irrepressible conflict.

I deprecate bitter speeches at the North and lament the impatience of the South. Partisan rancor only complicates the question and irritates the sections. In a recent article in the *Forum* Judge Tourgee discusses the Negro question, prophesies an early race conflict, and says that in the contest the Negro will hold his own, "for a box of matches is equal to a hundred Winchester rifles." Now, it seems to me that that gentleman intended to express a wish rather than to state a fact. And no less intemperate were the words of General Sherman. He said: "The Negro must be allowed to vote, and his vote must be counted; otherwise so sure as there is a God in heaven you will have another war more cruel than the last, when the torch and the dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions.

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## VIOLENT AND VICIOUS SPEECH

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Should the Negro strike that blow in seeming justice,  
there will be millions to assist him."

That one so renowned in arms and so distinguished in our country's history should be betrayed into such violent speech is occasion for genuine sorrow. His words sound more like the bravado of a camp follower than the counsel of a great soldier. In what marked contrast were the benedictions of General Grant pronounced but a few days before his death! Lifting his wasted arms to heaven, he invoked divine blessings upon the blue and the gray and prayed that brothers might learn war no more.

Do not be discouraged if success does not come in a day. Let us do right. Here and always I declare myself conscientiously and unalterably opposed to any impeachment of the integrity of the ballot. It is a false political as well as moral philosophy that will do evil that good may come. We must do right, whatever may betide or whoever may be called to public station. But we are improving. We may see little progress, but there is real movement.

"'Tis weary watching wave on wave,  
And yet the tide heaves onward;  
We build, like corals, grave on grave,  
But pave a pathway sunward.

We are beaten back in many a fray,  
But newer strength we borrow;  
And where the vanguard rests to-day  
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

And now, friends, neighbors, fellow countrymen,  
gathered here from many sovereign States in our

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## A NEW PLEDGE OF FEALTY

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Union, let us together pledge anew our fealty to the flag of freedom and invoke upon us the benedictions of the God of nations.

“O’er the high and o’er the lowly  
Floats that banner bright and holy  
In the rays of freedom’s sun.  
In our nation’s heart imbedded,  
O’er our Union newly wedded,  
One in all and all in one,

Let that banner float forever;  
May its lustrous stars pale never,  
Till the stars shall pale on high,  
While there’s right the wrong defeating,  
While there’s faith in true hearts beating,  
Truth and freedom shall not die.

As it floated long before us,  
Be it ever floating o’er us,  
O’er our land from shore to shore.  
There are freemen yet to wave it,  
Millions who would die to save it,  
Wave it, save it evermore.”

### Part III.

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#### OTHER MATTERS OF MOMENT.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its power, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. . . . Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act.—*Daniel Webster.*





## THE ETHICS OF POLITICS.\*

YOUR enterprising committee of arrangements, relying either upon my good nature or my supposed fondness of public speaking, published to the world that I would deliver an address here this evening and then, after a few days, advised me what they had done, expressing the hope that I would not disappoint them. So I am here to-night, not because I coveted an opportunity to be heard for my much speaking, nor yet because of any fancied fitness to magnify this important occasion, but rather to acquit your brethren of the charge of making false promises. And then another consideration prompted my acceptance: precious memories of the strenuous days when I too was an ambitious, ardent young editor, together with the unfailing and unreserved kindness ever extended me by the journalistic brotherhood of Mississippi. If by any grateful word or kindly suggestion or matured opinion I can make some meager acknowledgment of the generous appreciation you have shown me as a fellow Mississippian, loyal to the land we love, this will be one of the glad hours of my laborious and somewhat checkered life.

For the second time in my life I have been thus highly honored by the Mississippi Press Association. On that other occasion, many years ago, when the

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\*An address delivered before the Press Association of Mississippi on May 21, 1907.

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## FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES

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fire of aspiring youth was in my heart and these locks, now tinged with gray, were as black as a raven's wing, when some of the greatest men that ever adorned the history of your noble profession were yet in the strength of their glorious powers, molding the thought and guiding the political destinies of Mississippi, I had the temerity to speak on "The Ethics of Journalism." The sympathetic response to that earnest message has been one of the cherished possessions of life. To-night, believing that the hour is propitious and that the times demand it, devoutly hoping that something may be said which will elevate the personal and political ideas of the young men of my country, I shall venture to offer some suggestions on the ethics of politics.

The announcement of this subject necessitates the discussion of principles fundamental to government and vital to their wise administration. My purpose will be to show that far more important than governmental theories or party policies or campaign issues is the moral quality of the measures we advocate and the moral character of the men we elevate. There is a right and wrong in politics. I speak to you, editors of Mississippi, because largely in your hands is the political and moral well-being of our people.

Thomas Carlyle, who has been called "the seer of the century," a man at once of broad vision and deep philosophical insight, with that fine scorn for shams of which he was a master, has made this profound observation upon the shallow and unethical politics of the times in which he lived:

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## NO ROOM FOR ETHICS IN MECHANISM

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Love of country, in any high or generous sense, in any other than in an almost animal sense, or mere habit, has little importance attached to it; men are to be guided only by their self-interests. Good government is a good balancing of these and, except a keen eye and appetite for interest, requires no virtue in any quarter. To both parties it is emphatically a machine; to the discontented, a taxing machine; to the contented, a machine for securing property. Nowhere is the deep, almost exclusive faith we have in mechanism more visible than in the politics of this time.

But, as has been well observed, in mechanism there is no room for ethics. We cannot predicate right or wrong for a machine. There can be no such thing as civic righteousness, men being dominated by the sanctions of moral purpose and inspired by the vision of high ethical aims, if divine authority be set at naught and religious truth be disregarded. Napoleon on one occasion defiantly said: "With the armies of France at my back, I shall be always in the right." He acknowledged only the supreme and final authority of material force, with never a thought of public virtue or national crime. That atheistic doctrine made Europe run red with blood and wrote some of the most tragic chapters in the history of political governments. In our American commonwealth we repudiate and condemn it.

Our politics must have a substantial and immovable ethical and religious basis. Love of country is intensified and purified by the religion we embrace and by the love of the Lord we worship. The ethics

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## THE SACRED AND THE SECULAR

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of the Man of Galilee ought to be our standard of both political and personal character.

We should abolish and forever banish the false distinction between the sacred and the secular. The functions of citizenship are as sacred as the songs of Zion. The ballot is as holy as the Book of Common Prayer. The same law of duty controls in the service of country as in the worship of the sanctuary, in the halls of State and at the chancel of the house of God. What a magnificent illustration of a Christian conscience in the field of politics the world has in the late William E. Gladstone, the unrivaled English statesman of the nineteenth century! So imperative were the sanctions of a high morality in his life that it was said of him: "He moralizes ethics and figures." He espoused no cause that did not absolutely command the homage of his soul and the unreserved approval of his sanctified judgment.

From the depths of my soul and in behalf of American citizenship do I repudiate the doctrine of a distinguished politician who said: "The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign." Over against that faithless and blasphemous declaration, which is nothing less than a wanton affront to our national honor, I rejoice to place the eloquent words of the immortal Washington in his farewell address: "Public prosperity has no foundation but morality and religion, and religion is the only security of morality."

In political as in personal conduct there is a right and wrong, and by that divine and universal standard

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## MORAL STANDARDS DETERMINE DESTINY

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men and measures must stand or fall. It is an eternal decree from which there is neither exemption nor exception. And no brilliancy of genius nor splendor of achievement nor conspicuousness of position can save a man lacking in moral integrity from the merited and irrepealable condemnation of history. There may be a temporary exaltation of wrong and deceit borne upward by a wave of blind popular passion, but the fall is as certain and merciless as the grinding mills of the gods. On the other hand, right doing, buttressed by principle, approved of God, and guarded by the ceaseless vigilance of truth, commands the increasing admiration of the growing years. The genius of history can never be deceived. There was never a man in our American public life of more godlike genius, or varied accomplishments, or irresistible attractiveness, or superb qualities of leadership than Aaron Burr; but for lack of moral fiber he went down to the uttermost humiliation and to an eternal execration. Germany has never produced a more brilliant and versatile genius than Goethe—poet, author, and political philosopher—but it is said of him that he always kept two friends busy, “one weaving laurels for his brow, the other cleaning mud off his clothes.”

Washington in his farewell address, that last will and testament of the father of his country to the people whom he loved better than life, uttered these wise words:

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable sup-

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## WISE WORDS OF WASHINGTON

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ports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these firmest pillars of human happiness, these foremost props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

But here I wish to state with all possible clearness and emphasis a distinction that must be made in a nation that jealously and properly guards the separation of Church and State. Sectarianism should never enter politics, but religion everywhere and always. The Churches should have no political creed; but individual Christians should not be without one, clearly defined and conscientiously embraced. Every citizen a politician and every politician a religious, God-fearing man would make this an ideal republic of supernal strength and beauty. To approximate this ideal should be our prayer and effort.

Now, having established the basal and unalterable principle of life from which necessarily spring our various duties as citizens, we have only to apply the same to the conduct of public affairs; and every citizen, without exception, whatever his business or

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## HEROIC DEVOTION OF TWO GREAT MEN

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profession, must measure his service to the State by this supreme law of duty.

When a titanic struggle was on in Louisiana over the extension of the notorious lottery charter, that infamous gambling institution that did so much to debauch the morals and manhood of the nation, among the chieftains in the contest were two conspicuous figures, the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, the eloquent and venerable Presbyterian pastor in New Orleans, and Gov. Francis T. Nichols, the battle-scarred hero of many a reddened field. This great preacher, by the power of his imperial eloquence on the platform and in the pulpit, aroused the moral indignation of the masses against the giant gambling monopoly and made it possible for the State to rid herself of the shameless evil. America has presented no more magnificent spectacle than that aged preacher, bending beneath the weight of more than seventy years and with the fire of immortal youth in his brave soul, fighting like a hero to save a great commonwealth from moral degradation and ruin.

But when the legislature met, by ways and means known to the ingenuity of the corrupt, a bill for the renewal of the charter dragged its slow and slimy passage through both houses and was presented to the Governor for his signature. But, thank God, that commonwealth had a chief executive whose courage had been tested in the storm of war! On one battle field in Virginia, while leading his brave brigade at the front, one arm was shot off and buried. On another field one eye was shot out. When that

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## THE ETHICAL OBLIGATION OF PARTIES

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lottery bill was laid on his desk, he arose from his seat and said: "I have but one hand, but before I would disgrace it by signing that bill I would have it torn from my body, carried to Virginia, and buried by the side of its mate." Such sublime heroism commands admiration and is worthy of all emulation. Both were heroes and Christian patriots, the great preacher and the brave Governor. And who will dare affirm that the saintly and now sainted man of God was not in the line of his apostolic duties?

First, let us consider the ethical obligation of political parties, in the platforms they adopt and the issues they present, to be absolutely candid and sincere with the sovereign citizens of the nation. Parties have been discredited by the false issues which they raised and the false hopes which they encouraged.

In the drafting of platforms we need honest rather than skillful hands, and the declaration of fundamental principles rather than the enunciation of paramount issues. A platform is to stand on and not to get in on. It should be, not a snare for votes, but a creed of faith; not a bag for game, but a code of conduct. The question should be not, Will an issue be popular? but, Is it right? The strength of party platforms and political programs is not in their appeal to the people's discontent, but in the encouragement of their larger hopes. It is a fearful thing to trifle with the confidence or the conscience of a people. Neither parties nor party leaders can long command confidence if their pledges are not honest and



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## THE DUTY OF POLITICAL LEADERS

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their promises not sincere. Though a massive and majestic figure may have a head of gold and a breast of silver and arms of brass, it will topple to ruin if it have feet of clay, and great will be the fall of it.

And this law of political ethics applies with equal and solemn force to those who become candidates for public favor and seek to become the representatives of the people. The ethical standard of our politics is measured by the base or elevated character of our politicians. In State as in Church, "like priest, like people." The duty of one aspiring to political leadership is to think for his people and courageously point out the path of national honor and prosperity. His high aim should be, not cunningly to watch for the favoring breezes of popular passion, but heroically and sincerely to give direction to public opinion. That which differentiates the demagogue from the patriotic statesman is the flippancy of his fair promises, with never a scruple as to the infamy of his deception or the tragedy of his country's humiliation. Any man is essentially dishonest who will advocate measures of dangerous or even doubtful utility in order to win votes and ride into power. When I think of unquestioned integrity of purpose and of the fearless advocacy of great principles in which he thought was wrapped up the moral and political welfare of his country, I recall the calm, pale, philosophic face and erect military figure of Jefferson Davis, Mississippi's foremost citizen and mightiest parliamentary leader, whose manner was as serious as a saint and whose pure patriotism rebuked the

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## ETHICAL OBLIGATION OF A CITIZEN

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very suggestion of insincerity. However others may have differed from him in judgment, nobody ever doubted his sincerity or suspected his unsullied integrity.

Who could ever associate the stainless name of Lucius Q. C. Lamar with the deceit of the demagogue or the tricks of the small politician? He scorned to scheme for place or power, and would rather have died than betray his people into the support of a measure of even doubtful morality or utility.

On this vital subject I commend the patriotic and philosophic words of old England's peerless statesman: "The plain, good intention which is easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."

There is an ethical obligation upon every citizen to take an active part in public affairs. Edmund Burke, whose philosophic and political wisdom commands increasing respect, on one occasion uttered these words, which need special emphasis in America to-day: "He transgresses against the law of duty who sleeps upon his watch as well as he who goes over to the enemy." In affairs of State, indifference and neglect are national crimes. One as much betrays his country by disregarding her needs as in the desertion of her colors. Activity in public affairs is the present and imperious demand upon every Christian patriot. It is idle even to criminality to deprecate the course of political events and viciously assail the acts

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## DUTY TO THE GOVERNMENT

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and motives of those in responsible positions when we are doing nothing to elevate the standard of character and wisely guide the affairs of government. The criticisms of a slothful citizen are worse than the emptiest cant. At an important election some years ago in New York—an election involving the interests not only of a great city, but of the entire nation—on Fifth Avenue from Fortieth to Sixty-Eighth Streets, the distance of one mile and a half, just twenty-eight votes were cast. And yet the negligent citizens of that district are they who are loudest in their denunciation of corrupt municipal and national politics.

Another point is worthy of most serious consideration: the ethical obligation of every citizen to support the government and its wise administration. It is immoral and unpatriotic for any one to claim the protection of government, enjoy the faithful guardianship of its laws, and yet withhold support of its administration and refuse to share its taxable burdens. I have sometimes thought that the final test of an American citizen's highest loyalty was not in the heroic ranks of the army and navy, not in the sacred responsibilities of public office, high or low, not in the busy marts of legitimate trade nor in the peaceful, pastoral pursuits of life on the farm, not even in church and school, but in the tax collector's office. Our worst tainted money is that which is concealed by ingenious swearing, and not that accumulated by financial maneuvering. Much has been done under the diligent and efficient direction of our State

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## A PERPETUAL HUMILIATION

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Revenue Agent to compel all the people to bear their due proportion of taxes to support the government. It is right to stir up the individual conscience and insist upon absolute honesty in every citizen. A certain number should not be made to bear public burdens while the delinquency of others is allowed or condoned. But while properly insisting upon individual integrity and corporate honesty, is it not a good time to raise the question if the State itself had better not hold up a high ideal before the people by paying its own debts? The perpetual humiliation of Mississippi is the fact that the word of repudiation was ever attached to her name. And through all the years to come, whatever the apology or explanation of that ever-to-be-lamented act, the State cannot escape a measure of disgrace. The statute of limitation can never run against downright dishonesty. Though three generations have passed since the State repudiated obligations on which her great seal had been set, it is not too late to right the wrong and thereby become a stainless example to every one of her loyal citizens. It weakens an appeal of the State for her own name to be linked with the word "repudiation," a word that contains the very exhaustion of disgrace and disgust. Every reading of that mournful history of the Planters and Union Bank bonds and their formal repudiation, after a fierce factional struggle and over the solemn deliverance of the Supreme Court of the State affirming their validity, stirs within me the hope that some day that whole record may be sponged out by the unan-

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## JUSTICE FOR ALL MEN

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imous and indignant voice of an aroused commonwealth.

Another cardinal doctrine must be insisted upon with endless iteration and ever-increasing emphasis, the doctrine so tersely stated by Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address, "equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political." The highest and the humblest, the richest and the poorest, the strongest and the weakest, the greatest and the obscurest, the whitest and the blackest must have the same legal and governmental consideration and protection. There is no darker nor deeper blot upon a State or nation than the sustained indictment of its gross injustice. In our legislation there must be the avoidance of agrarianism on one hand and of pampered favoritism on the other. In our administration there must be no suggestion of fear or favor, and the same bloodhounds should be trained to trail the "white fiend" and the "black brute."

This furthermore suggests the ethical relation of the State to its less-favored citizens. There are the helpless for whom we must provide, the diseased and unfortunate that demand special care, the ignorant to be enlightened, the oppressed to be protected, and the fallen to be uplifted. "Ignorance is a cure for nothing;" therefore the redemptive forces of education must be employed with a wise but generous hand. A State is no stronger than its ability to lift up the submerged and to successfully grapple with its most difficult and delicate problems.

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## “PROVIDENCE TO THE POOR”

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Some of this service may be unpleasant, and it is often discouraging; but it is the imperative duty as well as the greatest glory of a republic. “Lepers are not nice,” said an eloquent orator, “but the cleanest hand in all history touched the leper in his foulness and the beggar in his rags.” And no higher honor can come to any citizen than the privilege of enlightening ignorance and of becoming a “providence to the poor.” On the tomb of Gen. “Chinese” Gordon in St. Paul’s Cathedral, London, that great Englishman who was at once a saint and a dashing leader of victorious armies, is this beautiful epitaph: “Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the poor, his substance to the weak, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God.”

Our great nation will never lack noble spirits, courageous and unselfish, loving country more than personal gain, who in the hour of trial or peril will point to victory and lead the way. And every such leader becomes an example and inspiration to another generation of patriots. It is wonderful how persuasive and potential is a single act of lofty and heroic service. The midnight ride of Paul Revere from Boston to Lexington at the beginning of the American Revolution, a seemingly unimportant incident in a time of political excitement, will kindle patriotic fires in every brave soul to the latest generation.

I count it a most significant and encouraging coincidence that on the same Sabbath in last September two great American statesmen, representing op-

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## MEN OF SUBLIME IDEALS

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posing political parties, discussed the same fundamental ethical verities that guarantee the permanency and glory of the republic. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, in an Episcopal church at Oyster Bay, N. Y., delivered a masterful lay sermon on "The Value of Religion to a Nation"; and on the same afternoon the Hon. William J. Bryan, to an audience of three thousand or more in Jackson, Miss., repeated his magnificent lecture on "The Prince of Peace." When the great parties are represented by men of such sublime ideals and of such exalted personal character, the country is safe, whichever may be in power.

That is surely a discouraging picture Lord Byron gives of the rise and fall of nations:

Here is the moral of all human tales—

'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past—

First freedom and then glory; when that fails,

Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;

And history with all her volumes vast,

Hath but one page.

But I decline to believe that the history of my beloved country will be the rehearsal of such a past. It is built on broad foundations and out of enduring materials, cemented with the richest blood of American freemen. Every living stone has been laid by loving hands and under the blessing of a favoring Providence. It has borne many a wild storm and now seems more solid and majestic than ever before. I ardently believe that it will write a new and brilliant page in history's "volumes vast." So long as

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## SECURITIES OF OUR NATION

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our flag flying in the open heavens is the real symbol of a genuine personal and religious liberty, so long as our homes are pure and our women are true and our men are brave, the nation will not deteriorate, but will grow stronger and steadier as it moves majestically through the wide-open gates of every coming century.



## MINISTERIAL ETHICS.\*

IN our itinerant system, with its limited pastoral term and frequent changes of ministers, the relation of outgoing and incoming pastors is peculiarly delicate and intimate. Out of this relation grow certain definite duties that a minister owes to his successor. If his ministry has been distinguished for fruitfulness and popularity, he can largely affect the success or failure of the one who follows him. The character of the introduction and commendation which he gives will determine the welcome his successor receives and will have a potent influence upon the entire history of his pastorate. If doubts are expressed as to his ability or availability, if fears are intimated that he lacks at certain vital points or has some objectionable peculiarities, if confidential predictions of failure are made "just to one or two very special and discreet friends," the brother comes with a mountain of prejudice to scale and silent but positive opposition to conquer. On the contrary, if he commends his virtues, applauds his abilities, tells of his fidelities, rejoices in his successes, and congratulates his old flock that they are to be under such competent and consecrated pastoral care, he comes with hearts to welcome him, spiritual sympathy to sustain him, and assured victory to cheer him.

Again, until several years have elapsed, an ex-

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\*An address delivered before the School of Theology of Boston University on February 26, 1894.

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## DUTY OF OLD PASTOR TO NEW PASTOR

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pastor should deny himself the pleasure of frequent visits to his former parish. Unless he is very careful his presence will occasion discontent, and every unwise word will be the sowing of a dragon's tooth. The very form and emphasis of questions about the new pastor and how they like him and if the Church is prospering may be the ambush from which poisoned arrows fly with deadly aim at the heart of an innocent victim. I have heard of one brother on a visit to his former charge who, while attending the prayer meeting and when called on to pray, made this artful speech: "O Lord, be pleased to revive thy work. May it be as it was in the days of thy unworthy servant, when these galleries and aisles were filled; yea, Lord, when the altar was crowded with penitents and the house was vocal with the praise of newborn souls"—in all of which there was more cunning conceit than sincere prayer, more shrewd detraction of a brother than honest desire for the blessing of Zion.

Again, an ex-pastor should discourage his warmly attached friends from calling upon him for pastoral service. Unless the case is very exceptional and the reasons extraordinary, every pastoral function should be performed by the minister in charge. If not, he is discounted in the eyes of his people. On wedding, funeral, and baptismal occasions the pastor should officiate. It is positively reprehensible for an ex-pastor to take advantage of his personal attachments to secure the honor of officiating at marriages in his former charges. It may flatter his vanity and slightly increase his perquisites, but he thereby in-

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## VOLUMINOUS CORRESPONDENCE VICIOUS

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jures a brother, discounts the ministry, and makes merchandise of personal popularity.

I would also advise against confidential and voluminous correspondence with old parishioners. It invites petty criticism and encourages reliance upon other counsel and leadership.

And not less important in the efficient and harmonious working of our great system of ministerial supply are the duties of a preacher to his predecessor. These are many and cannot be easily overestimated. Upon only three have I time to put emphasis to-day:

1. He should endeavor to carry out his predecessor's well-formed plans. With our limited term of service, a wise master builder must leave many proposed works uncompleted. They require time for their full development. These must all come to naught unless his successor enters into their spirit and vigorously undertakes their achievement. Harmony of effort is an absolute condition of any great success. But here is the vulnerable heel of Achilles in our itinerancy. Nothing is more common than for a pastor's cherished enterprises to lose or lapse when he moves to another field. His successor doubts their wisdom, considers others more important, and, with a self-conceit that would be ludicrous if the results were not serious, haughtily declares: "I have my own plans; another's I never could follow." This lack of harmony entails loss and dispirits enterprise. It begets instability of purpose and contrariety of opinion, fatal to peaceful and permanent growth.

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## A PREDECESSOR'S REPUTATION

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2. Another duty is to defend his predecessor's reputation. Every man of positive convictions will have had some antagonisms. His style was not according to every taste. Some oversensitive ones felt themselves slighted. On his first pastoral round a preacher will discover that his predecessor had a blade that cut and a twanging bow that sent an arrow to the mark. He will hear criticisms favorable and unfavorable. Then and there he has an opportunity to display the true chivalrous brotherhood of the ministry. By defending and honoring the Lord's anointed he promotes his kingdom. He can inflict upon him untold injury or, like a true brother in Christ, he can honor and exalt him. He should remember two things: First, his own ministry has come under the same hypercritical test; second, the very persons who discuss so freely his predecessor will give him a similar introduction to his successor.

3. It is also a preacher's duty to honor the labors of his predecessor. What has been accomplished should not be undervalued. Much of our work is to reap where others have sown. Their sowing should have equal honor with our reaping. A circuit, station, or district may be served the full term without the earnest pastor's noting much fruit of his labor. Another comes whose mission is to gather the golden sheaves and whose joy is to sing the harvest song. Though possibly much honored, credited with being a more successful workman, he really enjoys the fruit of another's planting. In speaking of his own

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## TIES SWEET AND DEAR

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ministry and that of Apollos at Corinth the apostle Paul said: "Now he that planteth and watereth are one." Differing in gifts and grace and separated in order of time, they have a single purpose, the same spirit, and a common spiritual heritage. De-  
preciation of a predecessor's efficiency ought to be as rare as it is reprehensible.

The helpful, confidential relations which should exist between them is aptly illustrated in Jeremy Taylor's beautiful description of a work of art embodying the ancient's ideal of friendship and which has been reproduced with admirable effect by Dr. Stalker. It is represented as a strong, lithe young man with bared head and loosed attire, as if ready and eager for service. Upon the fringe of his garment was written Death and Life, signifying that in life and death friendship is the same. On his forehead was inscribed Summer and Winter, meaning that in prosperity or adversity friendship knows no change but in the variety of its services. The left shoulder and arm were naked down to the heart, to which the fingers of the right hand pointed and over which were the words Far and Near, indicating that true heart affection is not impaired by time nor dissolved by distance. Thus should the anointed sons of God be to each other. Members of the same order, sons of the same Divine Father, called of God to the same sacred ministry, they are bound together with ties strangely sweet and dear.

The reputation and influence of our brethren are largely in our keeping. We can help or hurt them

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## RANSY SNIFFLES IN THE MINISTRY

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as we speak kindly or critically. When we vote for the passage of a brother's character we are in honor pledged to the defense of his good name. Avoid the habit of petty criticism and of repeating uncharitable judgments of a brother and his ministry.

A rare book of richest humor was written many years ago by the late Dr. A. B. Longstreet entitled "Georgia Scenes," and the rarest character in that volume is Ransy Sniffle. He is the most conspicuous figure but never the leading and responsible hero in any contest. His mission and delight was to foment trouble and then keep far from danger. He is the type and representative of a numerous generation. He figures in every community, whether social, political, or ecclesiastical, and finds keenest pleasure in witnessing the conflicts he precipitates. His character is sketched by a master hand and as accurately presents him to-day as amid the early scenes of Georgia.

"Ransy" sometimes gets into the ministry. He is intimate with leading men and knows the inner workings of their minds. He understands one brother's scheme and another's ambition and tells them to a third with many pious ejaculations and imprecations. If there should be two prominent Conference leaders, he is sure to run from one to the other with insinuations and magnified messages until bad blood is excited and estrangement is engendered. From whom learn these lessons: 1. Always withhold your opinions from one who deals and delights in personalities. 2. Beware of a bearer of unpleasant news. His heart

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## GENUINE CATHOLICITY REQUIRED

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is set on mischief. To every such person and message silence is doubly golden. 3. Never allow a talebearer to disturb friendship. Go yourself and in a Christian spirit have a conference and agreement with your brother.

Another matter of importance is the relation of ministers to pastors of their own Church in the same city. Genuine catholicity and the wisdom that cometh from above are required to prevent collisions and repress unseemly rivalries. Ambition to have the leading Church may occasion the sacrifice of the largest connectional achievement. There should be no underbidding for members nor appeals to unworthy motives. If for geographical or connectional considerations a family should be connected with another Church in the city, advise and encourage the change of membership. Aggressive movement has been stayed and evangelical enterprise arrested because the pastor of some leading Church has lacked the breadth and spirit of an intelligent, liberal connectionalism. The man whose sympathies do not extend beyond the lines of his own parish is a belated night-hawk and not another angel of the Church sweeping through the heavens with a message for the poorest and food convenient for the neediest.

When the Oklahoma country was opened for settlement a few years ago there was an exciting rush and race for claims. Around the entire boundary line of that coveted El Dorado thousands of home seekers sat on horses and in wagons ready, when the signal gun fired, to "make the run." One who had

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## ECCLESIASTICAL "SOONERS"

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served as a government officer in surveying and sectionizing the land and had knowledge of the best claims was not allowed to contend. Or if any one concealed himself inside the line and drove an early stake, he also was under condemnation. But frauds were practiced, and rightful runners were outwitted in their race for a heritage. Such miserable sinners are called "sooners" and are universally and bitterly execrated. Have we not ecclesiastical "sooners" among us, and are they not occasionally found among city pastors? They take advantage of private information to secure a family that ought to belong elsewhere. Or there may be disaffection on account of the fearless fidelity of a pastor. To encourage that disaffection by offering another Church home puts dishonor upon the work of the ministry and lowers the standard of Christian living. Such a policy is fatal to rapid forward movements. It produces congestion in a few strong Churches and perpetuates the helpless dependence of the weak. A bond of sympathy should unite strongly and tenderly each Methodist congregation in a city to every other of the same faith and order. We must have cordial fraternal relations with other evangelical Churches, but a special tie binds us to all the sons of Wesley.

Another most delicate question will rise in your pastoral history: How far should courtesy control in inviting ministers to occupy your pulpits? In order to answer this question satisfactorily two very important facts must be borne in mind: 1. The frequent interruption of a pastor's regular pulpit teaching is



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## CARE AND COURTESY TOWARD VETERANS

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not well either for himself or for his congregation. Knowing the needs of the flock, he is best fitted to feed the Lord's sheep; acquainted with their perils, he can most effectively give proper and timely warning. 2. A pastor has no right to invite one to fill his pulpit unless well assured that he can edify his congregations. He has the care and cure of souls and cannot for mere courtesy turn them over to incompetent hands.

To another fact of not inconsiderable moment I feel constrained to make respectful, reverential reference: our relation to elderly, especially retired, ministers. They have earned and should receive the tenderest filial consideration. They are a heritage of good and a holy inspiration; not a burden but a benediction to the Church. Though no longer active, receiving their annual appointments and "shouting to the battle," their mission has not ended, their recall has not been sounded. In wise counsel, fruitful experience, and sage conservatism they are an element of strength in every divine enterprise. They have restrained many an unwise youthful impulse and saved the Church from eccentric and dangerous movements. They are the ballast of our ecclesiastical ship. God honors their evening retirement, as he did their morning zeal and midday power. See to it that these veterans never lack kindly courtesy or words of cheer. Their days may be lonely, and your attention will be a double blessing—an angel's visit to them and an evangel to yourself. If the nation worthily and liberally provides for her

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## A VIEW OF LOVICK PIERCE

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brave heroes who periled life and limb for her honor and liberties, we surely ought to pay reverent tribute to these field marshals of heaven who have sought to secure to us the rights and dignities of a grander citizenship in an imperishable kingdom. The brightest, cheeriest place in the nation should be the soldiers' home, in which the old veterans can live over the stormy past in perfect peace.

To me there is something awe-inspiring in the presence of an aged minister, a retired soldier of the cross, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. I shall never forget the last time I looked into the deeply furrowed face of the great and venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce. He was then past ninety-three. On his bending shoulders he carried the history of well-nigh a century. His birth antedated the death of John Wesley by six years. He was the contemporary of Francis Asbury, and his active ministry covered almost the entire period of organic Methodism in America. What warfare had he seen! What conflicts had he passed! What victories had he wrought! To me his failing voice was a trumpet call to service and his wasted form an appeal to like holy consecration. I craved the privilege of sitting at his feet and from the story of his triumphs receive a new inspiration for a holier and higher ministry.

Of increasing importance is the matter of your relation to other evangelical Churches and ministers. It should be candid, cordial, coöperative. Cultivate a generous interdenominational hospitality. Avoid fruitless controversy. Magnify your agreements and

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## CHRISTIAN UNITY

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see how practically insignificant become the points of disagreement. To these good brethren we might well say, as our own peerless Lamar over the open grave of your great Sumner said to the sundered sections of our country: "If we knew each other better, we would love each other more."

The growing spirit of Christian unity demands a more cordial ecclesiastical brotherhood and a closer denominational coöperation. The combinations and conspiracies of the enemies of Christ compel the united efforts of all Christians. When Pharisee and Herodian come together, Paul and Barnabas cannot part asunder. In animadverting upon sectarian strife an eminent Edinburgh professor used this vigorous language: "The hissing fervor which originally forbade the approach of two adverse Churches has now been changed into a dead wall of partition which keeps those who ought to know and love and coöperate with one another habitually as far apart as Greeks." However correct that characterization may have been in years past, it does not describe the present status of the great evangelical denominations. A distinguished Wesleyan minister of England, Rev. Dr. Rigg, at a recent Lord Mayor's banquet in London more accurately stated the case in these forceful words: "I thank God for having found, in the course of a life by no means short, in spite of increasing acerbity at the extremes, increasing generosity at the center—that is, where the various denominations converge." The day of the bigot has passed. The ecclesiastical gladiator has well-nigh ceased to be.

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## TRIBAL COLORS AND THE COMMON FLAG

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( We are no longer called upon to "hate each other for the love of the Lord."

And into this commonwealth of Christian effort we can enter without surrendering doctrinal convictions or denominational peculiarities. We may keep our tribal colors while battling under a common flag waving over the entire army of the living God. This thought cannot be more eloquently expressed than in the words of that world-famed preacher, the Chrysostom of American Methodism, Bishop Simpson: "We live to make our own Church a power in the land, while we live to love every other Church that exalts our Christ." Indeed, the wider the sweep of our spiritual horizon and the broader our apprehension of the possibilities of grace and the sublime mission of the Son of God, the more divinely impatient will be our zeal at home and the stronger our faith in the glorious message we are commanded to deliver. No man has a true conception of the gospel's power until he looks upon the world as its parish and the possibility and promise of its complete conquest. To limit Christ's kingdom by any boundary lines of race or denomination is to undervalue its influence in a single soul. The gospel that knows not the lines of longitude nor the parallels of latitude, that will yet bring the Greek and barbarian, the wise and unwise, under its blissful sway, is the mighty agency we carry with unfaltering faith to a single heart or home. When we have risen to that lofty conception our zeal in the local pastorate is intensified by a warmer love and more intelligent faith.

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## PREACHERS MUST BE IN ACCORD

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With increasing ardor do I love the Church to which I have consecrated my life. I believe every syllable of her creed, I approve every feature of her polity, and I rejoice in almost every chapter of her well-nigh miraculous history. But God has not exhausted himself on Methodism. We are only one member of the body of Christ, one branch of the living Vine. With every Church, therefore, which teaches the eternal and saving verities of evangelical Christianity we should be in sweetest accord. Especially should the several members of the same ecclesiastical family get into closer, heartier fellowship and federation.

But, however devoutly and earnestly desired, this can be accomplished only by a more candid and cordial agreement among ministers. It is idle to dream and talk of denominational coöperation until the preachers are one. They produce separations, and they alone can heal dissensions. They encourage divisions, and they alone can restore the union. The great body of the Christian Church never sympathized with the theological and ecclesiastical battles of the giants. The masses of the people, incapable of metaphysical distinctions, did not understand them and cared little about them. I do not decry dogma, nor deride the Church order, nor discount leadership, nor underrate defenders of the faith; but the fact remains that the ministers alone can answer the fervent, almost universal prayer for not only unity of spirit, but coöperative effort among Christian Churches.

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## STEALING SHEEP CONDEMNED

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In this connection I urge you to guard against the temptation to win members from other evangelical Churches. We should never proselyte. It is not a light matter to disturb settled convictions and disrupt long-cherished relations. Sacred Church ties ought not to be severed except for the most solemn considerations of duty. And the only office of the pastor whose communion is sought is to instruct the inquirer, but never to unsettle faith nor encourage the coming. In my own pastoral experience I have in several instances advised the applicant to remain in his old Church home. Our field is the world and not some other Church; and our mission is to feed, not to steal, sheep. If as a Church we cannot win the unsaved and recruit from the ranks of the lost, we have forfeited our justification for further existence. Alas for a morbid ecclesiastical motherhood that has to resort to kidnaping in order to preserve the family name and inheritance! I know a few congregations largely composed of purloined persons, first found in the wilderness by Methodist itinerants. An account of a revival meeting down in Texas contained this exultant statement: "The ranks of other Churches were considerably thinned. The Catholics lost one; the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, an elder and his wife; the Campbellites, two; and the Methodists, six." That was published as the distinguishing and most gratifying feature of the meeting. The stolen saints were more highly prized than the conversion of many sinners. I cannot repress a righteous contempt for such ecclesiastical marauders and

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## TOLERATE EVEN THE INTOLERANT

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the commiseration given to idiocy for the weaklings so easily ensnared.

As a type of the generous catholicity that should obtain among Christians I love to think of one of my glorified colleagues, the late Bishop Kavanaugh, of Kentucky. No narrow, pent-up ecclesiasticism confined the power and expression of his Christian charity. Evangelical above sectionalism or sectarianism, he had a brother's hand and kindly word for every true child of God. An ardent Methodist, he bade every evangelical Church a hearty, prayerful Godspeed. There was in him nothing of the partisan. His Christian love knew no race nor creed nor point of the compass.

But what should be your attitude toward those Churches and ministers that deny and refuse to recognize your ministerial authority? Personally, let it be considerate and brotherly; officially, let it be dignified, kind, and respectful. Have regard for their honesty and conscientiousness. Guard against a resentful spirit. Do not allow their ecclesiastical hostility to affect your spirituality. But I would not embarrass such a brother by tendering hospitality which he could not conscientiously reciprocate. If his convictions of truth and duty compel him to exclude you from his pulpit, do not wound his self-respect by having him occupy yours. Honor his manliness while respecting his conscientiousness. Should his exclusiveness extend only to your administration of the ordinances and not to an exchange of pulpits, I would accept and reciprocate his well-

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## THE ECCLESIASTICAL BOOTBLACK

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meant courtesy. Never allow another's logical inconsistency to interrupt the freedom and intercommunion of Christian fraternity. If his fraternal spirit is broader than his logic, if his heart is more generous than his head, respond to his kindly spirit and leave him to care for his doctrine. Should he be like a certain archdeacon in England several years ago, who prohibited an organist from again playing in a parish church because a few days before he had played in a Congregational chapel, I would fear even to have personal relations with him, as I dread the dangerous irresponsibility of lunacy. Be ever ready for mutual, respectful recognition and coöperation, but never pay court to denominational pretension. Of all the afflictions in a religious community, the most intolerable is the ecclesiastical bootblack.

There is another subject of more practical importance possibly to you than to us in the Southern parallels: our relation to those who, as we conceive, deny the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. One of the solemn vows and most imperative functions of the ministerial office is to "banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word." For the faith once delivered unto the saints we must contend, and contend earnestly, everywhere, and at whatever cost. The mission of the ministry is to take up God's message and carry it to the world. The angel flying through the heavens with trumpet in hand had committed to him the everlasting gospel. God ordained at once the agent, the instrument, and the message. And the other mighty angel that John



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## FAITH MUST BE POSITIVE

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saw with the rainbow on his head, his face as bright as the sun, and feet as glorious as pillars of fire, ventured not to earth on his own authority, but "he had in his hand a little book open." And God has never authorized any messenger, whether angel or man, to construct or invent a message either as to its matter or manner. The scope and function of this ministry are clearly and fully defined; we are to speak as the Spirit giveth utterance.

It has been tersely and truly said that every religion is to be tested not only by "the fitness of its conceptions," but by "force of its inspirations." Not every correct conception carries the force of a conviction; not every sublime truth stirs the soul to action. It is the spirit within the truth that determines its value and virtue as a reforming and transforming power. But there is no inspiration apart from the truth, no strong conviction without a clear and correct conception. We cannot, therefore, have any toleration for a gospel in solution. Our faith must be positive and aggressive. There is no inspiration in a negative. It can neither elevate nor regenerate. It neither "satisfies the conscience nor purifies the heart." Doubt never produced a martyr. "Thin and commonplace ethics" never wrought a reformation nor kindled fire in the soul of a great evangelist. The preachers of such a gospel are felicitously styled by Archbishop Whatley "children of the mist."

We cannot, therefore, from mere sentimentality afford to assume an attitude that will underrate the

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## UNCOMPROMISING LOYALTY

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authority of essential truth, cheapen the verities of the gospel, and weaken its eternal protest against error and sin. I believe in the most generous mental and spiritual hospitality. The victories of mind contribute to the triumph of truth. Unity of spirit speeds the conquest of the world. But where the essential elements of Christianity are involved we need a more aggressive and uncompromising loyalty to the Lord Christ. Failure here means forfeiture of the Church's credentials as an institution of God and the loss of her power to claim the uttermost parts of the earth for her possession. And, as the author of "Ecce Homo" has aptly observed: "When the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church, it ceases to be the Church. But where the power remains, whatever else is wanting, it may still be said that the tabernacle of God is with men."

## THE SABBATH THE BULWARK OF SOCIAL ORDER AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.\*

It falls to my lot on this occasion to make an humble plea for the Lord's day in its relation to social order and good government. I do most profoundly believe in the Sabbath as a divine institution of universal and perpetual obligation, upon whose proper spiritual and Scriptural observance depend the cultivation and growth of those virtues that make the soul "meet for the inheritance of the saints in the light." It has been aptly and wisely said that "the supremacy of the Word of God and the sanctity of the day are the two keys that command the Church's position in the world and for all ages." No wonder, therefore, that against the Bible and its divinity and infallibility and against the Sabbath and its authority and purity the enemies of Christianity have waged a fierce and relentless conflict. Could they successfully disprove the integrity of the one or degrade the sanctity of the other, they would do infinite damage, if not achieve the overthrow of that mighty, beneficent scheme that cost and caused the death of the Lord of glory.

But, apart from its divine enactment, its institution as a purely spiritual agency and verity, a memorial of the world's Creator and the world's Re-

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\*An address delivered before the Sunday League in a mass meeting at the First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, La., October, 1884.

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## THE SABBATH AND MAN'S CONSTITUTION

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deemer, a symbol and prophecy of the eternal rest of the skies, the Sabbath has social and civil relations and potency that enthrone it as the lord of days. If there were no heaven and no eternity, its observance would still be a benediction to men and nations. Older than all codes and decalogues, all constitutions and creeds, synagogue or temple, is the law of the Sabbath. It is founded upon, and wrought into, the very constitution of man's nature. He cannot ignore or despise it without doing violence to the very law of his being. It is heaven's physical, mental, and moral recuperative, by which man secures length of days and achieves the largest results. Between this septenary law and our social as well as our physical well-being there is an intimate, vital connection.

The civilization of the world is marked by the boundary lines of Christianity. They are the barbarous nations, and only they, who have never known our God. Wherever the light of the gospel of Christ goes, darkness and ignorance flee away; and wherever the type of Christianity is purest and its spirit dominant, there is found the highest, purest, truest civilization. Now, if it be true that the character of a nation's civilization is determined by its type of Christianity, and the purity of Christianity is measured by a strict and holy observance of the Sabbath, it follows as a matter of course that the Sabbath is an important and potent factor in social order and good government. It is a question, therefore, of momentous interest to us as patriots and citizens, How

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## GREATNESS NOT IN NUMBERS

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shall we use and preserve in our civil and social life this day of days? Or, wherever it has been mutilated or desecrated, how can we rescue and reënthone it?

It may be said of nations as of individuals that "life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." A country's greatness is not to be found alone in things material, in soil and climate, in population and products, in statutes and constitutions. The vast empire of China, with her teeming millions and her soil of marvelous fertility, is but a pygmy as compared with the giant strength of our own government, with only one-eighth of her population. What were India's dusky hordes in the face of the resistless march of little England's disciplined armies and mighty navies? If history proves anything, it is that back of all forms of government, back of all constitutions, back of material resources there must be a virtuous citizenship. It is not the number but the character of a population that gives a nation greatness. Statistical tables are inadequate measurements of a country's power and glory. Those moral and spiritual virtues that buttress and give sturdy strength to social order and good government cannot be computed by arithmetical processes or algebraic formulæ. They are not recorded in the columns of a national census. But, though largely intangible and invisible, like all the silent, unseen forces in the great universe of God, they are most potential and universal in their mysterious operations. National character is but the expression of individual character in the aggregate. As is the

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## SABBATH AND NATIONAL GREATNESS

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individual, so is the nation. The State, therefore, is vitally concerned to know what forces are working either from within or without upon the bodies or principles of her citizens. If they are evil and dangerous forces, she will make haste to restrain or prohibit them; if they are wholesome and friendly, she will approve and conserve them.

I but voice the sentiment of the entire Christian world and the true philosophy of history when I assert that the Sabbath properly observed is one of the mightiest agencies for the development of national character and greatness. So pronounced and general is this conviction in the English-speaking nations that the day has been protected by legislative enactments in all of them. But in our own land (I regret to say it) Louisiana alone, in the proud sisterhood of States forming this great Union, has no Sunday law. In this she is unenviably conspicuous. The legal protection of the Sabbath is not to make men religious, not to compel attendance upon any Church service, not to command the adoption of any creed, not to force any one to spend the day in saying prayers and singing psalms; but it is to conserve the civil interests of government, its moral, commercial, industrial, and social welfare. A distinguished jurist, in writing of the Sabbath, has said: "It is the corner stone of public morality and happiness. Viewed merely as a civil regulation, its observance contributes to the public repose, health, morals, and convenience as well as to religion." Not less emphatic and significant were the words of Daniel Webster,

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## WISE AND ELOQUENT WORDS

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one of America's greatest statesmen: "It is by the reiterated instructions and impressions which the Sabbath imparts to the population of a nation, by the moral principles which it forms, by the conscience which it maintains, by the habits of method, cleanliness, and industry it creates, by the rest and renovated vigor it bestows upon exhausted human nature, by the lengthened life and higher health it affords, by the cheering hopes of heaven and the protection and favor of God which its observance insures, that the Sabbath is rendered the moral conservator of nations." Wise and eloquent words, and mark you they are the utterances of a statesman and not a parson, of a patriot and not a fanatic.

First, the Sabbath conserves the health and physical vigor of man, and therefore it is of chief interest to the State. A day of respite and relaxation from the tension of toil is imperatively demanded. It repairs the waste of constant labor. There is no estimating the boon of Sabbath rest to the hard-working men and women of our land, and he who on any pretext or for any consideration would deprive them of it is an enemy to their good and to the best interests of society. The day thus spent is not a loss but rather a gain to a nation's wealth and strength, and that position is sustained by the unanimous, overwhelming testimony of all science and history. The distinguished and eloquent historian, Lord Macaulay, has said:

The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference be-

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## A DAY OF REST AND NOT OF RIOT

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tween a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and moral decrepitude. Therefore it is that we have, through many ages, rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of all machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of Watts and Arkwright are worthless, is repairing and winding up so that, with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, he returns to his labor on the Monday with renewed corporeal vigor.

But to secure this result it must be a day of rest, not a day of riot and revelry and dissipation. It should be a period of quiet enjoyment and comfort and not a season of wild excess and foolish frivolity. I do not advocate a day of gloom and forbidding rigorous austerity, but of cheerful repose and restful calm. Revelry is not rest. A "blue Monday" inevitably follows a riotous Sunday. A Sunday of excursions and theatergoing and club carousing is a poor recuperative for another six days' constant labor. And yet there are many who feel called and commissioned to furnish amusements for the laboring classes on the Lord's day. Time after time the question has been discussed in England as to the propriety of opening public amusements on Sunday for their benefit, but it has uniformly been voted down. Six hundred and forty-one medical men of London sent a petition to Parliament against the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday, in which they said: "Your



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## THE CONSERVATOR OF INTELLIGENCE

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petitioners, from their acquaintance with the laboring classes and with the laws which regulate the human economy, are convinced that a seventh day of rest, instilled by God and coeval with the existence of man, is essential to the bodily vigor of men in every station of life." That clear and ringing statement by distinguished, unbiased experts is respectfully commended to the citizens of New Orleans, where sanitation is more discussed, if not better understood, than anywhere on the continent. What the London *Standard* has said of England, I am profoundly impressed, is true of this country: "We believe that the dull English Sunday, as it is stigmatized by the fribbles and fools, is the principal cause of the superior health and the longevity of the English people."

Again, the Sabbath is the conservator of intelligence and good morals. It is the hush and repose of the day, free from the tumult and care of business life, that cools the fevered brain, calms the ruffled temper, stimulates chaste and noble thoughts, and inspires the soul with true manliness. A distinguished American author has said: "But for the Gulf Stream, Newton would never have written his 'Principia,' nor Milton his 'Paradise Lost.'" I do not discount climatic influences in the development of intellectual and national character. I might admit that possibly but for the warm currents of old ocean pouring their life-giving floods upon her rugged coasts England would never have risen from the grasp and chill of perpetual winter to the radiant

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## THE SABBATH AND GOOD MORALS

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heights of her present imperial splendor. But soil and climate alone do not make philosophers and authors. The stage of the mercury does not indicate the altitude of national character and intellectual achievement. Rather should our author have said that, but for England's civilization, with her Bible and her Sabbath, her church and school, Newton would never have been the grand high priest of science, nor Milton the prince of epic poets.

And equally true is it that Sabbath observance is intimately related to good morals. The most law-abiding, peace-loving, happy people are those who most respect the Sabbath day; while, on the other hand, its desecration is the fruitful mother of crime and criminals. Blackstone, the greatest of all writers on the principles of the common law, has said: "A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." Nothing so readily sears the mind and blunts the edge of conscience and makes one reckless in life as a disregard of the early taught claims of the sacred day. What day is it that our police courts are most crowded with criminals and on trial for the most dreadful offenses? Monday. A very harvest of shame and outlawry is gathered in by the police on the day and night before. A prison chaplain of large experience says he does not recollect a single case of a capital offense where the offender was not a Sabbath breaker. Not only so, but the intemperance of this country, with all its attendant and consequent evils, is largely chargeable to Sabbath desecration. Where the week-day saloon

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## THE CONSERVATOR OF THE HOME

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slays its thousand, the Sabbath saloon slaughters its ten thousand. If we would arrest the outlawry of our country, put a premium upon human life, and efface the bloody record that burdens our morning papers and disgraces our civilization, we must close these dens of death, especially on the Sabbath day.

Again, the Sabbath is the true conservator of our home life, and upon the sanctity and purity of the home depend the character and perpetuity of our national well-being. However broad and beneficent the constitutional principles on which a government is founded, or however wise its legislation or marvelous its resources or diversified and productive its industries or proud its patriotism or peerless its statesmanship, when the home life becomes corrupt, that nation has entered upon a period of sure decay; the fountain of all civic and manly virtue among its people has been poisoned. It is then symbolized by the ominous dream of the old Babylonish king, the dream of the image with head of gold and arms of silver but feet of potter's clay. Without strength of feet there can be no permanency, and without a pure home life there can be no stable government. Home is the earliest, divinest, mightiest school of character. The character of the home determines the character and destiny of individuals and nations. Public life is but the expression of home life. And without a Sabbath there can be no true home. It is the quiet and sweet companionship of the day that sanctifies the relation of parents and children and husband and wife. But if the holy day is spent away from home in revelry

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## THE GUARDIAN OF DOMESTIC VIRTUES

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or business, members of the family become strangers under the same roof; sons grow up to disregard and dishonor their parents—and all for the lack of that kind of association and impressions which the Sabbath insures.

Then let us guard the day, for it is the guardian angel of our homes. I honor the man who exalts the domestic virtues. They may not be most applauded, but to them we are most indebted for success and happiness. It has been beautifully and truly said that “the mill streams that turn the machinery of the world arise in solitary places.” You will all readily recall the scene at our national capital three years ago when the President-elect, General Garfield, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies. His had been a checkered but brilliant career. He rose from humble life, amid the discouragements of poverty and manual labor, the son of a poor but heroic widow, until that day he reached the highest position in the gift of the American people. The eyes of many were fixed upon his manly form, and the ears of the civilized world were open to catch every word from the lips of our new chief magistrate. Before him was a surging sea of upturned faces; around him were the distinguished men of our country and the ambassadors of all great governments. After concluding the delivery of his inaugural address, every eloquent, well-chiseled period of which awoke applause that echoed over the land and across the seas, before accepting the handgrasp and congratulations of any statesman, however distinguished, he turned and

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## THE BULWARK OF SOCIAL ORDER

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kissed the proud old mother who bore him and whose prayers and benedictions had followed him all through his toilsome career. And who else deserved and should have received the first recognition but his mother? If for nothing else, for that graceful act, for that display of filial affection, for that premium upon the home virtues I would lay a flower upon the honored grave of James A. Garfield.

For these and many other reasons I plead for the Sabbath as the bulwark of social order and government. If in localities, here and there, it has been dishonored and desecrated, we must in such places rescue and reënthrone it. If we allow the influx of a European civilization to sweep away its sanctities and civic blessings, we will surrender the most potential educational factor in our social system; we will pluck from our national skies the sun that paints it with beauty and warms it into life; we will lay hold upon the pillars of our social fabric with the violent hands of blind Samson and perish in the ruins. France tried the experiment of a Sabbathless republic and inaugurated the Reign of Terror. A committee of the National Assembly made a report abolishing the Sabbath, declaring that there was no God, and pronouncing death to be an eternal sleep. Then followed the saddest, bloodiest period of her history. A night of terror and horror settled over the land, and the streets of her fair city ran with the blood of her own children.

But in our work we have much to encourage. Everywhere, in all Christian lands, on both sides of the

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## THE SANCTITY OF THE SABBATH

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sea, there is a growing jealousy for the sanctity and value of the Sabbath day. The Queen of England only a few days ago in her speech to Parliament made mention of its importance. Though here and there our Sabbath has been secularized by a dominant European sentiment and civilization, it has wider recognition and profounder reverence than ever before. To disregard its authority, except in certain localities, is not respectable. It is an outrage upon the better feelings of the nation. You remember what a sensation was created last year when the report flashed over the land that the President of the United States had accompanied a party of friends on a Sunday fishing excursion. So shocked was the moral sense of the people at such reported conduct of their chief magistrate, and so general was the disapprobation and condemnation, that the President made haste to deny the statement and correct the unfortunate false impression. Thank God for such a moral sentiment! May it ever dominate and glorify the land!

I read not long ago a description by a tourist of the wonderful dome in the baptistry of the Cathedral of Pisa. Built of the rarest marble, vast in proportions, yet perfect in symmetry, it fills the soul with rapture to stand beneath it and gaze up at its marvelous beauties and catch the echoes of its strange music. Within that magic dome all sounds are resolved into perfect symphony. Every voice or noise, however loud or discordant, is caught up, softened, blended, and converted into sweetest music and echoed down upon the enchanted hearer. So I have

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## THE DOME OF CIVILIZATION

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thought that over our Christian civilization and our beloved country hangs the dome of a holy Sabbath. In it all the harsh voices of daily strife and clashing interests, of vain regrets, of bitter disappointments are converted into purest harmony and made to unite with all the wonderful voices of nature in hymning the praises of the God of all nations.

## A JUBILEE ADDRESS.\*

I AM profoundly grateful for the privilege of uniting with you in celebrating the jubilee of the American Missionary Association. The distinguished honor accorded me is not due, I am sure, to any supposed ability or fitness of mine to discuss the great principles which brought this historic organization into being or the grave questions with which it had to grapple, but rather because I have come from a section of our country not often represented on your platform or heard in your great assemblies. I bring you a message from the far South, from that section where so much of your sympathy and treasure has been invested, and speak for those outside your great denomination. Mississippi sends her greetings to Massachusetts [applause], and the Southern Methodists their congratulations to the Congregationalists. [Applause.] I come to voice the South's increasing appreciation of the magnificent work you have already wrought and of the noble, brotherly purpose which inspired its courageous achievement. Such an utterance might not have been possible five and twenty years ago. The heavens were yet too full of the clouds of war for either of us to discuss new conditions and relations in a clear light. But now, since the shock of revolution is far

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\*Delivered in Boston, Mass., at the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, on October 24, 1896.



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## CULTURED, CONSECRATED TEACHERS

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past, we can more nearly see eye to eye and cordially coöperate in all measures that make for righteousness.

I rejoice in the missionary zeal, born of the Holy Spirit, which has sent so many cultured and consecrated men and women to labor among the Negroes of the South. They are worthy of all honor. With the same high purpose that William Carey, Adoniram Judson, and Reginald Heber went to India have these, their apostolic successors, gone to the humble cabins and schools of their black brothers and sought to lead them into a larger life. And this beneficent work has been prosecuted not as a business but as a calling, not as a trade but as a divine mission. And this generous appreciation of their high calling and self-denying labor is shared by our best people throughout the South. [Applause.] Of course there are some whose sympathies are contracted to the dimensions of their brains [laughter], who shun what they are pleased to term the teachers of "nigger" schools; but our Christian and thoughtful people have no respect for a sentiment that will canonize one person for going as a missionary to Africa and ostracize another for doing the same work at home. [Loud applause.]

We rejoice in their coming. I live within a few miles of your Tougaloo University, an institution managed with consummate ability and, I believe, possibly the most potential single factor in developing the Negroes of my State for the high functions of useful citizenship. [Applause.] From the Gov-

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## A POISONED AND POISONOUS POLICY

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error of the State to the humblest citizen, the administration of that school has received the warmest commendation; and its cultured teachers, as opportunity offered, have been accorded personal and social consideration and distinction. [Applause.]

Some things, as a Southern man, I have been glad to commend in the representatives of this Association prosecuting their apostolic labors in the South. Intimate acquaintance with many of them and with the work of more than one of your institutions enables me to speak with the authority of accurate knowledge.

First, Mr. President, they have not made denunciation of former slave owners a part of the Negro's education. [Applause.] That policy, wherever pursued, has only complicated the difficult problem. It has poisoned the spirit of one race and aroused the fierce antagonism of another. Hate has been planted in hearts where seeds of love should have been sown, and races that ought to dwell together in unity have been separated by bitter hostility. The times of such folly ought no longer to be winked at. [Applause.] I quote the words of my distinguished friend and late colleague, Bishop Haygood, when he said: "The time is about past for the North to please itself with eloquent speech over the Negro's emancipation and for the South to fret itself over his enfranchisement." [Applause.] It is time for us to cease discussing who is most responsible for American slavery. [Applause.] Present duty has been neglected in an acrimonious wrangle over history.

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## ENCOURAGING CONFIDENCE

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For, after all, the only difference between the South and the North on the slavery question is the difference between father and grandfather. My father was connected with that institution, and so was your grandfather. [Laughter.] Our memories are only a little more vivid because somewhat shorter. I am glad to say that the representatives of your Association have come to my country not as the champions of a cause but as the servants of the Lord, not as the partisans of an idea but as the ambassadors of the truth.

And, again, they have encouraged a spirit of kindness and confidence between the races. They have sought to cement and not separate, to make brothers and not enemies. They have not apologized for their presence by anathematizing others for their neglect and posing as the only friends of the Negro. As far back as 1875 Dr. Leonard Bacon, in a notable address before this Association, uttered these words: "The work of this society must be more and more the work of conciliation—conciliation of the South to the North and to the restored and beneficent Union; conciliation of the races to each other, black to white and white to black; conciliation of contending sects oppressed with traditional bigotries to the simple truth as it is in Jesus." So far as my acquaintance extends, the missionaries of this society have everywhere lived and preached that gospel of conciliation [applause], and most abundant and gracious have been the fruits of their ministry. That man was an unwise champion and misguided

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## ENEMIES CANNOT LIVE TOGETHER

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friend of the Negroes who allowed his indignation at their wrongs to permit the utterance that in a conflict of races the black man will be no unequal antagonist, because a box of matches will be equal to a hundred Winchester rifles. The very suggestion must strike every humane person with horror, and its utterance is only calculated to excite prejudice and to make harder the life of our poor black brother. I give it, Mr. President, as my deliberate judgment that there can never be any just and permanent settlement of this stupendous problem that does not enlist the cordial and enlightened coöperation of the white people with whom the Negroes must forever dwell [applause]; and any policy which tends to excite prejudice and widen the racial chasm postpones indefinitely in that great section the final triumph of the Son of Man among the sons of men. If the poor black man is never to have a brother and a friend in his Southern white neighbor, one or the other must move out. Enemies cannot live on adjoining lots without perpetual conflict. We must have unity if we are to dwell together.

I rejoice that your representatives have contributed to that end and that the ministries upon which they have put emphasis have tended to enlist the coöperation of our people throughout the South. I make no apology for our neglect. I make no denial of much indifference, but for this there is explanation if not justification. Those at all acquainted with conditions in the South—conditions the responsibility for which is widely distributed—know the limita-

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## UNION OF NORTH AND SOUTH

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tions and difficulties under which work of this sort can be prosecuted by residents and natives. Hence we hail with genuine joy the coming of those who have consecrated their lives to the uplifting and redemption of the Lord's poor. I would not if I could, and could not if I would, conceal my humiliation as a Southern man at the fact that a great leader of education and my special friend felt constrained to address these direct questions to the managers of colored schools in the South: "First, is there any opposition on the part of the white race to the conduct of colored schools? Second, if so, does such opposition imperil life and property?" But my mortification is somewhat relieved in the responses received and the cheerful testimony gathered. Without exception they responded, "There is no opposition," and many of them reported helpful and cordial sympathy and support. What we need is a perfect union of the North and the South in heart and sympathy for the tender uplifting of our unfortunate brother, and in the prosecution of this redemptive ministry all irritating hindrances should be avoided if possible. Some questions are more speedily and satisfactorily settled by a sanctified silence. I commend most highly the eloquent words of Mr. Booker T. Washington, the foremost representative of his race in America [applause], spoken at the Atlanta Exposition. He said:

The wisest of my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that come to

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## PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY COMMENDED

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us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has any contribution for the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all the privileges of law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of those privileges. The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory is infinitely of more concern to us than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera house. [Applause.]

I must commend also the practical philanthropy that your Association has displayed in the South. Much of the charity lavishly bestowed upon that section has been misapplied. The high purpose was pure, but, as events have proved, it was disastrously kind. Spiritual and mental mendicancy has sometimes been encouraged rather than aiding to a self-reliant manhood and a sturdier type of citizenship. Every little Church and school sends an agent north with pathetic appeals and lachrymal tones. Much of your consecrated money, as the prophet happily phrased it, has gone into a bag of holes. Dr. Mayo, of Boston, one of the most discriminating and statesmanlike writers on Southern educational problems, has uttered no uncertain sound on the subject of this undirected charity. I can but applaud the wise policy you have adopted and the splendid efficiency of your administration. [Applause.]

Mr. President, I speak here as at home, as a friend of the Negro who has faith in his future. What that future is to be I do not presume to predict. I believe in doing my duty and leaving results to Him who knows the end from the beginning. But I in-

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## NEGROES TO STAY IN THE SOUTH

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sist that the Negro should have equal opportunity with every American citizen to fulfill in himself the highest purposes of an all-wise and beneficent Providence. [Loud applause.] One thing is settled: the Negroes are here to stay. [Applause.] Their deportation would be a crime, and their colonization in their present condition would prove a disastrous failure. Coerced colonization, removing them from the land of their birth to which they are pathetically attached, would be a wrong only less stupendous than the accursed traffic that brought their fathers to our shores. [Applause.] They are natives and not intruders. We are to meet and grapple with the problem here and now, and the very suggestion of a solution by their deportation is a confession of the inefficacy and inefficiency of our Christian religion and civilization. [Applause.]

Mr. Bryce, the fairest and most philosophical foreign student of our civil and social institutions, has ventured this opinion: "The problem which confronts the South is one of the great secular problems of the world, presented here in a form of peculiar difficulty. The present differences between the African and the European are the product of thousands of years while one race was advancing in the Temperate Zone and the other remaining stationary in the Torrid Zone, and centuries must pass, therefore, before their relations as fellow citizens and neighbors can be properly adjusted in America." Mr. President, I believe that is too somber a view. It discounts those great redemptive and sanctifying forces that

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## THE SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM

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give meaning and inspiration to this jubilee occasion. I believe that the Church and the school, the Bible and the spelling book can solve this and every other social and political problem. [Applause.] I part company with any man, however high in the counsels of his country, who discounts the Church and the school as prime factors in every equation. [Applause.]

There is profound philosophy and historic truth in that old proverb which says, "What we sow in the school we reap in the nation." Correct truths sown in the soil of the young mind, cared for by cultured and well-equipped teachers, and ripened by the sun of a gracious Providence will develop a manhood and a womanhood that will sacredly preserve the past and guarantee the glory of the future. I believe, therefore, that these great forces on which you have put such emphasis will sooner or later solve this great problem to the honor of our country and the glory of our time.

President Garfield, in his eloquent inaugural address, uttered these wise words: "The nation itself is responsible for the extension of the suffrage, and therefore it should use all its forces in order to decrease the illiteracy which it has increased in the population." For the South and for the North there is but one solution. All the constitutional power of the government and of the States, all the voluntary forces of the people should be organized to meet this danger by the saving influence of education. In this



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## PATIENCE AND PROGRESS

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beneficent work sections and races should be forgotten and partisanship be unknown.

I come from a State where liberal and equal provision is made for the education of our colored children in the common schools, and there is practically no sentiment in favor of withholding from them the best possible scholastic advantages. Whatever doubts some may entertain, all are united and fixed in the purpose to test the virtue and potential force of education in solving the gravest question that has ever been presented to the people. It is written in the organic law of our States and has become the settled policy of our people. The question requires long patience. Let us not be too critical of each other nor too impatient with the Negro. We may exhaust our energies in airing grievances and denouncing offenses, while neglecting opportunities and misreading hopeful prophecies. There is profound philosophy in the homely saying of Uncle Remus: "Fretting about the weather is mighty poor farming."

Progress has been made, substantial progress. It is seen everywhere throughout our country. He who denies that the Negroes are advancing morally, educationally, and socially makes confession either to his purblindness or to his innocence of information.

Mr. President, I pray that the celebration of this year of jubilee may tend to broaden our apprehension of the world-wide mission of the gospel and especially deepen our sense of obligation to the Negro both in America and in Africa. I offer this humble prayer for myself and for my fellow citizens through-

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## SAVING WRECKED LIVES

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out the South. I believe in the imperial future of this race, that the great providence of God which has been over it and the great redemptive forces that are beneath it will lift it up and fulfill the high prophecies of God in its future career.

I remember—for at that time I was abroad, just two years ago—when the whole civilized world was shocked to hear that the great Atlantic liner *Elbe* had gone down in the North Sea with over three hundred souls on board, and the disaster became the more appalling when it was ascertained that the master of the other colliding vessel steamed away without rendering needed assistance or even stopping to investigate the extent of the damage or the danger. Rightly that conduct was universally execrated as the very exhaustion of heartless indifference, and the wailing of every home bereaved by that calamity cried out for a truer brotherhood and a nobler heroism in all commanders on the high seas. But may we not bring a similar indictment against ourselves for the neglect of the world's needy millions at home and abroad? We dare not content ourselves with picking up a few floating bodies and, sitting as a court of inquest, bring in the usual verdict, "Drowned at sea." The mission of the Church is to save and not to hold an inquest over the dead. Every wrecked life floating upon the waves is an impeachment of somebody's neglect.

And there was another incident in that *Elbe* disaster which had striking spiritual suggestion. When the only woman rescued was clinging desperately to

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## THE SAVING POWER OF THE GOSPEL

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the side of the little lifeboat, the strong, brave men who sat therein shouted, "We have no more room; push her off," and tried to release her grasp. But she held on with superhuman strength, climbed into the little boat, and by her heroism cheered the men to battle with the billows until all were rescued. Such a narrow conception some have had of the sublime mission of the Church in the world. Many of us are glad that we are on board, but we are in mortal terror of the limited accommodations. [Applause.] Like some of our American statesmen, we are afraid that China will sink the ship and Africa will make her a total wreck. But I believe that when the sons and daughters of these who are here shall gather to celebrate the second jubilee of this Association, when the full round century of your history shall have been completed, the Church will have made such conquests and the nations be so far redeemed that there will be few to fail to recognize the gospel's perfect adaptation to all men, to the whole of man, to all races, and to all time. [Prolonged applause.]

## THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO.\*

THE subject of this hour's discussion is not of my selection. With the honored invitation to accept a place on the program of this great convention came also the request that I should speak on "The South and the Negro." The distinguished honor of this request was accorded, not because I have capacity to speak on this subject by the authority of fuller and more accurate knowledge than others, but rather because I live in the South and am a friend to the Negro.

Some acquaintance with this section and its citizenship I ought to have gained from lifelong residence and eager observation and unwavering devotion. From my birth to this good hour have I lived in Mississippi, the most intensely Southern of all Southern States, and where, because of their immense numbers, the so-called "problem" of the Negroes is most acute. It is, therefore, not for want of opportunity if I lack information or am possessed of misinformation.

I shall speak to-night with perfect candor, if not with approved wisdom. And I appear not as the partisan of an idea, but as an ambassador of the truth and lover of my country.

In offering some thoughts on the subject assigned

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\*An address delivered at the seventh Annual Conference for Education in the South, at Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1904.

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## PRESENT DUTY DEMANDED

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I shall not review ancient history, but I shall consider present conditions. It is time for us to cease discussing who is most responsible for American slavery. Present duty has been too often neglected in an acrimonious wrangle over history. For, after all, the only difference between the South and the North on the slavery question is the difference between father and grandfather. My father was connected with slavery and so were the grandfathers of my Northern friends. Our memories are only a little more vivid because somewhat shorter.

I would not presume to speak dogmatically as to the mind of God with reference to the future status of the Negro. Into that infinite and holy realm I have neither capacity nor temerity to enter. On what specific lines the race will move through the coming centuries I dare not attempt to prophesy. But I do know that all our dealings with these people should be in the spirit and according to the ethics of the Man of Galilee. What is best for them now should be the measure of present duty, leaving the future to His hands who knows the end from the beginning. And we must insist that the Negro have equal opportunity with every American citizen to fulfill in himself the highest purposes of an all-wise Providence.

Whatever the cause or the causes, there is no disguising the fact that there is great unrest and growing discontent among the Negroes of the South. They are beginning to feel friendless and hopeless. The frequent lynchings that disgrace our civiliza-

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## AN UNWISE POLICY

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tion, the advocacy by some of limiting to the minimum the school advantages provided for them, and the widening gulf of separation between the younger generations of both races have produced a measure of despair.

There are few Negroes in my native State of Mississippi, the owners of property, who would not sell out at a fair valuation. Many of the thriftiest and most conservative feel, whether justly or not, that sentiment is so hostile to their race as to make all their values insecure. And as opportunity offers they are quietly leaving the sections in which they have long lived and labored.

We need not close our eyes to the inevitable. We are soon to face industrial disaster unless conditions are radically changed. Our cotton lands will lie fallow and our fertile fields cease to yield their valuable staples. Already the scarcity of labor is the despair of large landowners.

To improve or remove these strained relations is the duty of every Southern patriot who believes in the industrial and commercial future of our section.

Unfortunately for this question and for the best interests of both races, it has not been considered apart from local and national politics. So long as it furnishes an easy and exciting issue for contending partisans there will be little opportunity for constructive statesmanship to deal with the stupendous problem.

It requires but little ability to excite the fears and inflame the prejudices of a people. Any street ur-

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## STATESMEN, NOT POLITICIANS, NEEDED

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chin can shout "Fire!" and stampede an audience even when there is no danger. And if there be some occasion for alarm, the panic becomes wild and uncontrollable. Then it is that men refuse calm counsel and wise suggestion. So it is with the social and political issues that may be used to play upon the fears of the masses.

The old cry that "white supremacy" may be imperiled is a travesty on Anglo-Saxon chivalry. With every executive, judicial, and legislative office of the State in the hands of white people and with suffrage qualifications that have practically eliminated the Negro from political affairs, the old slogan is the emptiest pretense of demagogues.

This is no question for small politicians, but for broad, patriotic statesmen. It is not for nonresident theorists, but for practical publicists; not for academic sentimentalists, but for clear-visioned humanitarians. On a subject of such vital concern to the State and nation passionate declamation and partisan denunciation are to be deplored. O that some patriot may arise with the prescience of a statesman and the vision of a prophet and the soul of an apostle who will point out the path of national duty and guide our people to a wise and Heaven-approved solution of this mighty problem!

But for some of the acute phases of this question the South can be acquitted of blame. The once beautiful and pathetic attachments of the older people of both races were rudely severed not alone by the

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## SOME THINGS DEFINITELY SETTLED

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shock of war, but by the fanatical unwisdom of certain boasted benefactors.

Mistakes that have become a tragedy were made by some misguided persons who came to the South after the war to be the political teachers and leaders of the Negroes. Representing themselves as the only friends of the recently emancipated race, they made denunciation of former slave owners an apology for their presence and a part of the Negro's education. That policy only complicated the difficult problem. It poisoned the spirit of one race and aroused the fierce antagonism of the other. Hate was planted in hearts where seeds of love should have been sown, and races that ought to dwell together in unity were separated by bitter hostility. The times of such folly are gone, but their tragic results are our mournful heritage.

In the study of this momentous question some things may be considered as definitely and finally settled:

First, in the South there will never be any social mingling of the races. Whether it be prejudice or pride of race, there is a middle wall of partition which will not be broken down.

Second, they will worship in separate churches and be educated in separate schools. This is desired alike by both races and is for the good of each.

Third, the political power of this section will remain in present hands. Here, as elsewhere, intelligence and wealth will and should control the administration of governmental affairs.



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## SOME OF OUR DUTIES TO THE NEGRO

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Fourth, the great body of Negroes are here to stay. Their coerced colonization would be a crime and their deportation a physical impossibility. And the white people are less anxious for them to go than the Negroes are to leave. They are natives and not intruders.

Now let us consider some of the duties we owe these people committed to us as a trust.

First, they must be guaranteed the equal protection of the law. To do less would forfeit plighted faith and disrupt the very foundations of social order. All the resources of government should be exhausted in protecting innocence and punishing guilt. There should be no aristocracy in crime. A white fiend is as much to be feared as a "black brute." The racial line has no place in courts of justice. Offenders against the peace and dignity of the State should have the same fair trial and the same just punishment, whatever their crime or color of skin.

And the majesty of law must be enthroned and sustained. When its sanctions are disregarded and its mandates are not respected, the very foundations of government become insecure. If confidence in the decisions of courts is destroyed, there is no protection for life and property. We have reason for real alarm at the phenomenal growth of the spirit of lawlessness. And it is not confined to any section of our great country. I give it as my deliberate judgment that there is never an occasion when the resort to lynch law can be justified. However dark and dreadful the crime, punishment should be inflicted

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## A DUTY AND A NECESSITY

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by due process of law. Every lyncher becomes a law despiser, and every law despiser is a betrayer of his country. The lynching spirit, unrestrained, increases in geometrical progression.

But there are indications of a better day. After our night of sorrow there is the promise of a more hopeful morning. Our best citizens are becoming alarmed, and public sentiment is being aroused. A camp of Confederate veterans in Mississippi, composed of heroic men who feared not the wild shock of battle in contending for what they believed to be right, recently passed some vigorous resolutions against this spirit of lawlessness, in which occur these strong words: "Mob violence is antagonistic to liberty and ultimately leads to anarchy, desolation, and ruin." And in this ringing utterance they voice at once the deep conviction and profound humiliation of our best citizenship. We have good people in our State, loving justice, hating wrong, and despising unfairness. They are ready to uphold the majesty of the law when demands are made upon them.

Second, the right education of the Negro is at once a duty and a necessity. All the resources of the school should be exhausted in elevating his character, improving his condition, and increasing his capacity as a citizen. The policy of an enforced ignorance is illogical, un-American, and un-Christian. It is possible in a despotism, but perilous in a republic. It is indefensible on any grounds of social or political wisdom, and it cannot be supported by any standards of ethics or justice. If one fact is more

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## EDUCATION INDISPENSABLE

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clearly demonstrated by the logic of history than another, it is that education is an indispensable condition of wealth and prosperity. This is a universal law, without exemption or exception. Ignorance is a cure for nothing. "It is strange, indeed," says Mr. Murphy, "if education, a policy of God long before it was a policy of man, a policy of the universe long before it was a policy of society, were to find its first defeat at the Negro's hands."

Of course educational methods may be unwise and inadequate and educational auspices may be unfortunate and unwholesome. In such event the proper course is not to close the school, but to change the methods; not to stop the teaching, but to improve the teachers. "The repression of it will result, not in its extinction, but in its perversion." That results have been disappointing, there is no room to doubt. Even the most sanguine and sentimental must admit that a good deal of prophecy has not been fulfilled. Yet progress has been made, and we have much to inspire hope and encourage effort.

Several years ago, when standing before a great audience in Tremont Temple, Boston, it gave me pardonable and patriotic pride to utter these words: "I come from a State where liberal and equal provision is made for the education of our colored children in common schools. Whatever doubts some may entertain, all are united and fixed in the purpose to test the virtue and potential force of education in solving the gravest question that has ever been presented to the people. It is written in the organic

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## A POLICY OF SUPPRESSION UNWISE

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law of the State and has become the settled policy of our people.”

I deeply regret, Mr. President, that it is impossible for me to repeat so emphatically those words this evening. Some of our good people, not a majority, I am glad to say, have almost reached the point of despair. Impatient in their desire to see larger returns from well-meant efforts and liberal appropriations, they have raised the question as to the wisdom of a radical change of policy. I am sure, however, that the facts do not justify their honest fears.

But what would be the effect of a policy of suppression? Suppose we close the thirty thousand Negro schools of the South. What would be the result? Let Dr. Curry tell us: “Ignorance more dense; pauperism more general and severe; crime, superstition, and immorality rampant.” We could not survive such a policy. The boasted strength of our governmental institutions could not endure the strain. We cannot have a democracy for one class of our population and a despotism for the other. We cannot elevate and subjugate at the same time. And, above everything, let us be just. I am jealous for my people, that they be not open to the charge of injustice. We must keep our covenants. The utterances of a distinguished political leader of my State I make my own:

There is nothing so unprofitable as injustice. There is nothing which will react with such deadly effect upon the character of any people as the practice of wrong and oppression upon the weak and helpless. The denial of oppor-

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## THE VIEWS OF OUR GREATEST LEADERS

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tunities for education to the Negro can be justified upon no good grounds. It ignores the teachings of Jesus. It proposes a solution of the problem which is at variance with the fundamentals of our religion. Nothing could ever justify it, even to our conscience.

And that view is held by the greatest leaders of the South. No man who ever represented my native State of Mississippi in the highest councils of the nation more correctly interpreted her truest thought on all great issues than did L. Q. C. Lamar. And no man among us ever had a more enthusiastic following. His great deliverances became the accepted doctrines of his people. A profound political philosopher who never contented himself with a surface view of any subject and who had unconcealed contempt for mere partisan harangue, he gave to every question which concerned the welfare of the State and nation the sincerest and most patriotic consideration.

When a measure was pending in the Senate proposing national aid to education, Mississippi's distinguished senator gave expression to matured views that commanded the applause of the entire State. A few sentences from that great speech may be reproduced with profit. Northern senators had intimated a lack of confidence in the State's educational authorities to distribute the fund equitably and suggested amendments to the bill. Senator Lamar said:

I say with entire confidence that this distrust is not deserved; that senators are mistaken as to the state of feeling in the South with reference to the education of the Negro. The people of the South find that the most precious interests of their society and civilization are

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## VOICE OF EDUCATIONAL STATESMANSHIP

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bound up in the question of his education—of his elevation out of his present state of barbarism. I shall enter into no argument upon this subject. I intended to read some authorities on it, but my friend from South Carolina [Mr. Hampton] has anticipated me.

After quoting from Dr. Mayo, Professor Smart, and other Northern educators who had been South and had applauded the heroic effort of the Southern people to educate both races alike, Senator Lamar further said:

The problem of race, in a large part, is a problem of illiteracy. Most of the evils, most of the difficulties which have grown up out of that problem have arisen from a condition of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition. Remove these, and the simpler elements of the question will come into play with a more enlightened understanding and a more tolerant disposition. I will go with those who will go farthest in the matter.

In educational statesmanship no voice has been more potential in America during the past quarter of a century than that of the peerless Southern leader, the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry. The echoes of his marvelously musical voice will continue to thrill the hearts of American patriotism like the inspiring notes of a bugle. Alas that he is not a conspicuous figure in this convention to-night! In a masterly address before the constitutional convention of Louisiana a few years ago he spoke these eloquent words:

The Negroes, unlike alien immigrants, are here not of their own choosing, and their civil and political equality is the outcome of our subjugation. Neither their presence nor their civil equality is likely to be changed in our day.

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## WISE WORDS WISELY SPOKEN

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The Negroes will remain a constituent portion of the Southern population and citizenship. What are to be our relations to them? Are they to be lifted up or left in the condition of discontent, ignorance, poverty, crime, and barbarism? Shall one race have every encouragement and opportunity for development for higher civilization, and the other be handicapped and environed with insurmountable obstacles to progress? Are friction, strife, hatred less likely with the Negro under stereotyped conditions of inferiority than by the recognition and stimulation of whatever capacities for progress he may possess? Shall we learn nothing from history? Do Ireland and Poland furnish us no lesson?

These are wise words and wisely spoken. By these principles, so eloquently enunciated by our great leaders, the country will unfalteringly stand. Whatever the discouragements and seeming failures, the policy inspired by Christianity and vindicated by history will not be reversed. And in all the coming years that which will be spoken of most to the honor of the South was that, out of the wreck and ruin of war, with little left but the charred and scarred remains of fire and tempest, she gave with an almost lavish hand to the education of the Negroes. Every line on that page of her brilliant history will be glorious with the unstinted praise of the civilized world.

From the declaration that education has made the Negro immoral and criminal I am constrained to dissent. There are no data or figures on which to base such an indictment or justify such an assertion. On the contrary, indisputable facts attest the statement that education and its attendant influences have elevated the standard and tone of morals among the



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## EDUCATION DECREASES CRIME

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Negroes of the South. The horrid crimes which furnish an apology for the too frequent expressions of mob violence in these parallels are committed almost without exception by the most ignorant and brutal of the race. I have been at not a little pains to ascertain from representatives of various institutions the post-collegiate history of their students, and I am profoundly gratified at the record. I believe it perfectly safe to say that not a single case of criminal assault has ever been charged on a student of a mission school for Negroes founded and sustained by a great Christian denomination.

"To school the Negro," says a certain editor, "is to increase his criminality. Official statistics do not lie, and they tell us that the Negroes who can read and write are more criminal than illiterate. The more money for Negro education, the more crime. This is the unmistakable showing of the United States census."

Now, I do not hesitate to affirm that the United States census shows unmistakably exactly the opposite, that education has decreased crime. A careful study of the exact figures will show that the proportion of Negro criminals from the illiterate class has been forty per cent larger than from the class which has had school training. And when we consider further that it is naturally and notoriously easier to convict a poor Negro of any crime than a white man who has influential friends and well-paid counsel, the strength of the statement is irresistible and unanswerable.



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## JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS AND W. M. COX

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Joel Chandler Harris, the distinguished author and political philosopher, whose interpretation of the Southern Negro has given him world-wide fame, in a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives this emphatic testimony:

The idle and criminal classes among them make a great show in the police court records, but right here in Atlanta the reputable and decent Negroes far outnumber those who are on the lists of the police as new or old offenders. I am bound to conclude, from what I know of the race elsewhere, that the Negro, notwithstanding the late start he has made in civilization and enlightenment, is capable of making himself a useful member of the community in which he lives and moves, and that he is becoming more and more desirous of conforming to all the laws that have been enacted for the protection of society.

The Hon. W. M. Cox, of Mississippi, prominent in the political councils of his State, for years a leading figure in our State Legislature and a scholar, has given his judgment on this question, which perfectly accords with my own observations. He says:

When I consider all the circumstances of the case, the Negro's weakness, his utter lack of preparation for freedom and citizenship, and the multitudinous temptations to disorder and wrongdoing which have assailed him, the wonder to me is not that he has done so ill, but that he has done so well. No other race in the world would have borne itself with so much patience, docility, and submissiveness. It is true that many grave crimes have been committed by Negroes, and these have sorely taxed the patience of the white people of the South. I do not blink at their enormity, and I know that they must be sternly repressed and terribly avenged. But I insist that the en-

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## THE TRUE THEORY

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tire race is not chargeable with these exceptional crimes, and that the overwhelming majority of the race are peaceable, inoffensive, and submissive to whatever the superior race sees fit to put upon them. Their crimes are not the fruit of the little learning their schools afford them. They are the results of brutish instincts and propensities which they have not been taught to regulate and restrain.

And in this scheme for their education a constructive statesmanship suggests that proper training be provided for those who may become the teachers and wise leaders of their people.

The true theory of Negro education in the South has been admirably stated in these words: "The rudiments of an education for all, industrial training for the many, and a college for the talented few." Thirty thousand Negro public schools of the South, on which we have spent \$125,000,000 since 1870 (\$7,500,000 is expended yearly), must be supplied with competent teachers of that race.

To every man among them with the evident qualities of leadership we would lend our Christian sympathy and a helping hand. President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, was entirely correct when he said: "I believe with a growing conviction that the salvation of the Negro in this country lies with the exceptional men of that race." And those who have studied the philosophy of Christian missions and the progress of civilization will tell you that the same is true of all the peoples of the earth. We train and Christianize the exceptional men who are to be the real redeemers of their race, whether in China, Japan, India, or Africa.

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## EDUCATORS THE MASTERS OF NATIONS

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Prof. Max Müller gives authoritative and conclusive testimony on this momentous matter: "The intellectual and moral character of a nation is formed in schools and universities, and those who educate a people have always been its real masters, though they may go by a more modest name."

When Professor Tholuck reached the fiftieth anniversary of his great career as teacher of theology at Halle he received hearty and grateful congratulations from pupils and friends in all parts of the German Empire. The Emperor sent him the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle. Students with torches marched in procession past his windows, singing one of Luther's immortal hymns. What a significant and appropriate tribute to one of the mightiest forces in the empire! The man who was fitting teachers and preachers to mold the moral and religious thought of the nation might well receive recognition and honor from the throne itself. For without the security given the empire in the ethical and religious instruction of the Church and school, the throne itself would become unsteady, and the crown would rest uneasily on the emperor's anxious head. And if for an empire, how much more important for a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign and peer of the realm!

Other phases of this problem of the nation I have not time to consider. Already I have trespassed too long upon your patience.

My message is to the younger people of the South. Into their strong hands the country is soon to be

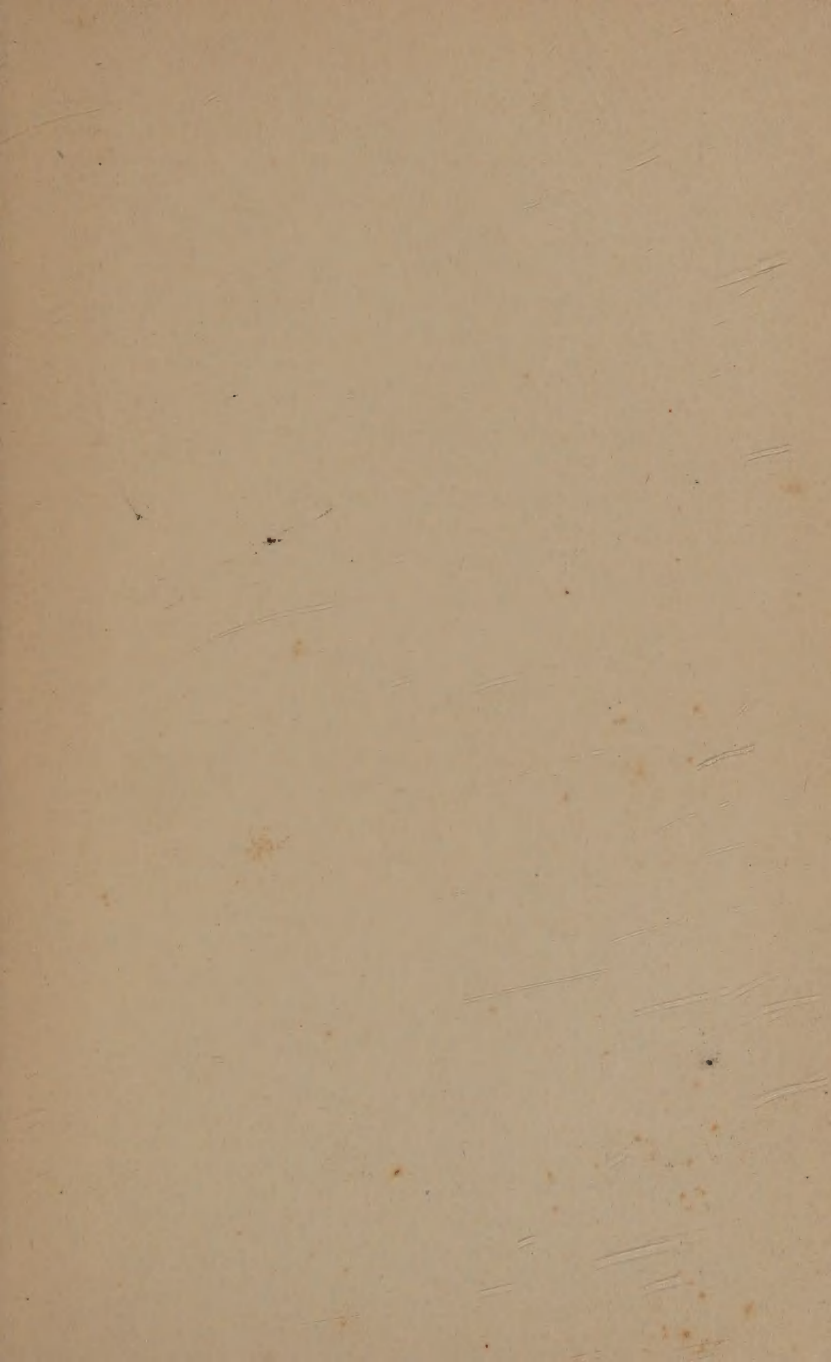
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## FAITH IN GOD AND THE FUTURE

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committed. The facts of history eloquently confirm the wise observation of Goethe, that "the destiny of a nation at any time depends upon the opinions of its young men who are under twenty-five years of age." Upon them must devolve the solution of this problem. It requires great wisdom and much patience. But God rules, and right the day must win.

Young men of my country, in everything dare to do right. Have faith in God and the future. Stand by the underlying principles of our great republic, and the coming years will vindicate your manly independence and uncorrupted patriotism. Kepler, the great astronomer, who won for himself the title of "Legislator of the Skies," rejoiced more in truth than in titles, in honor than in honors. When his work, "The Harmonies of the World," was first published, he said: "I can afford to wait a century for a reader, since God himself waited six thousand years for an observer." And so every man who is dominated by honest convictions and is inspired by a righteous ambition to promote the best interests of his country can well afford to abide the certain and triumphant vindication of the future.



32 Recet.

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Just 54 minutes.

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G34 resses, by the late Bishop Charles B. Galloway  
G7 ... Nashville, Tenn., Dallas, Tex. [etc.] Pub-  
lishing house Methodist Episcopal church, South  
Smith & Lamar, agents, 1914.  
vii, 328p. 20cm.

Edited by Bishop W.A. Candler.

Contents.- pt.I. Methodism and the Methodists.- pt.II. Mis-  
sissippi and the Mississippians.- pt.III. Other matters of im-  
portment.

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Akin, bp., 1857-1941, ed.

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